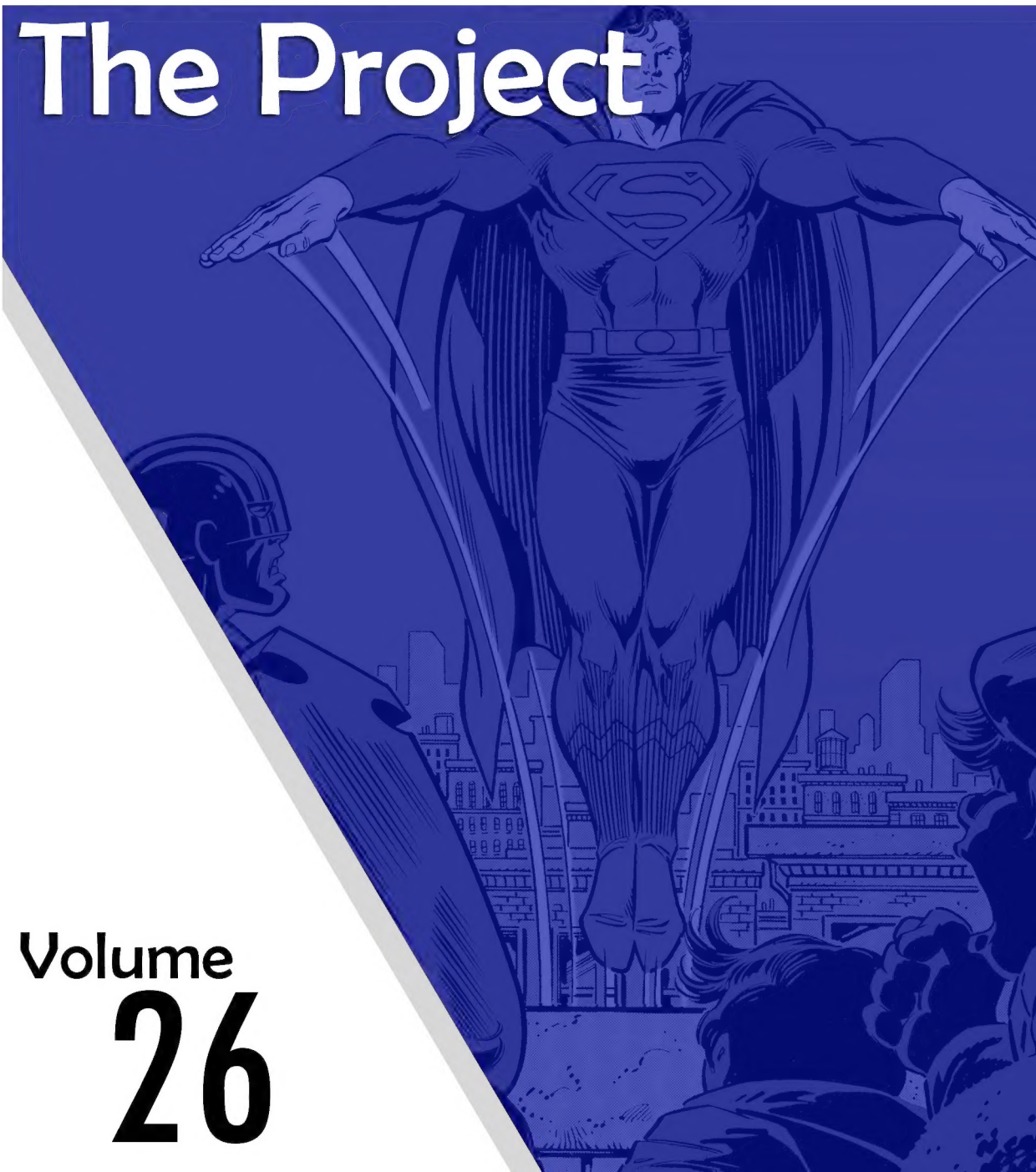
SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

The Project



Volume 26

SUPERMAN Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS The Project 26

AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT... THOUGHT, TOO, IS ACCELERATED.

RRRUNCH!

ATTN: ALL D.D.I. STATIONS AND OPERATORS.
FINAL TRANSMISSION. DO NOT COPY.

AS I'M SURE YOU KNOW, POSSIBLE VOTER AWARENESS OF OUR INVOLVEMENT IN THE SO-CALLED "IRAN/CONTRA" AFFAIR HAS MADE OUR SITUATION UNTENABLE.

HERE... REALITY STRETCHES OUT... TO THE ELASTIC LIMITS... OF SPACE AND TIME.

RUNCH CRUNCH!

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED, AT THE HIGHEST LEVELS, THAT OUR CONTINUED EHISTENCE IS A POTENTIAL LIABILITY TO VICE-PRESIDENT BUSH IN THE NOVEMBER ELECTION.

AND THE MIND... CAREENING DOWN BOBSLED TUNNELS OF SPUN GLASS... IS ABLE TO ADJUST... COMPENSATE...

FIBER OPTICS NETWORK

UNCH UNCH UNCH

THEREFORE, ALL RECORDS OF D.D.I. ACTIVITIES AND PERSONNEL, LIVING OR DECEASED, HAVE BEEN ORDERED SYSTEMATICALLY ERASED.

AND BECOME JUST ANOTHER PHOTON... POURING ITSELF... INTO THE MEMORY BANKS... OF THE D.D.T. COMPUTER SYSTEM... IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

A FEAT AS EASY... AS HAVING ABBY DIAL A TELEPHONE... FROM A ROADSIDE BOOTH IN HOUMA.

MODEM CONNECT

FIBER OPTIC

DATA LINK ECC 1631

SWAMP THING

DISC DRIVE

WAITING FOR GOD (OH!)

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UNCH UNCH UNCH UNCH

ON SIGNAL, DESTRUCTION OF ALL REMAINING FILES IN THE D.D.I. MEMORY BANKS SHALL COMMENCE. AT THAT MOMENT, THE D.D.I., AS A FUNCTIONING ORGANIZATION, SHALL CEASE TO EHIST.
THANK YOU. STAND BY.

RESONATING DIGITALLY... I TRANSLATE INTO PURE INFORMATION... LIVING SOFTWARE... PERFECTLY ADAPTED TO AN ELECTRO-SILICON ENVIRONMENT.

A WORLD WHERE FRACTAL GEOMETRIES BOW AND DIP... WITH THE GRACE OF BUTTERFLIES... ROUND STRANGE ATTRACTORS... STRUNG LIKE FLOWERS IN PHASE-SPACE.

MUNCH MUNCH

MEMORY DESTRUCT.

SEQUENCE ACTIVATED.

HERE... MY WHOLE HISTORY IS ARRANGED.. IN BINARY CODE...

NOW VISUALLY ACCESSIBLE... AND INSTANTLY UNDERSTANDABLE.

AS ARE THOSE RESPONSIBLE... FOR MY DEATH IN GOTHAM CITY.

WICKER... CUTLEY... FOLEY... SKINNER. ALL PAID THE PRICE..

ALL EXCEPT ONE.

THE DESIGNER OF THE WEAPON... THAT STRUCK ME DOWN.

MISTER LEX LUTHOR, METROPOLIS, U.S.A.

BUT HIS IMAGE IS DISSOLVING... AS IF THE DATA WERE BEING ERASED.

THEY MUST KNOW... I AM HERE.

GOT TO GET OUT... GO TO METROPOLIS ...TAKE CARE OF THIS LUTHOR.

FIBER OPTICS NETWORK

EVEN IF IT MEANS... DEALING WITH HIM!

DAILY PLANET

Y'KNOW, CLARK-- THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO ASK YOU...

SOMETHING ABOUT *HIM*.

WHO DO YOU *MEAN*, LOIS?

OUR INVINCIBLE FRIEND; THE ONE WHO'S ABOUT TO GRACE US WITH HIS FIRST OFFICIAL PRESS CONFERENCE.

OOOH... HIM! WELL, ASK AWAY, LOIS...

I'M AS MUCH A *SUPERMAN* EXPERT AS EVERY-BODY ELSE.

YOU'RE ALSO A *MALE*, CLARK. WHICH MEANS YOU HAVE TO COMPETE FOR FEMALES WITH A *SUPER* MAN...

SOMEONE SO PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY AND ETHICALLY PERFECT THAT A NORMAL GUY CAN *NEVER* HOPE TO MEASURE UP TO THE STANDARD HE SETS.

DOESN'T IT BOTHER YOU THAT TO A CERTAIN TYPE OF FEMININE PERSONALITY, ANYTHING *LESS* THAN SUPERMAN CAN ONLY BE SECOND BEST?

I'VE SEEN WOMEN LOSE CONTROL OF THEMSELVES JUST *THINKING* ABOUT HIM, CLARK!

BUT, LOIS -- UNDER-NEATH I'M SURE HE'S JUST A PERSON, LIKE YOU...

...OR ME.

BEROL BH

I BET THAT'S EXACTLY *WHY* SUPERMAN CALLED THIS PRESS CONFERENCE. HE PROBABLY WANTS TO CLEAR UP SOME OF THESE MIS-CONCEPTIONS PEOPLE HAVE.

WHATEVER HIS MOTIVES, HE'S SURE BROUGHT OUT ALL THE VULTURES. THERE'S A TEAM FROM EVERY NEWS BUREAU IN THE WORLD HERE...

CLARK...? WHY IS IT WHEN I TALK TO YOU, YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO BE *LISTENING* TO SOMETHING ELSE?

PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME-- NOT UP HERE! NOT WITH HIM!

BE COOL, LIZ! THERE'S NOTHING TO GET *PARANOID* ABOUT...THIS IS JUST A *SIMPLE* PRESS CONFERENCE, THAT'S ALL...

B-BUT WHAT IF HE LOOKS AT US WITH THOSE *EYES*? THEY SAY HE CAN GIVE YOU *CANCER* JUST BY STARING AT YOU...

OBSERVATION DECK

PRESS

WGBS

PRESS ONLY

OH, WHY DID I LET YOU TALK ME INTO COMING HERE?

BECAUSE YOU'RE A *WRITER*, LIZ. YOU USED TO DO THIS KIND OF THING ALL THE TIME, REMEMBER?

BESIDES, IT WAS YOUR *PUBLISHER* WHO GOT US THE PRESS PASSES, NOT ME.

PRESS

PRESS

SO LET'S JUST *DO* THIS GIG AND GO WITH THE FLOW. THERE'S NO REASON TO FREAK OUT. REALLY.

I'M HAVING ANOTHER PANIC ATTACK, AREN'T I?

UH-HUH.

BUT IT'S NOWHERE NEAR AS FRANTIC AS THE ONE YOU HAD ON THE PLANE.

OH, CHESTER--I'M SO *SORRY*. BUT I CAN'T HELP IT... I GET SCARED AND I...

HEY, SUPERMAN *IS* SCARY! HE'S THE MOST INTIMIDATING *COP* ON THE PLANET, RIGHT? JUST IMAGINE IF HE DEMANDS URINE SAMPLES FROM EVERYBODY...

ON SECOND THOUGHT, DON'T IMAGINE THAT. THINK ABOUT THE *QUESTION* WE'LL ASK HIM...

LIKE, "*HOW COME YOU DIDN'T BUST DUPONT CHEMICAL FOR DESTROYING THE OZONE LAYER, MISTER SUPERMAN?*"

I'D STILL FEEL SAFER INTERVIEWING *SWAMP THING*.

ABBY SAID THE BIG GUY MIGHT BE IN THE AREA; SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE GOTHAM CITY FIASCO.

WOULDN'T IT BE A HOOT IF SWAMP THING POPPED UP HERE ON SUPERMAN'S HOME TURF?

I'M SURE I'VE SEEN THAT MOUSEY WOMAN WITH THE HIPPIE SOMEWHERE BEFORE.

CLARK, HAVE YOU...? CLARK?

THERE YOU GO *AGAIN!* I START TALKING AND YOU STARE OFF INTO SPACE!

HUH? OH, UH... JUST ENJOYING THE VIEW, LOIS.

YOU CAN SEE THE WHOLE CITY FROM UP HERE.

KOFF KOFF! UMM, I THINK MY *ASTHMA* IS ACTING UP AGAIN, LOIS. WOULD YOU MIND...?

NO WAY, KENT! PERRY GAVE US STRICT ORDERS TO *BOTH* BE HERE.

SUPERMAN IS *SURE* TO CALL ON *EACH* OF US AND THAT MAKES THE PLANET LOOK GOOD ON *TV*...

IT'S INTERESTING HOW *OFTEN* THE PLANET USES SUPERMAN TO REFLECT ITS OWN GOODNESS, ISN'T IT?

EXCUSE ME, MISS LANE. I'M SURE YOU REMEMBER INTERVIEWING ME FOR YOUR *ARKHAM ASYLUM* PIECE...

I'M DR. ROGER HUNTOON.

OH... YES.

HELLO.

I WAS INTRIGUED AS TO *WHY* YOUR STORY FAILED TO INCLUDE *MY* QUOTES? AFTER ALL, I *DO* HAPPEN TO BE RECOGNIZED AS *THE* AUTHORITY ON SUPERHUMAN PSYCHOLOGY.

I'M AFRAID IT WAS THE PLANET'S *LAWYERS* WHO INSISTED ON REMOVING YOUR STATEMENTS, DOCTOR. THEY FELT SOME OF THEM CONSTITUTED LIBEL.

I *EXPECTED* JUST SUCH A COVER STORY, MISS LANE.

MUST I POINT OUT THAT THE PLANET IS IN DIRECT COMPETITION WITH *WGBS*, WHICH IS OWNED BY *GALAXY COMMUNICATIONS* WHO IN TURN OWNS THE COMPANY THAT PUBLISHES *MY* BOOK?

I SUPPOSE *THAT* COULDN'T HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE OMISSIONS?

IF YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT FAIRY TALE, DOCTOR, THEN YOU'RE AS PARANOID AS YOU ARE CONCEITED!

AND I SUPPOSE IT'S PARANOIA WHEN I SEE THE PLANET LITERARY SUPPLEMENT HAS PANNED EVERY SINGLE ONE OF MY BOOKS?

TUT-TUT, MISS LANE. DON'T TRY TO PULL THE WOOL OVER *MY* EYES!

LEX CORP

AS A PRACTICING PSYCHIATRIST, I'M TRAINED TO LOOK AT THINGS *VERY* CLOSELY...

...TO UTILIZE MY INTELLECT AS A FINE *MICROSCOPE*...

... AND EXAMINE DETAILS OTHERS FAIL TO NOTICE.

AND BASED UPON WHAT I'VE SEEN, I THINK THE PLANET HAS GONE OVER THE EDGE IN ITS SMEAR CAMPAIGN AGAINST ME.

TO WHICH I SAY YOU'RE JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS AGAIN, DOCTOR.

JUST *WHAT* HAS THE PLANET GOT TO HIDE, MISS LANE?

THEY SPEND *REAMS* OF NEWSPRINT SENSATIONALIZING "*A VISITOR FROM ANOTHER PLANET*" WHO "*LEAPS TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND*"...

YET WHEN IT COMES TO EXAMINING THE SERIOUS *SOCIO-POLITICAL RAMIFICATIONS* OF HIS EXISTENCE...

...YOUR NEWSPAPER CURIOUSLY COMES UP *EMPTY-HANDED*.

I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, DOCTOR.

NEXT YOU'LL BE SAYING SOMEONE ON THE PLANET IS SUPERMAN!

I WOULDN'T GO *THAT* FAR.

BUT I WILL SPECULATE THAT SOMEONE IS *PROTECTING* THIS MENACE. SOMEONE WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN *ROMANTICALLY LINKED* TO HIM...

BUT THEN WE ALL KNOW LOIS LANE WILL DO *ANYTHING* FOR A SCOOP...

CREEP! I OUGHTA BUST YOUR FAT--

EASY, LOIS.

THE *LAST* THING THE PLANET NEEDS IS ANOTHER *LAWSUIT.*

BESIDES, WHAT DOCTOR HUNTOON LACKS IN SOCIAL SKILLS I'M SURE HE MAKES UP FOR IN ACADEMIC CIRCLES.

HIS BOOKS ON SUPER-HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY HAVE SOLD A *LOT* OF COPIES.

YEAH! AT *SUPERMARKET* CHECK-OUT COUNTERS!

NOW, LOIS. I'D LIKE TO HEAR MORE ABOUT DOCTOR HUNTOON'S THEORIES. AND SINCE IT SEEMS THAT SUPERMAN IS LATE, PERHAPS...

AHAA! YOU'VE CAUGHT ME AT A GOOD TIME, KENT...

YOU SEE, I'VE PUT MY FINGER ON ONE OF THE MOST DISTURBING ASPECTS OF THIS CREATURE: THE *"DUAL IDENTITY"* SYNDROME.

SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM HAVING A SECRET IDENTITY?

IF A PATIENT OF MINE WERE TO TELL ME HE'D SPENT HALF HIS LIFE IN ONE IDENITY, AND THE OTHER HALF IN ANOTHER, I'D HAVE TO DIAGNOSE HIM AS SCHIZOPHRENIC.

SHOULDN'T SUPERMAN BE JUDGED BY THE SAME CRITERIA?

HE HAS PEOPLE TO *PROTECT...* PEOPLE HE *LOVES!*

MAYBE. WE DON'T KNOW THAT.

MY QUESTION REMAINS: WHAT IF HE'S COMPLETELY *UNCONSCIOUS* OF THAT CHANGE? WHAT IF, IN FACT, HE'S ACTING OUT SOME SORT OF PATHO-LOGICAL COMPULSION?

HOW DO *YOU* SEE IT, KENT?

KENT...?

EX

AIR CONDITI(

KENT?

HEY, KENT!

PHFFFFFT!

YOO HOO! EARTH TO CLARK. COME IN, CLARK!

FFFSSSHOOOO

AIR CONDITIONING

YO, KENT? YOU THERE, BOY?

HUNH? OH, UH...YEAH. I'M HERE...

I-I HEARD EVERYTHING YOU SAID...

WAP WAP

CLARK'S *FAMOUS* FOR HIS FAINTING SPELLS; RIGHT, CLARK?

WGBS

I'M A *DOCTOR*, KENT, AND I KNOW A *SEIZURE* WHEN I SEE ONE. HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CHECKED FOR *EPILEPSY*?

UH, NO...

KENT'S JUST A *NEWSPAPERMAN*, DOC--THEY FALL ASLEEP *ALL* THE TIME!

SOUND CHECK.

WE DO?

AND SUPERMAN WOULD *NEVER* WORK FOR SOMETHING AS *BOR*-ING AS NEWSPAPER REPORTING!

HE'D BE IN *TELEVISION*--THRIVING ON THE IMMEDIACY OF VIDEO!

DON'T MOVE.

WHERE'S MY STAR?

AHHBABA BUH

I CAN'T IMAGINE HIM AT *WGBS*, BRINK--NOT WITH MORGAN EDGE DOING THOSE CAUSTIC ANTI-SUPERMAN EDITORIALS.

MORGAN SIGNS THE CHECKS, LOIS--AND IF HE WANTS TO GET UP THERE AND MAKE AN ASS OF HIMSELF THEN --HEY! NO SWEAT OFF *MISTY BRINK'S* TUSH!

SCRIPT CHANGE.

SCRIPT

SEE, I LOVE TELEVISION--AND TELEVISION *COOOOVES* SUPERMAN!

SPRRTZZ

STAND STILL.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT NEWSCASTERS, BRINK--THEIR DEEP COMMITMENT TO ETHICS IN JOURNALISM...

MAKE-UP!

COME ON, LOIS! VIEWERS DON'T WATCH THE NEWS FOR FACTS OR INFORMATION...

THEY'RE LOOKING FOR *YOUTH*, *ACTION*, *DYNAMISM*, *SEXY BODIES*! SUPERMAN'S GOT IT ALL!

AREN'T YOU *FORGETTING VOYEURISM* AND *TITILLATION*?

RAISE YOUR ARMS.

YOU MAY DRESS YOURSELF NOW, MISS RHODES.

THANK YOU, MISTER LUTHOR. I HOPE EVERYTHING WAS... Y'KNOW, OKAY?

THIS BEING MY FIRST DAY ON THE JOB AND EVERY-THING I...

LEX CORP

IT WAS... ADEQUATE... MISS RHODES.

NOW, I'LL LISTEN TO YOUR SECURITY REPORT. WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT AN *INTRUDER* IN THE LEX CORP BUILDING?

HE NEVER GOT IN, MISTER LUTHOR. BUT SOMEONE OR SOMETHING DEFINITELY TRIED TO PENETRATE OUR DEFENSES *TWICE* IN THE LAST HOUR.

SUPERMAN INVESTIGATED BOTH INCIDENTS AND CAME UP WITH *NOTHING*.

AS TO THE INVADER'S *IDENTITY*--WELL, FRANKLY, SUPERMAN SEEMS AS *STUMPED* AS WE ARE.

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"*STUMPED*," MISS RHODES?

OH--OH MY GOD... I DIDN'T MEAN "*STUMPED*" *THAT* WAY, MISTER LUTHOR!

I WOULD NEVER MAKE FUN OF YOUR DEFORMI -- I MEAN YOUR HANDICA-- I MEAN, I'D NEVER MAKE FUN OF *YOU*, SIR, AND THAT'S THE HONEST *TRUTH*!

ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE A BALD-FACED *LIE*!

"*BALD*," MISS RHODES?

I THINK PERHAPS WE SHOULD BEGIN YOUR REPORT OVER AGAIN...

"REMOVE YOUR CLOTHES."

I AM AFLOAT... UPON THE THERMAL DRAFTS... THAT WHISTLE UP... FROM THE STEEL AND CONCRETE CANYONS OF METROPOLIS...

BOBBING GRACEFULLY ON THE POLLUTED WIND... REDUCED TO THE SIZE... OF A GRAIN OF POLLEN...

SO SMALL NOW... THAT EVEN HE... WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SEE ME...

... WITHOUT A MICROSCOPE.

SSSH

KA-KA-KA-

RICOCHETING THROUGH THE KNOTS OF ELECTRIC CIRCUITRY... THAT DISSECTS METROPOLIS...

PEPSI INDI DELI

FURNITURE DE LS

FROM HIGH TENSION LINE... TO NEON ADVERTISEMENT... TO AUTOMOTIVE COIL...

U-HAUL

U-HAUL

DESCENDING THROUGH THE THROBBING COPPER ARTERIES... THAT POWER THE CITY'S SUBWAY SYSTEM...

Ⓜ PELHAM - MIDTOWN

DANGER

DANGER

LOOKING FOR THE TELECOMMUNICATIONS RELAY STATIONS... HIDDEN BENEATH THE TRACKS...

IN THE SEWERS... JUST BELOW THE LEX CORP BUILDING...

FROM HERE... I CAN JUST ENTER THE PHONE LINES AND...

AAAGH! HE WAS READY FOR ME!?

SNUFFA SNUF SNAWK!

MUST YOU FALL TO PIECES AT THE DROP OF A HAT, MISS RHODES?

LEX CORP

FZZT

FZZT

BZZT

LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO YOU ABOUT YOUR NEW POSITION, MISS RHODES...

SNAWK SNUFF

JUST IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING WHY A CERTIFIED GENIUS WOULD HIRE AN EMPTY-HEADED BLUB-BERING BIMBO LIKE YOURSELF AS HIS SECURITY ANALYST...

OH CHRIST, SNAWK.

ALL I WANTED WAS A JOB...

DIDN'T WANT ANY PART OF... SNAFFF... THIS KIND OF...

THE TRUTH IS YOU HAVE NO REAL DUTIES TO PERFORM SINCE ALL THE DEFENSES BUILT INTO MY TOWER ARE FULLY AUTOMATIC!

SEE? ALREADY THEY'VE IDENTIFIED OUR INTRUDER AS A CRUDE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BIO-FORCE!

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT THEY'VE SLICED IT TO RIBBONS WITH A LASER BEAM NET AND CAPTURED WHAT'S LEFT WITH A SIMPLE STATIC ELECTRIC FIELD.

CHILD'S PLAY!

THE REAL CHALLENGE SHALL BE CONCEIVING OF A WAY TO KILL IT!

YOU SEE, IF A MAN IN MY POSITION CAN'T AFFORD AN OUNCE OF COMPASSION FOR HIS EMPLOYEES, IMAGINE WHAT HE FEELS FOR THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO BE HIS ENEMIES!

FILTHY ROTTEN SEXIST...

SEE HERE--

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE-- WATCH OUT FOR THAT CONTROL PANEL, YOU LITTLE SLUT!

FAT FREAK!

KZNATZ

AS SUDDENLY AS IT GRIPPED ME... THE STATIC FIELD IS GONE.

AND I AM FREE...

TO RISE ABOVE... THIS SWARMING HUMAN HIVE...

IT LOOKED LIKE LUTHOR *HAD* HIM WITH THAT STATIC FIELD... I WONDER *WHY* HE SHUT IT DOWN?

NO MATTER--HE'S GIVEN ME TIME TO ANALYZE OUR FRIEND'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MAKE UP AND I BELIEVE I HAVE JUST THE THING TO TAKE CARE OF HIM.

BUT SINCE I'LL PROBABLY GET ONLY *ONE CHANCE*...

I'D BETTER MAKE SURE MY BATTERIES ARE *FULLY CHARGED!*

AND THE PLACE TO DO THAT IS OUT HERE, BEYOND THE ATMOSPHERE...

FREE TO LOOK DOWN UPON THE WORKS OF MAN... AND JUDGE THEM AN EMBARRASSMENT... TO THE REST OF CREATION.

LEX CORP

WHERE MY BODY CAN ABSORB THE FULL POWER OF THE *SOLAR RAYS*...

...AND USE THEM...

...FOR *MAXIMUM EFFECT!*

FREE TO EXTACT... A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.

BY SENDING LEX LUTHOR...TO A PLACE WHERE HEARTS BURN COLD AND EMPTY...

AND ALL IS BLACKNESS...

IT'S CALLED *X-RAY VISION*, SWAMP THING; ONE OF THE MANY POWERS I'VE BEEN BLESSED WITH. RIGHT NOW IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO RAISE HAVOC WITH *ANY* MAGNETIC FIELD.

DO WE TALK OR SHALL I TURN UP THE VOLTAGE?

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE BECAUSE I MAKE IT MY JOB TO KEEP TABS ON BEINGS WITH EXTRA-ORDINARY POWERS.

I'M ALSO FAMILIAR WITH HOW YOU TRASHED GOTHAM CITY LAST YEAR.

I DON'T ALLOW THAT KIND OF THING TO HAPPEN IN METROPOLIS; NOT EVEN TO THE LEXCORP BUILDING.

SO WHATEVER BUSINESS YOU HAVE WITH LUTHOR, I SUGGEST YOU FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE TO PLAY IT OUT.

AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL STOP SQUIRMING. SIMPLE PHYSICS DICTATES THAT AN ELECTRIC CURRENT CAN'T PASS THROUGH X-RAYS UNLESS IT'S TRAVELLING AT THE SPEED OF...

...LIGHT.

AGGH! MY EYES!

HE'S IN MY EYES!

CAN'T SEE TO NAVIGATE-- OWW!

CAUSING MORE DAMAGE THAN I'D HOPED TO AVERT...

HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THESE BUILDINGS--

I HEAR A BASEBALL GAME BEING CALLED DOWN BELOW... MUST BE OVER *METROPOLIS PARK!*

METROPOLIS PARK

HEY LOOK! IT'S *HIM!*

WHY'S HE CRAWLING ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES?

NO GOOD. PARK'S FILLED WITH PEOPLE, TOO.

GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF MY HEAD-- OUT OF MY MIND-- *NOW!*

...EVEN IF IT MEANS BORROWING A TRICK FROM MY OWN WORST ENEMY!

MY SUPER SPEED CAN GENERATE JUST AS POWERFUL A FIELD OF STATIC ELECTRICITY AS LUTHOR USED TO CAPTURE HIM...

THERE! HE'S OUT--

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

SHRAAK!

THAT DOES IT-- YOU'VE MADE ME *MAD!*

RRRIIP!

WHEREVER YOU GO, I CAN FOLLOW, SWAMP THING.

SRKKP

FWOB

SNEK

PLOPBUP

DON'T FORCE ME TO HAVE TO PHYSICALLY STOP YOU!

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO COME INTO OUR CITIES AND WREAK HAVOC!

JUST AS YOU... HAVE NO RIGHT... TO BLINDLY DESTROY ALL THE FRAGILE ECO-SYSTEMS...IN THIS EARTH YOU HAVE EXCAVATED.

PERHAPS WE *SHOULD* TALK...

ALL RIGHT. BUT NO TRICKS.

NOW, WHAT'S YOUR BEEF WITH LUTHOR?

MY "BEEF" IS THAT LEX LUTHOR WAS AN ACCESSORY... TO MY ATTEMPTED MURDER... IN GOTHAM CITY.

AND YOU HAVE *PROOF* OF THIS...?

I RECENTLY GAINED ACCESS... TO GOVERNMENT FILES THAT HAVE SINCE... BEEN DESTROYED. THEY IMPLICATED... LUTHOR.

THAT IS ALL THE PROOF... I NEED.

IF THE FILES NO LONGER EXIST THEN YOU HAVE *NOTHING*. JURIES REQUIRE *REAL* EVIDENCE FOR A CONVICTION; NOT HEARSAY.

BESIDES-- I'M NOT EVEN SURE IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO TRY TO KILL A PLANT.

SINCE THE LAWS OF MEN... HAVE ALWAYS CONVENIENTLY IGNORED... THE RIGHTS OF NATURE... I DO NOT RECOGNIZE... THEIR AUTHORITY.

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO RECOGNIZE *MINE*.

I ASSURE YOU: AS MUCH AS I DESPISE LEX LUTHOR AND ALL HE STANDS FOR, I WILL DEFEND HIS LEGAL RIGHTS TO THE DEATH.

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO ASK YOU WHY THAT IS, SUPERMAN.

WHY, OUT OF ALL THE SPECIES ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, DO YOU ONLY HAVE EARS FOR THE SELFISH NEEDS OF *HUMANS*?

I HEAR HE'S SICK OF ALL THE ATTENTION AND WANTS TO RETIRE...

WE'D LIKE HIM TO JOIN THE ECONOMIC BOYCOTT AGAINST APARTHEID BY TURNING SO MUCH COAL TO PURE DIAMOND THAT THE SOUTH AFRICAN MINING INDUSTRY COLLAPSES...

WE HAVE ABSOLUTE, INDISPUTABLE PROOF THAT HE IS *NOT* FROM KRYPTON AND IN FACT IS DESCENDED FROM PURE ARYAN STOCK...

AND THAT COSTUME--IT'S INDECENT!

DAILY PLANET

WHAT IF HE AND HIS SUPER FRIENDS DECIDE TO *TAKE OVER?*

WE REPRESENT THE MOTHERS OF CHILDREN WHO SERIOUSLY INJURED THEMSELVES BY TYING TOWELS AROUND THEIR NECKS AND JUMPING OFF ROOFTOPS...

MAYBE THEY ALREADY HAVE?

ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT SUPERMAN HAS AN ESSENTIAL ROLE IN THE PENTAGON'S NEW STAR WARS SYSTEM?

THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE STOCKPILING KRYPTONITE-- Y'KNOW, JUST IN CASE...

UNFORTUNATELY HE'S NOT A NATURAL BORN CITIZEN SO HE MUST CARRY A GREEN CARD...

MY KIDS THINK MORE OF HIM THAN THEY DO OF ME!

JUST BY *EXISTING*, HE'S TURNED WOMEN'S LIB INTO A JOKE...

I WONDER IF HE EVER GETS HIGH? I CAN JUST SEE HIM TOKING DOWN ON SOME *KRYPTONESE RED* AND GETTING SO STONED HE THINKS HE'S GOT A GIANT *GORILLA HEAD!*

...MILLION DOLLAR LICENSING DEAL! EVERYTHING FROM VITAMINS TO UNDERWEAR...

STOP IT, CHESTER-- YOU'RE *SCARING* ME AGAIN!

I DON'T CARE *WHO* HE IS! HE HAS TO FILE HIS INCOME TAX RETURN JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

HIS NOBILITY IS AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL!

HE'S THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPERHERO-- BAR NONE!

THIS IS MISTY BRINK WITH ANOTHER SEGMENT OF *WGBS* NEWS' "*LIFESTYLES OF THE SUPER AND SEXY.*"

WE'LL GET HIM TO CLEAN UP ALL THE GARBAGE AND LITTER ON OUR STREETS...

WITH HIM AROUND THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS *REAL PRIVACY* ANYMORE...

SUPERMAN...?

I ASKED YOU... A QUESTION.

I HEARD YOU.

AND I THINK YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM THE SAME SORT OF ILLUSIONS THAT MANY PEOPLE SEEM TO HAVE ABOUT ME...

YOU SEE, I MAY BE POWERFUL, BUT I *DON'T* HAVE AN INSTANT SOLUTION FOR EVERYONE'S PET PROBLEM.

SURE, I WATCH OUT FOR THE HUMAN RACE... BUT FOR THE SAME REASON A PARENT PUTS UP WITH A PETULANT PROBLEM CHILD...

I LOVE THEM.

INDEED...

THEN I THINK... I SHALL LEAVE LEX LUTHOR... TO YOU.

IT SHOULD NEVER BE SAID... THAT SWAMP THING STOOD IN THE WAY... OF SUCH A *LOFTY IDEAL*...

WHAT I'M SAYING IS: A LOT OF PEOPLE TEND TO HAVE AN *ATTITUDE* ABOUT HIM.

BUT HE HAS THIS *PRESENCE* THAT CUTS RIGHT THROUGH ALL THAT *CYNICISM*.

I'M AN *INTELLECTUAL*, MISS LANE... I DON'T HAVE TO ACTUALLY *MEET* THE CLOWN TO *KNOW* HE'S A MENACE...

HEY, LOOK!

UP IN THE SKY-- IT'S...

SSSHOOOOOO

GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THANK YOU FOR BEING PATIENT. THERE WAS A MINOR THREAT TO METROPOLIS THAT HAD TO BE DEALT WITH.

NOW, I'M SURE YOU ALL HAVE SOME VERY INTERESTING QUESTIONS FOR ME.

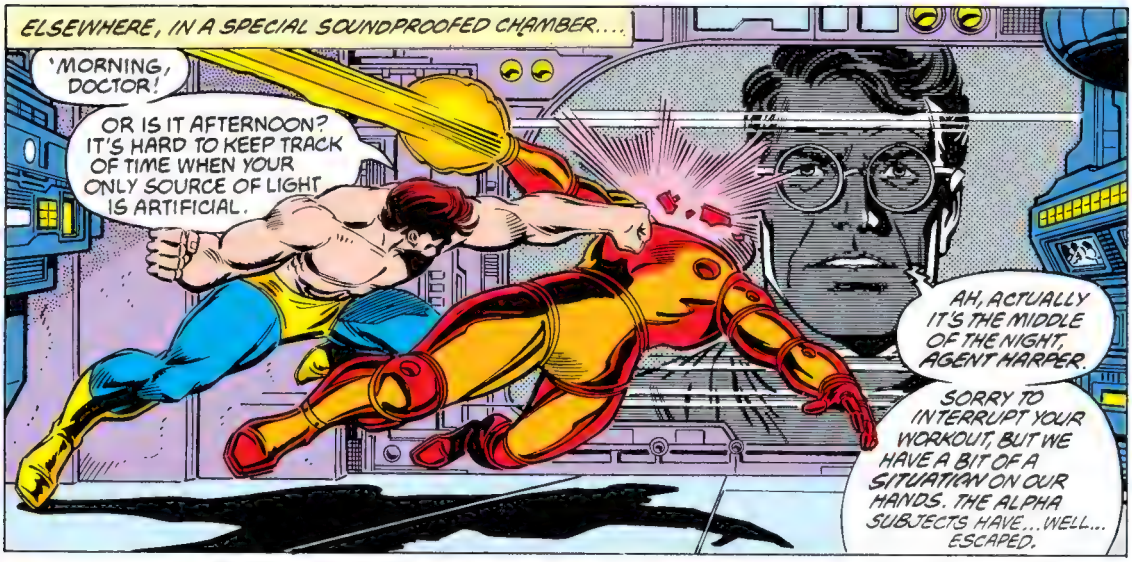
SEE WHAT I MEAN?

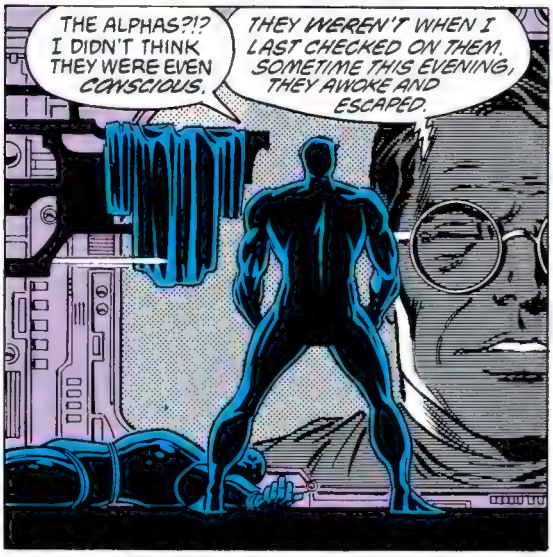
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLA

24

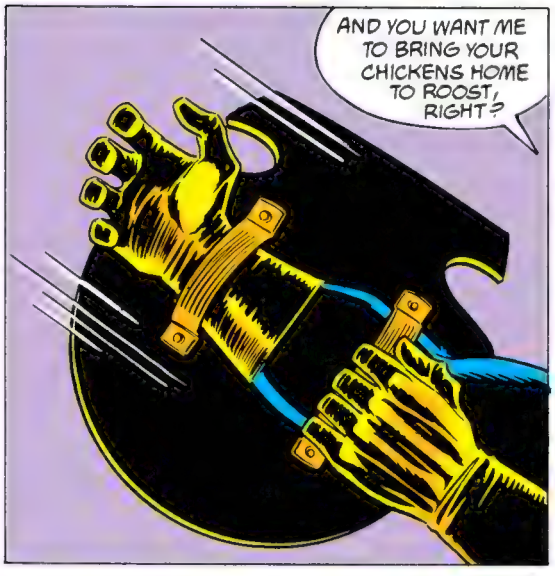
NEXT THE LONGEST DAY

IT IS WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT WHEN THE KLAXONS SOUND THROUGHOUT THIS TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION...
PROJECT
MOTOR POOL SECTION
HEY, IS THIS A DRILL OR WHAT?
IT DON'T MATTER, SOLDIER! WHEN THEY RING THE BUZZER, YOU JUMP!
... COMMAND-ALERT 12... REPEAT, THIS IS A COMMAND-ALERT 12! SECURE THE CENTRAL CORRIDORS AND SEAL ALL EXITS!
G-3542
SOMETHING BIG MUST BE UP -- THE V.I.P.s HAVE SEALED THEMSELVES AWAY IN SECURE ONE!
SECURE ONE
AND INSIDE THAT HEAVILY FORTIFIED COMMAND CENTER...
I CAN'T FATHOM HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT THE ALPHA SUBJECTS HAVE DISAPPEARED.
YOU MEAN "ESCAPED," DON'T YOU, DOCTOR? LIKE THE OTHERS DID?
LOOK, I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR SECURITY... IF ANYONE'S AT FAULT, I AM!
WE'RE ALL AT FAULT. WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE--!
SPARE ME THE RECRIMINATIONS!
THE ALPHAS MUST BE FOUND AND RETRIEVED BEFORE THEY DO ANYTHING THAT COMPROMISES THE PROJECT.
USE HARPER... HE'LL KNOW HOW TO DO IT!

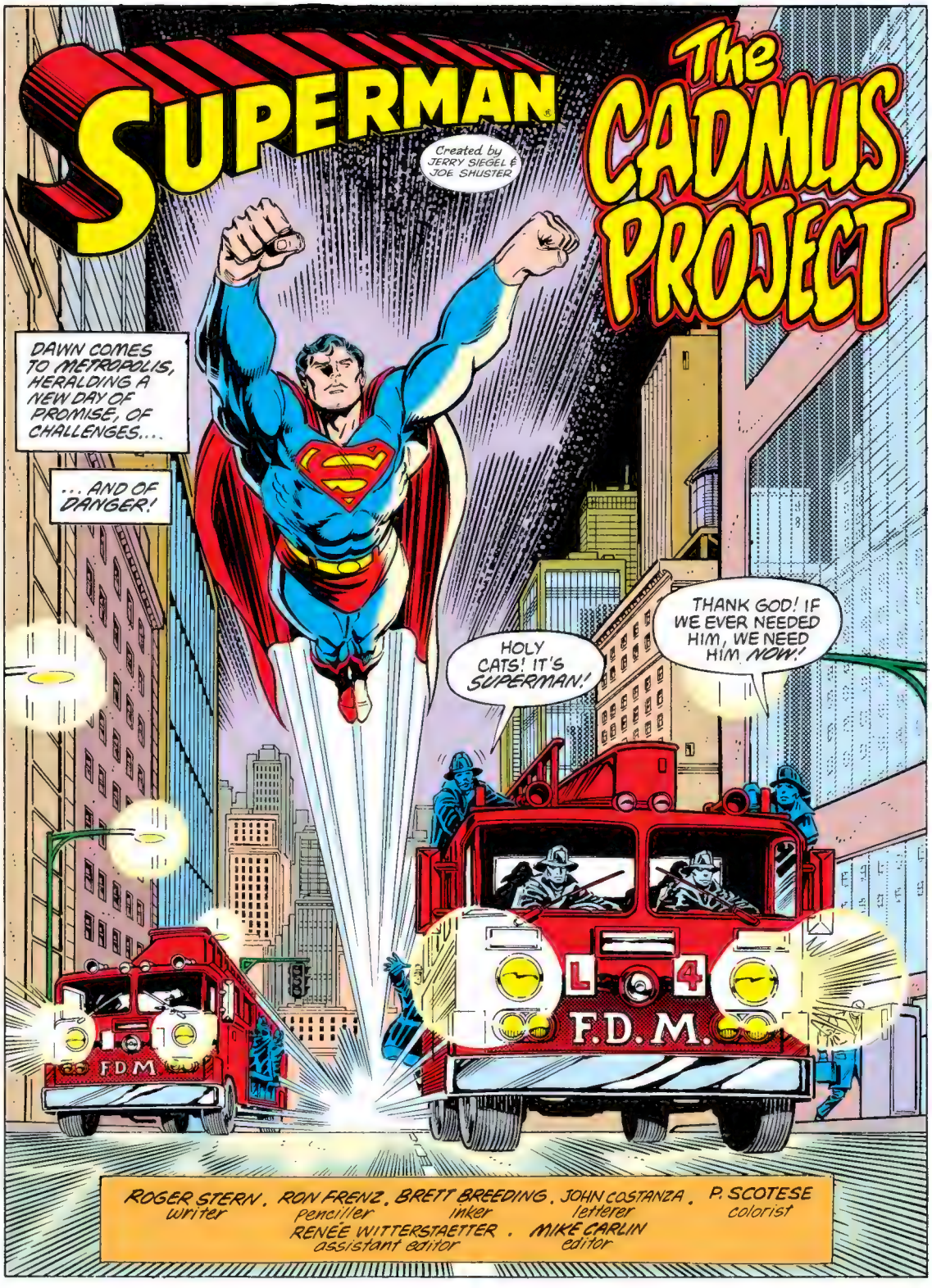

ELSEWHERE, IN A SPECIAL SOUNDPROOFED CHAMBER....
'MORNING, DOCTOR!
OR IS IT AFTERNOON? IT'S HARD TO KEEP TRACK OF TIME WHEN YOUR ONLY SOURCE OF LIGHT IS ARTIFICIAL.
AH, ACTUALLY IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, AGENT HARPER.
SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR WORKOUT, BUT WE HAVE A BIT OF A SITUATION ON OUR HANDS. THE ALPHA SUBJECTS HAVE...WELL... ESCAPED.

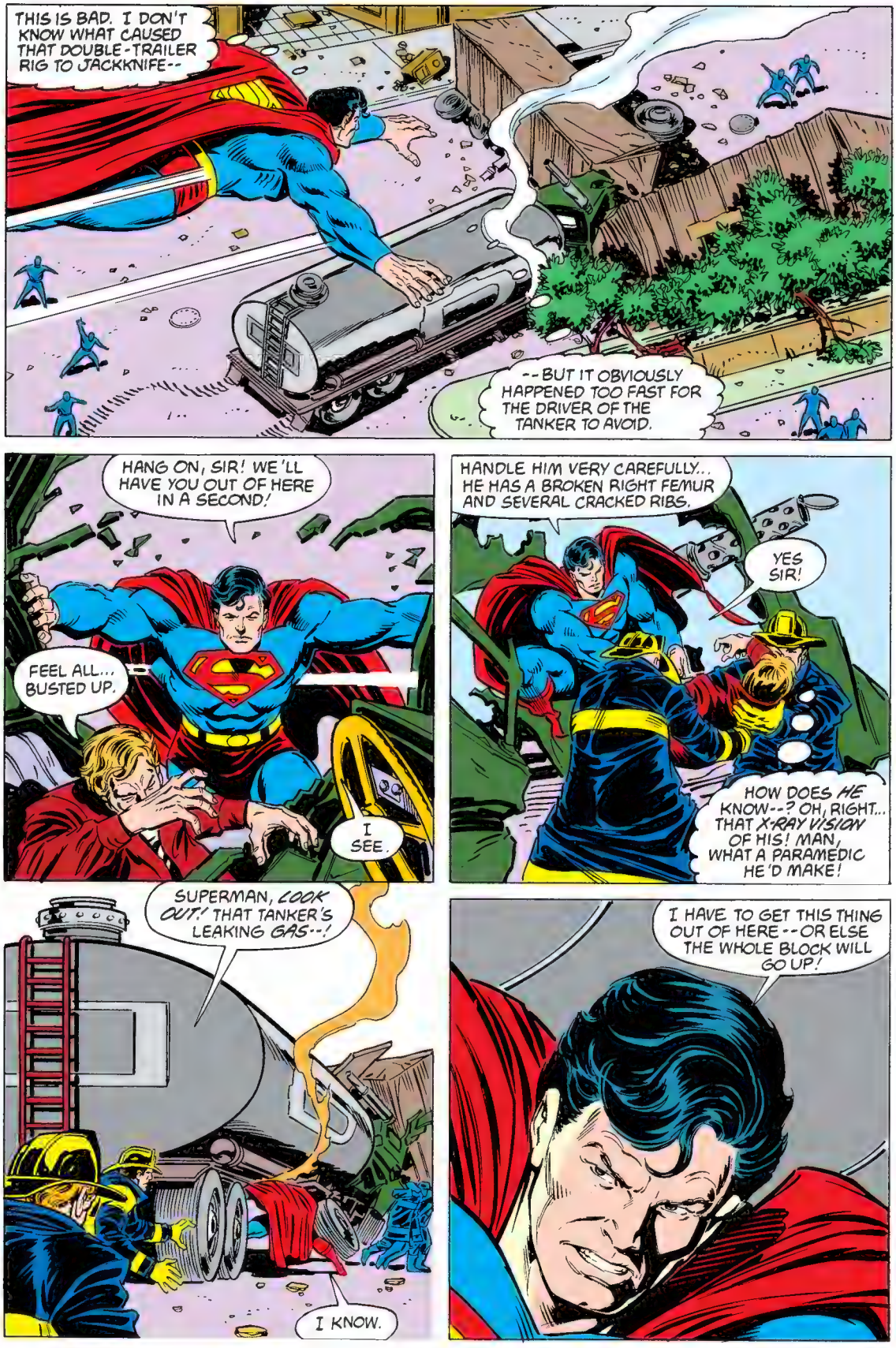

THE ALPHAS?!? I DIDN'T THINK THEY WERE EVEN CONSCIOUS.
THEY WEREN'T WHEN I LAST CHECKED ON THEM. SOMETIME THIS EVENING, THEY AWOKE AND ESCAPED.

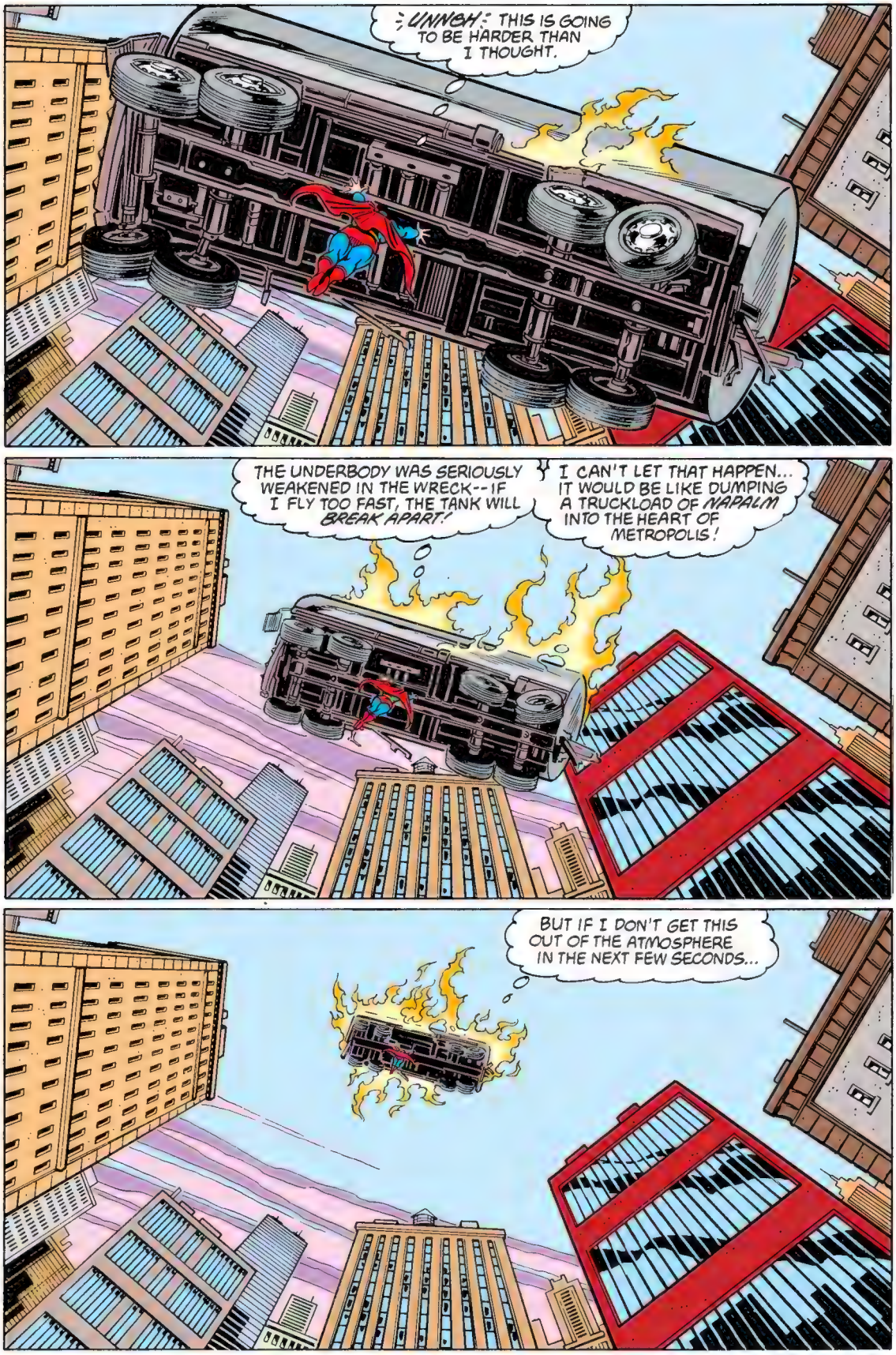
COULD THEY HAVE DONE THAT WITHOUT HELP?
NO... BUT GABRELLI'S RUNNING A SECURITY CHECK. IF THERE'S A SABOTEUR WITHIN THE PROJECT, WE'LL FIND HIM. OF MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERN IS THE ALPHAS' SAFETY!

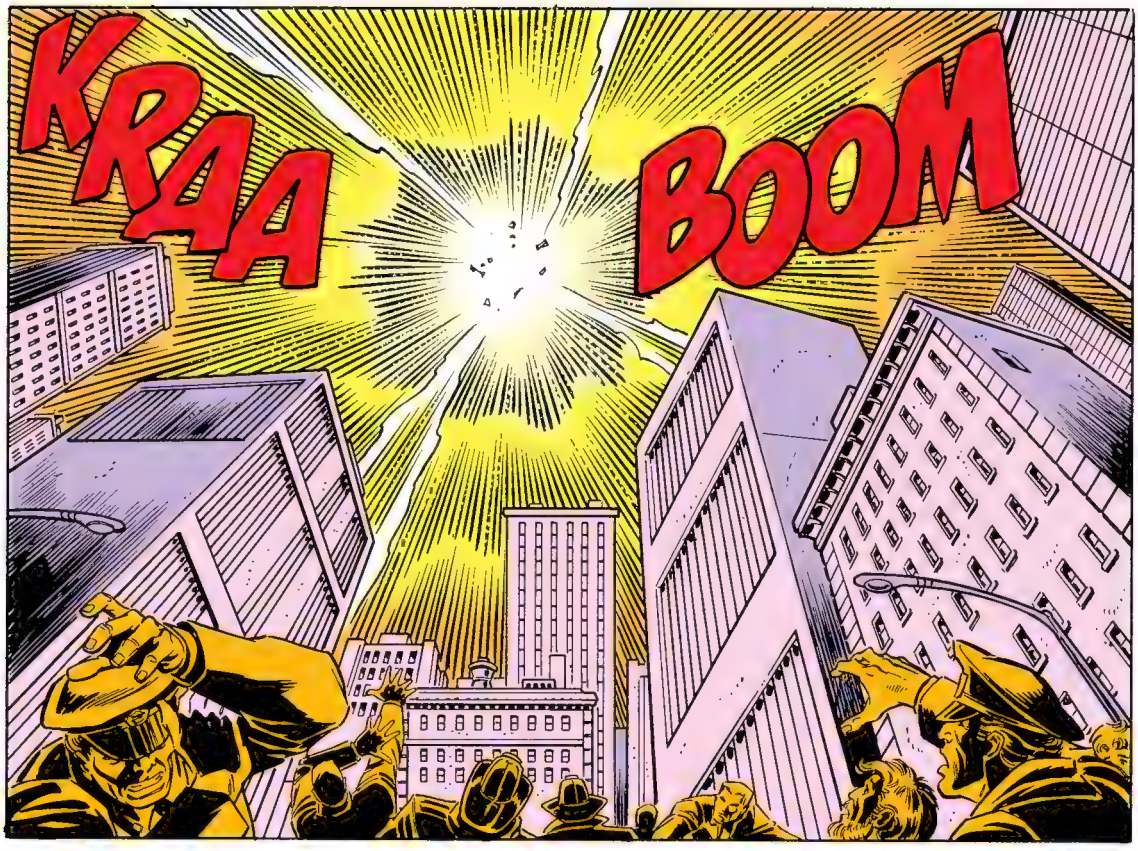

AND YOU WANT ME TO BRING YOUR CHICKENS HOME TO ROOST, RIGHT?

YOU ARE OUR BEST HOPE OF FINDING THEM, JIM.
IT SEEMS THAT I'VE BEEN GETTING YOU BOYS OUT OF SCRAPS FOR LONGER THAN I CARE TO THINK... OH, RELAX! I'M NOT ABOUT TO STOP NOW.
I'LL GET THEM BACK, NO MATTER WHAT!


SUPERMAN
Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
The CADMUS PROJECT
DAWN COMES TO METROPOLIS, HERALDING A NEW DAY OF PROMISE, OF CHALLENGES...
...AND OF DANGER!
HOLY CATS! IT'S SUPERMAN!
THANK GOD! IF WE EVER NEEDED HIM, WE NEED HIM NOW!
L 4
F.D.M.
F.D.M
ROGER STERN . writer
RON FRENZ . penciller
BRETT BREEDING . inker
JOHN COSTANZA . letterer
P. SCOTESE colorist
RENÉE WITTERSTAETTER . assistant editor
MIKE CARLIN editor


THIS IS BAD. I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAUSED THAT DOUBLE-TRAILER RIG TO JACKKNIFE--
--BUT IT OBVIOUSLY HAPPENED TOO FAST FOR THE DRIVER OF THE TANKER TO AVOID.
HANG ON, SIR! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A SECOND!
FEEL ALL... BUSTED UP.
I SEE.
HANDLE HIM VERY CAREFULLY... HE HAS A BROKEN RIGHT FEMUR AND SEVERAL CRACKED RIBS.
YES SIR!
HOW DOES HE KNOW--? OH, RIGHT... THAT X-RAY VISION OF HIS! MAN, WHAT A PARAMEDIC HE'D MAKE!
SUPERMAN, LOOK OUT! THAT TANKER'S LEAKING GAS--!
I KNOW.
I HAVE TO GET THIS THING OUT OF HERE--OR ELSE THE WHOLE BLOCK WILL GO UP!

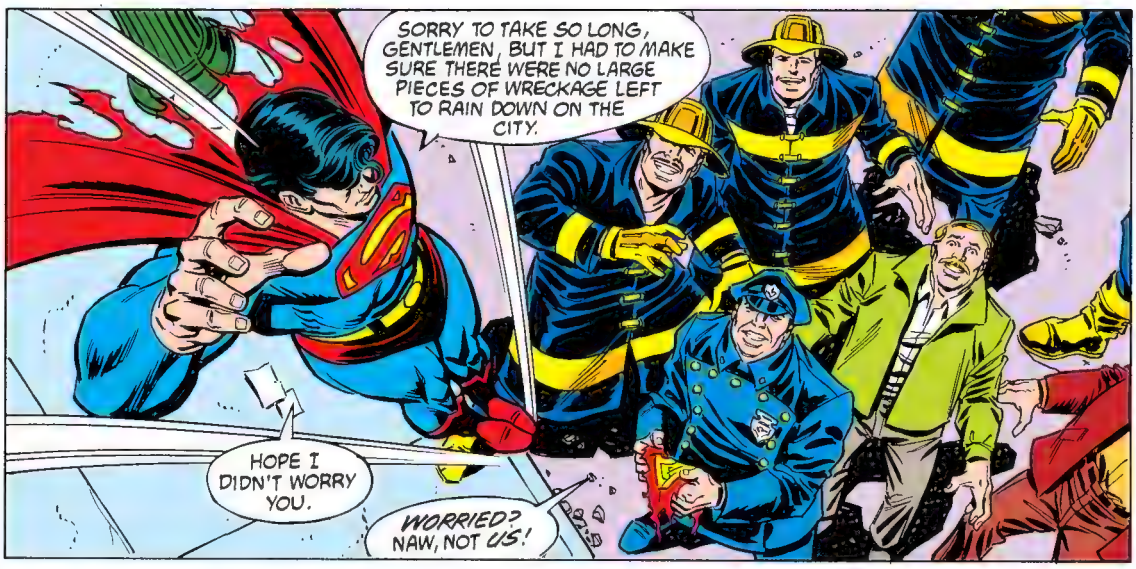

:UNNGH: THIS IS GOING TO BE HARDER THAN I THOUGHT.
THE UNDERBODY WAS SERIOUSLY WEAKENED IN THE WRECK--IF I FLY TOO FAST, THE TANK WILL BREAK APART!
I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN... IT WOULD BE LIKE DUMPING A TRUCKLOAD OF NAPALM INTO THE HEART OF METROPOLIS!
BUT IF I DON'T GET THIS OUT OF THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS...

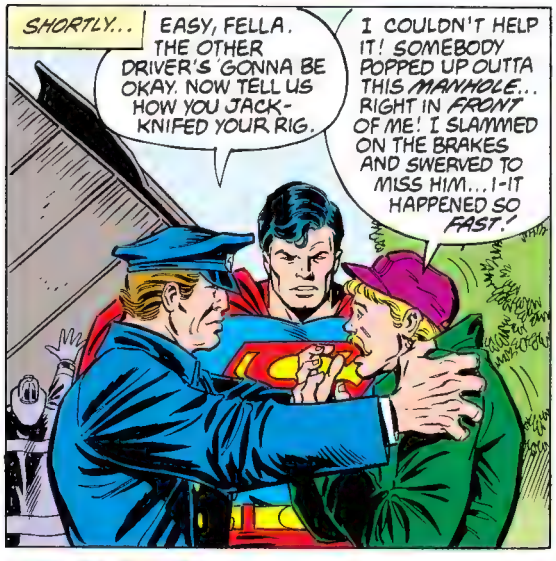

KRAA
BOOM

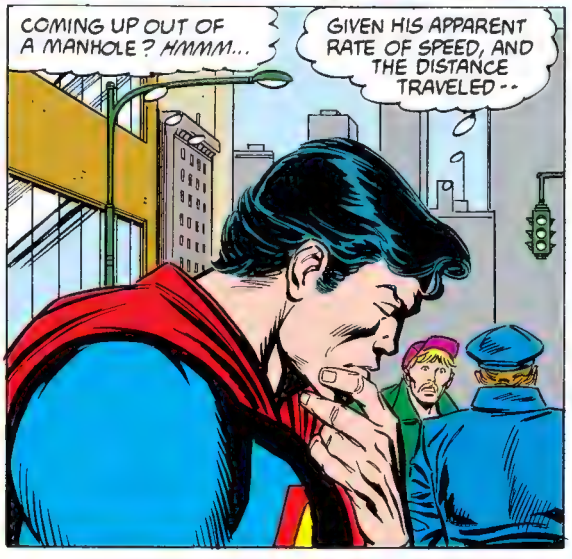
IT'S GONE... BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS!
WHAT ABOUT SUPERMAN? YOU DON'T SUPPOSE--?
ARE YOU KIDDIN'? I ONCE SAW A WHOLE BUILDIN' COLLAPSE ON TOP OF HIM-- DIDN'T EVEN MUSS HIS HAIR! HE'S OKAY...
...HE'S GOTTA BE!

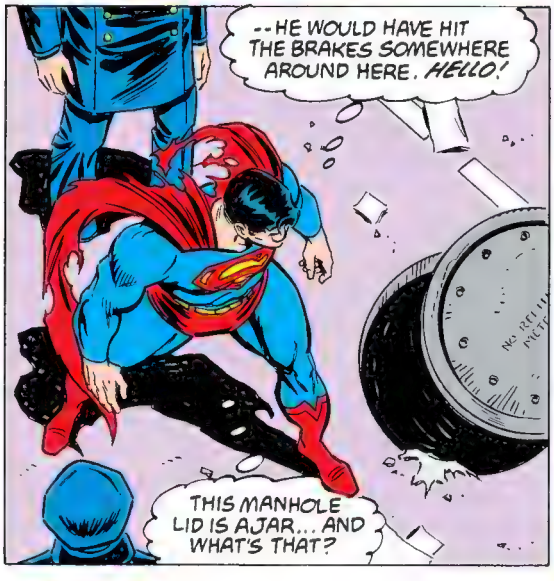
I DUNNO, MAN... AIN'T NEVER SEEN AN EXPLOSION LIKE THAT BEFORE.
:?:
WHAT IN THE--?!

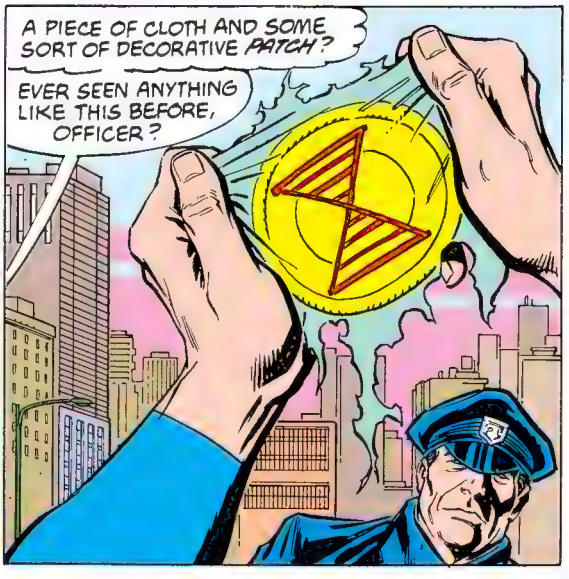
NO... AW, NO!

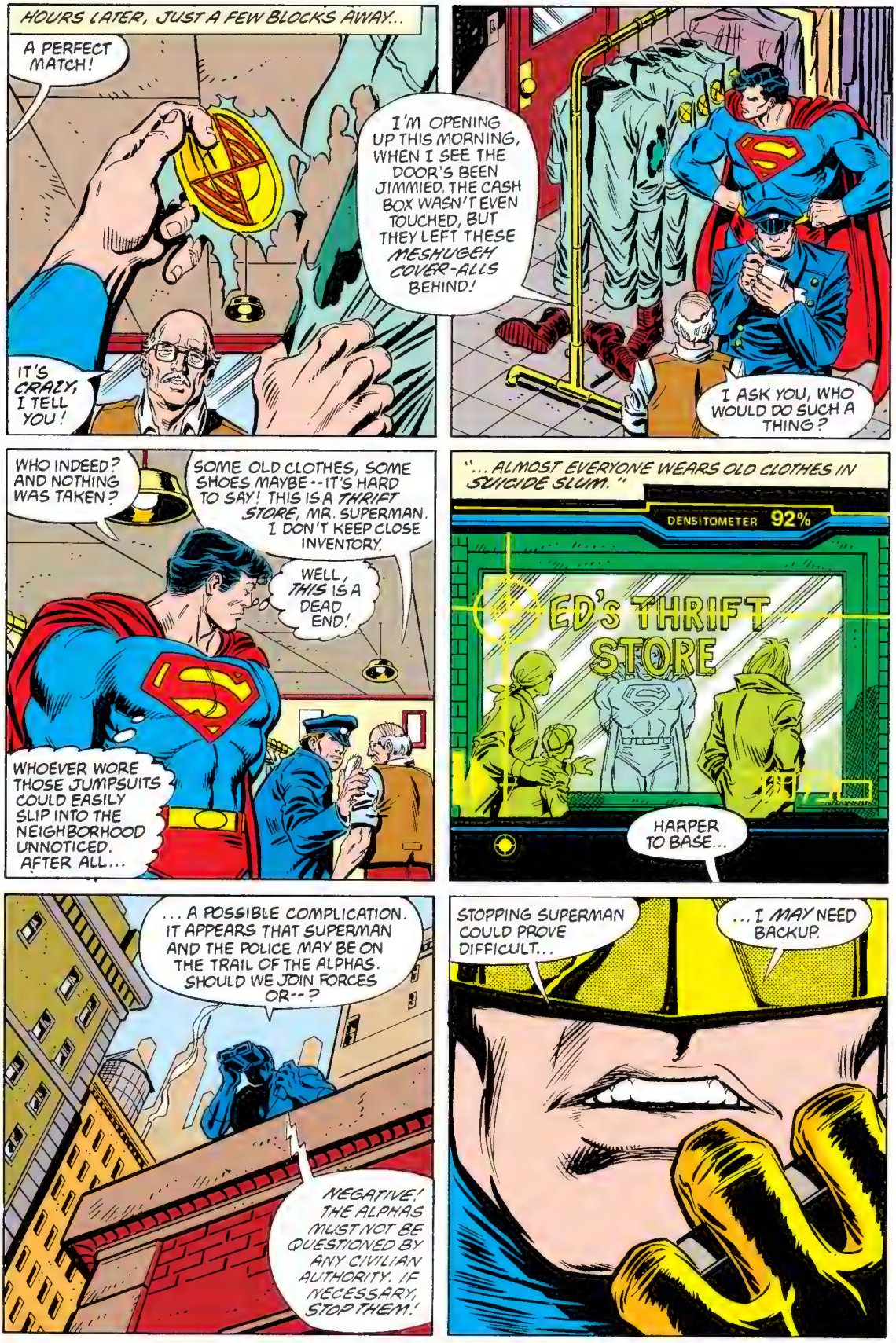

SORRY TO TAKE SO LONG, GENTLEMEN, BUT I HAD TO MAKE SURE THERE WERE NO LARGE PIECES OF WRECKAGE LEFT TO RAIN DOWN ON THE CITY.
HOPE I DIDN'T WORRY YOU.
WORRIED? NAW, NOT US!


SHORTLY...
EASY, FELLA. THE OTHER DRIVER'S GONNA BE OKAY. NOW TELL US HOW YOU JACK-KNIFED YOUR RIG.
I COULDN'T HELP IT! SOMEBODY POPPED UP OUTTA THIS MANHOLE.. RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME! I SLAMMED ON THE BRAKES AND SWERVED TO MISS HIM...!-IT HAPPENED SO FAST!


COMING UP OUT OF A MANHOLE? HMMM...
GIVEN HIS APPARENT RATE OF SPEED, AND THE DISTANCE TRAVELED--

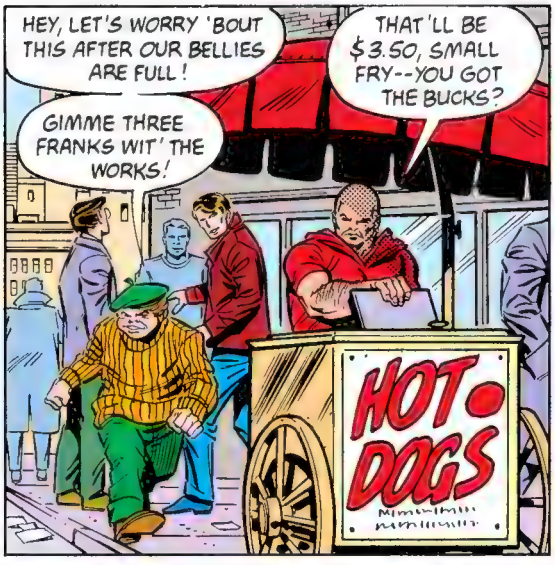

--HE WOULD HAVE HIT THE BRAKES SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE. HELLO!
THIS MANHOLE LID IS AJAR... AND WHAT'S THAT?

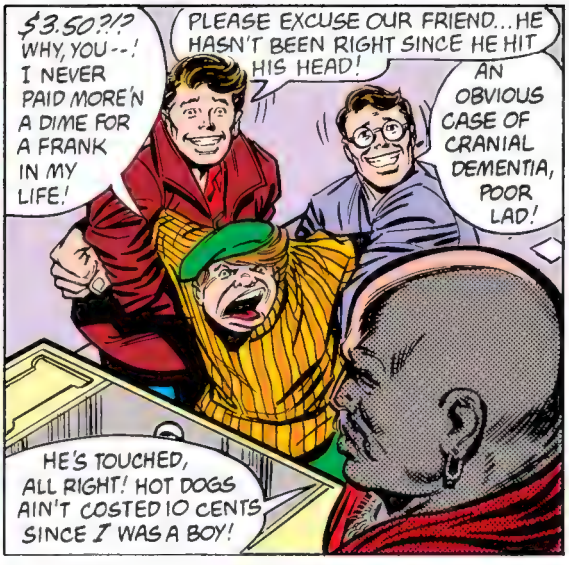

A PIECE OF CLOTH AND SOME SORT OF DECORATIVE PATCH?
EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, OFFICER?


HOURS LATER, JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...
A PERFECT MATCH!
IT'S CRAZY, I TELL YOU!
I'M OPENING UP THIS MORNING, WHEN I SEE THE DOOR'S BEEN JIMMIED, THE CASH BOX WASN'T EVEN TOUCHED, BUT THEY LEFT THESE MESHUGEH COVER-ALLS BEHIND!
I ASK YOU, WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING?
WHO INDEED? AND NOTHING WAS TAKEN?
SOME OLD CLOTHES, SOME SHOES MAYBE--IT'S HARD TO SAY! THIS IS A THRIFT STORE, MR. SUPERMAN. I DON'T KEEP CLOSE INVENTORY.
WELL, THIS IS A DEAD END!
WHOEVER WORE THOSE JUMPSUITS COULD EASILY SLIP INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD UNNOTICED. AFTER ALL...
"... ALMOST EVERYONE WEARS OLD CLOTHES IN SUICIDE SLUM."
DENSITOMETER 92%
ED'S THRIFT STORE
HARPER TO BASE...
... A POSSIBLE COMPLICATION. IT APPEARS THAT SUPERMAN AND THE POLICE MAY BE ON THE TRAIL OF THE ALPHAS. SHOULD WE JOIN FORCES OR--?
NEGATIVE! THE ALPHAS MUST NOT BE QUESTIONED BY ANY CIVILIAN AUTHORITY. IF NECESSARY, STOP THEM!
STOPPING SUPERMAN COULD PROVE DIFFICULT...
... I MAY NEED BACKUP.

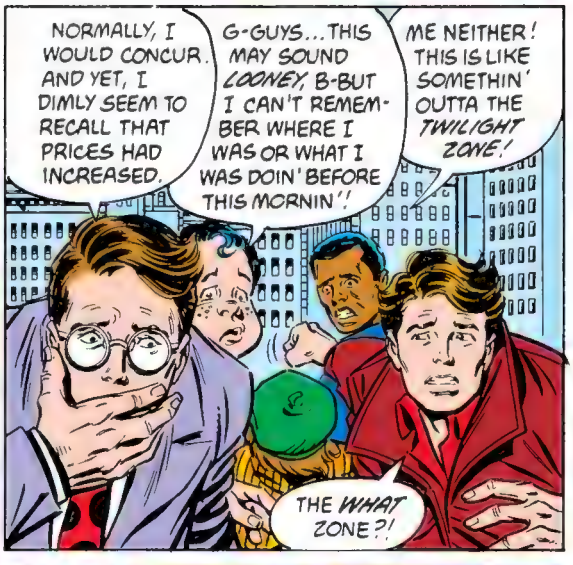
BY RUSH HOUR, THE WRECKAGE OF THE EARLY MORNING HOURS IS CLEARED AWAY. BUT COMMUTERS FIND A NEW OBSTACLE IN THEIR PATHS...
The NEWSBOY LEGION
HEY, YOU KIDS -- GET OUTTA HERE!
WHAT'RE YOU... CRAZY?
AHH, SHADDAP!
GETCHA PLANET... GETCHA DAILY PLANET!!
UH, GUYS? THIS LOCATION'S TURNIN' SOUR!
YOU LITTLE @%#$! I SAID GET OUTTA HERE!!
A COPPER! WHY DINT SOMEBODY WARN ME?
WE MADE AN ATTEMPT, SCRAPPER -- BUT YOU WERE TOO BUSY INSULTING POTENTIAL CUSTOMERS!
YEAH, WOW, GEEZ... YOU WERE REALLY RUNNIN' OFF AT THE MOUTH, TALKIN' A MILE A MINUTE... AND THEY CALL ME GABBY!

LOOK OUT!!
WUDD
OUR SINCEREST APOLOGIES, SIR!
IS HE FULLY COMPOS MENTIS, TOMMY?
I DUNNO, 'WORDS. YOU OKAY, MISTER?
I-I THINK SO. YOU KIDS... SHOULD WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
BELIEVE ME, THIS UNFORTUNATE COLLISION WAS NOT OUR INTENT, MISTER...
YEAH, I'M JIMMY OLSEN.' WHO ARE--? SAY, DO I KNOW YOU?
...OLSEN?
I'M... NOT CERTAIN.
C'MON, GUYS-- LET'S GET GOIN'!
YEAH, THAT COP COULD COME LOOKIN' FOR US!
HEY, I'M HUNGRY! YOU HUNGRY? LET'S TIE ON THE FEED-BAG AT DONNEGAN'S DINER!
BUT MOMENTS LATER...
HUH? WHAT'S A LAUNDROMAT DOIN' HERE? WHERE'S DONNEGAN'S?
SPEED-WASH
LAUN
FUNNY... I SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHIN' 'BOUT OL' MAN DONNEGAN DYIN'... BACK IN '68.
1968?! D-DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG AGO THAT WAS?
DECADES, FLIP... BEFORE WE WERE BORN... WASN'T IT?
B-BUT, BIG WORDS... DIDN'T WE EAT HERE JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO?
DON'T SAY A WORD, SCRAPPER... NOT ONE SYLLABLE.' IF YER HALF AS CONFUSED AS YA LOOK, I DON'T WANNA HEAR IT.'

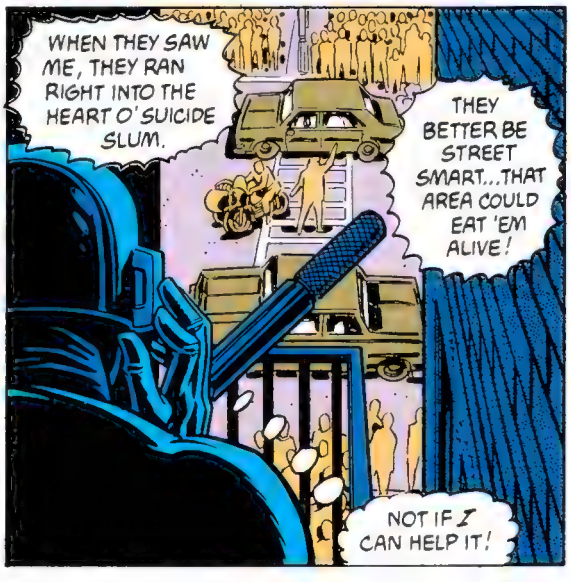

HEY, LET'S WORRY 'BOUT THIS AFTER OUR BELLIES ARE FULL!
GIMME THREE FRANKS WIT' THE WORKS!
THAT'LL BE $3.50, SMALL FRY--YOU GOT THE BUCKS?
HOT DOGS


$3.50?!? WHY, YOU--! I NEVER PAID MORE'N A DIME FOR A FRANK IN MY LIFE!
PLEASE EXCUSE OUR FRIEND...HE HASN'T BEEN RIGHT SINCE HE HIT HIS HEAD!
AN OBVIOUS CASE OF CRANIAL DEMENTIA, POOR LAD!
HE'S TOUCHED, ALL RIGHT! HOT DOGS AIN'T COSTED 10 CENTS SINCE I WAS A BOY!

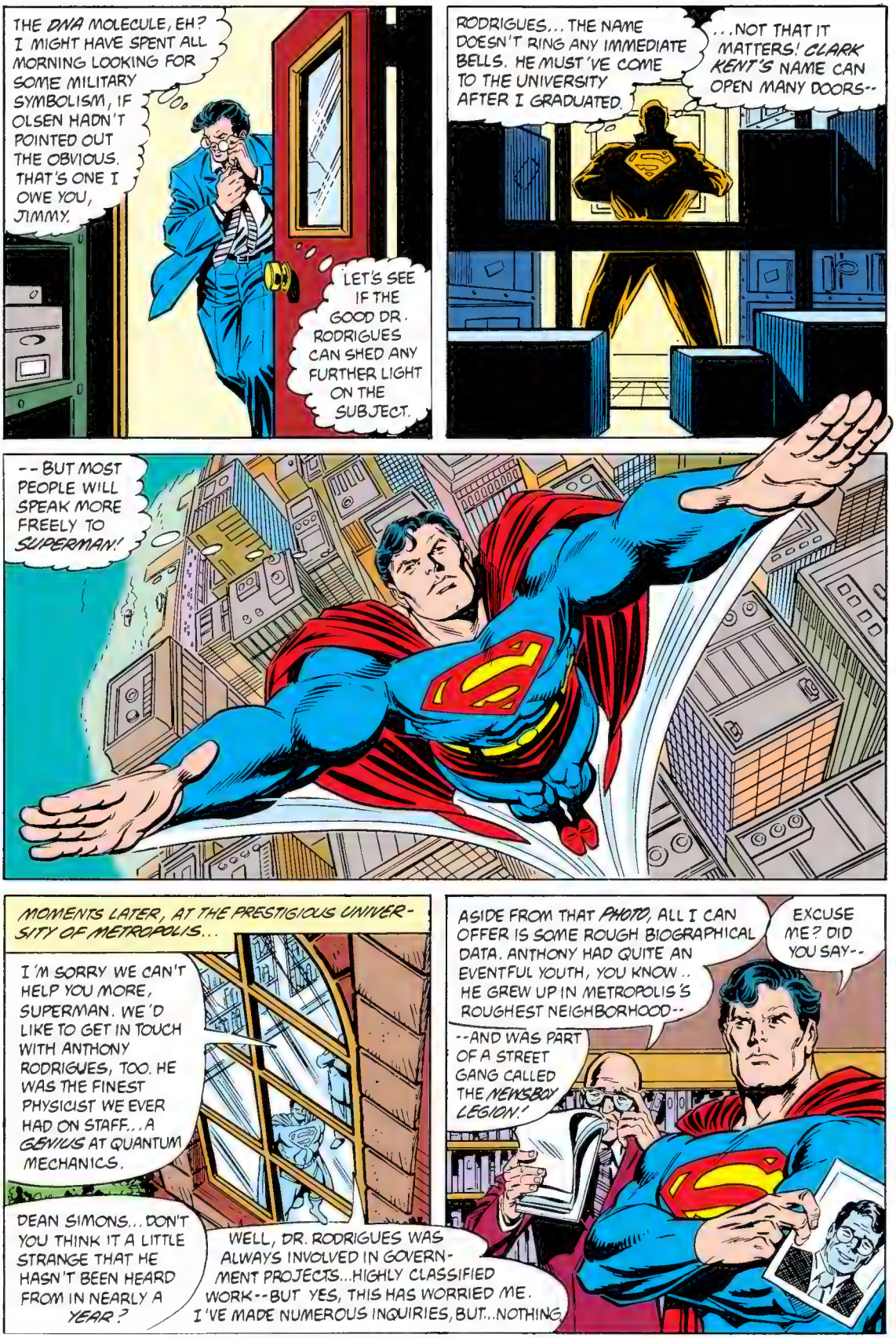
HIGHWAY ROBBER!
LEMME DOWN!
I'LL MOIDERLIZE 'IM!
SHUT UP, SCRAPPER!
COOL IT, MAN!
SCRAPPER, PLEASE DESIST! YON VENDOR OUTWEIGHS US ALL!
IT'S CRIMINAL TO CHARGE THAT MUCH!

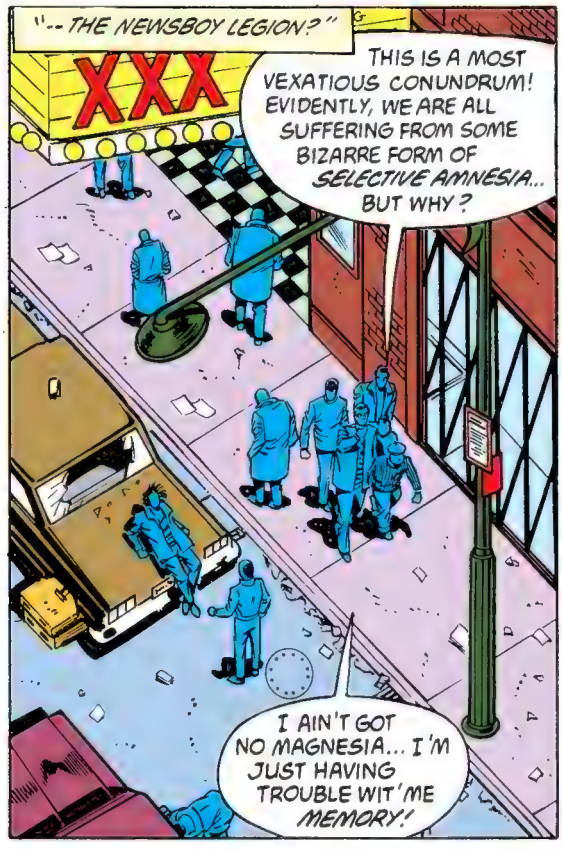

NORMALLY, I WOULD CONCUR. AND YET, I DIMLY SEEM TO RECALL THAT PRICES HAD INCREASED.
G-GUYS...THIS MAY SOUND LOONEY, B-BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE I WAS OR WHAT I WAS DOIN' BEFORE THIS MORNIN'!
ME NEITHER! THIS IS LIKE SOMETHIN' OUTTA THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
THE WHAT ZONE?!

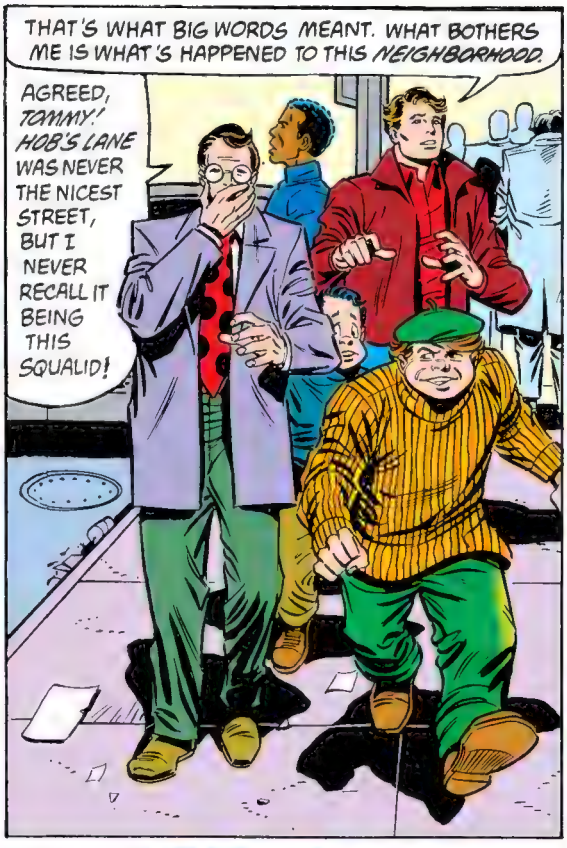
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE ONCE-BLOCKED INTERSECTION...
LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE MOVING ALONG HERE, CLAYTON!
BETTER THAN THEY WERE FIVE MINUTES AGO, LET ME TELL YOU! THERE WERE FIVE KIDS TYING UP TRAFFIC--PEDDLIN' PAPERS!
POLICE

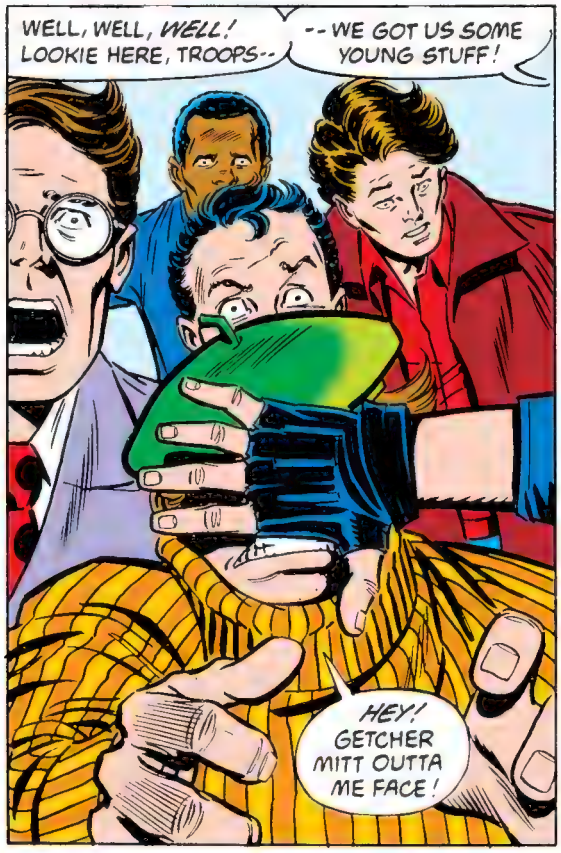

WHEN THEY SAW ME, THEY RAN RIGHT INTO THE HEART O' SUICIDE SLUM.
THEY BETTER BE STREET SMART...THAT AREA COULD EAT 'EM ALIVE!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

SOON, IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET...
'MORNING, MR. KENT!
BOY, EVER HAD ONE OF THOSE DAYS--?
ACTUALLY, JIM, I SEEM TO BE HAVING ONE NOW!
YOU, TOO? WHAT'S UP?
SUPERMAN ASKED ME TO HELP HIM GET A LINE ON WHAT MAY BE A NEW PARA-MILITARY GROUP. THEY WEAR A STYLIZED SHOULDER PATCH THAT NEITHER OF US HAS BEEN ABLE TO IDENTIFY.
LET ME SEE--!
HEY, YA KNOW... A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, THERE WAS THIS REALLY SHARP PROFESSOR AT U. MET. --A DR. RODRIGUES. I...UH... USED TO SKIP MY HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES TO GO TO HIS LECTURES.
ANYWAY, I WAS TALKING TO HIM ONE DAY, AND SAW THAT HE'D SKETCHED A DESIGN LIKE THAT ON HIS NOTE PAD.
I'D NEVER HAVE REMEMBERED, IF IT HADN'T BEEN SO WEIRD.
WEIRD, JIM? HOW SO?
DR. RODRIGUES IS A PHYSICIST... AND THAT DESIGN IS MORE ASSOCI-ATED WITH BIOLOGISTS. IT'S LIKE A STYLIZED DNA MOLECULE!
WANNA KNOW WHAT ELSE IS WEIRD? I SAW A KID ON THE STREET TODAY WHO LOOKED ENOUGH LIKE RODRIGUES TO BE HIS SON!
PROBABLY JUST A COINCIDENCE, JIM. BUT YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP--THANKS!
HEY, ANYTIME, MR. KENT!


THE DNA MOLECULE, EH? I MIGHT HAVE SPENT ALL MORNING LOOKING FOR SOME MILITARY SYMBOLISM, IF OLSEN HADN'T POINTED OUT THE OBVIOUS. THAT'S ONE I OWE YOU, JIMMY.
LET'S SEE IF THE GOOD DR. RODRIGUES CAN SHED ANY FURTHER LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.
RODRIGUES... THE NAME DOESN'T RING ANY IMMEDIATE BELLS. HE MUST'VE COME TO THE UNIVERSITY AFTER I GRADUATED.
...NOT THAT IT MATTERS! CLARK KENT'S NAME CAN OPEN MANY DOORS--
--BUT MOST PEOPLE WILL SPEAK MORE FREELY TO SUPERMAN!
MOMENTS LATER, AT THE PRESTIGIOUS UNIVERSITY OF METROPOLIS...
I'M SORRY WE CAN'T HELP YOU MORE, SUPERMAN. WE'D LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ANTHONY RODRIGUES, TOO. HE WAS THE FINEST PHYSICIST WE EVER HAD ON STAFF...A GENIUS AT QUANTUM MECHANICS.
DEAN SIMONS... DON'T YOU THINK IT A LITTLE STRANGE THAT HE HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM IN NEARLY A YEAR?
WELL, DR. RODRIGUES WAS ALWAYS INVOLVED IN GOVERNMENT PROJECTS...HIGHLY CLASSIFIED WORK--BUT YES, THIS HAS WORRIED ME. I'VE MADE NUMEROUS INQUIRIES, BUT...NOTHING.
ASIDE FROM THAT PHOTO, ALL I CAN OFFER IS SOME ROUGH BIOGRAPHICAL DATA. ANTHONY HAD QUITE AN EVENTFUL YOUTH, YOU KNOW.. HE GREW UP IN METROPOLIS'S ROUGHEST NEIGHBORHOOD--
--AND WAS PART OF A STREET GANG CALLED THE NEWSBOY LEGION!
EXCUSE ME? DID YOU SAY--

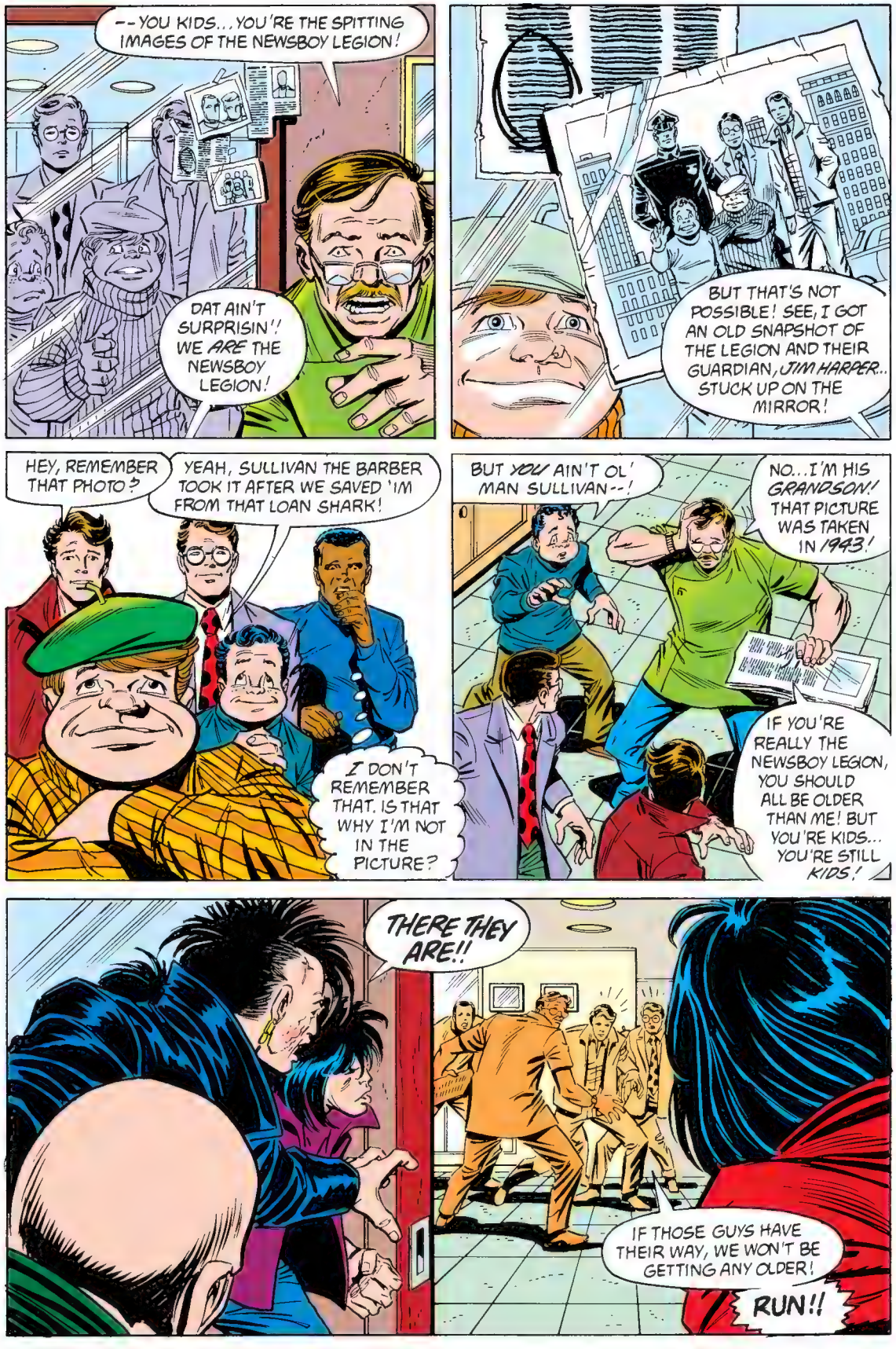

"-- THE NEWSBOY LEGION?"
XXX
THIS IS A MOST VEXATIOUS CONUNDRUM! EVIDENTLY, WE ARE ALL SUFFERING FROM SOME BIZARRE FORM OF SELECTIVE AMNESIA... BUT WHY?
I AIN'T GOT NO MAGNESIA... I'M JUST HAVING TROUBLE WIT'ME MEMORY!

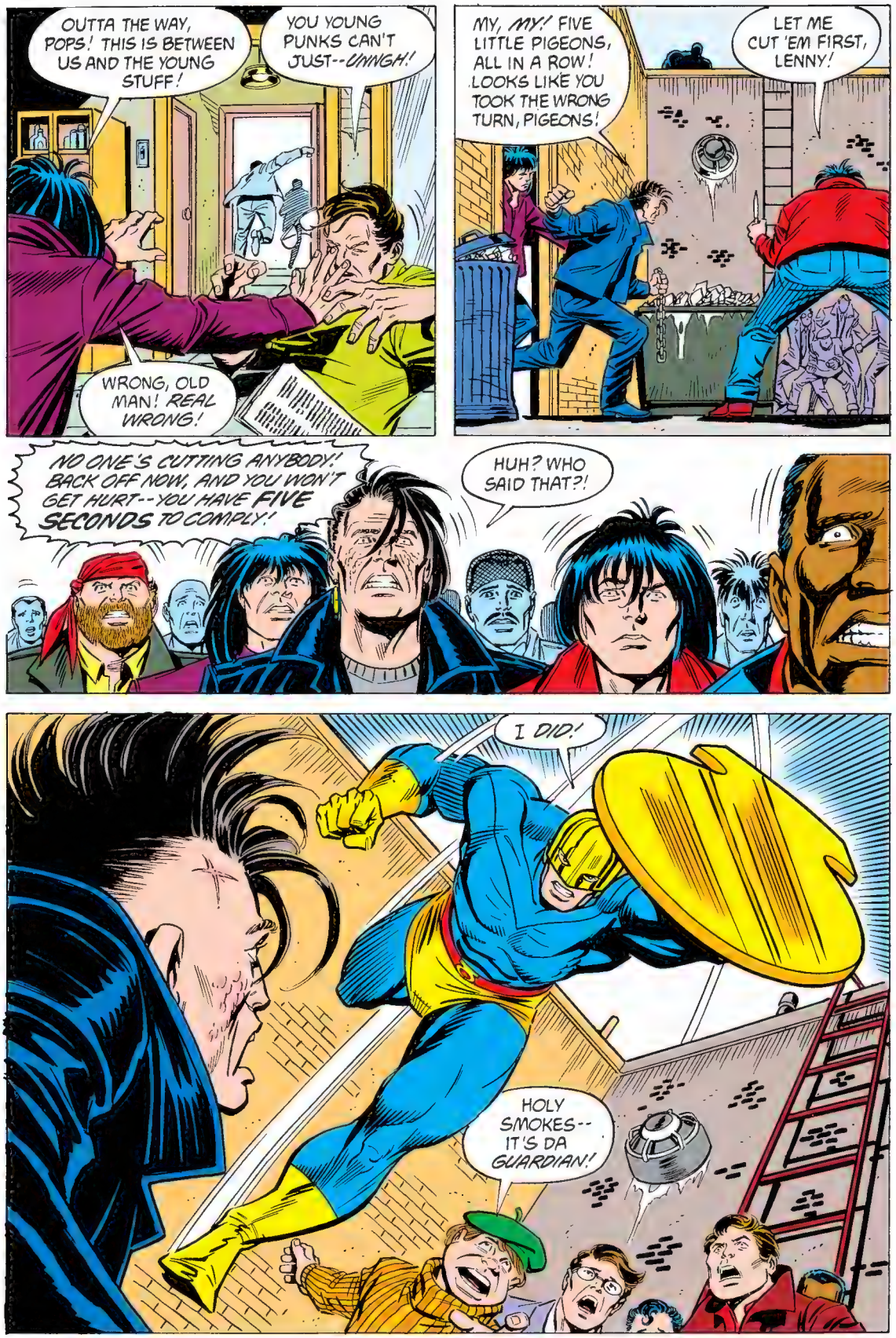

THAT'S WHAT BIG WORDS MEANT. WHAT BOTHERS ME IS WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.
AGREED, TOMMY! HOB'S LANE WAS NEVER THE NICEST STREET, BUT I NEVER RECALL IT BEING THIS SQUALID!

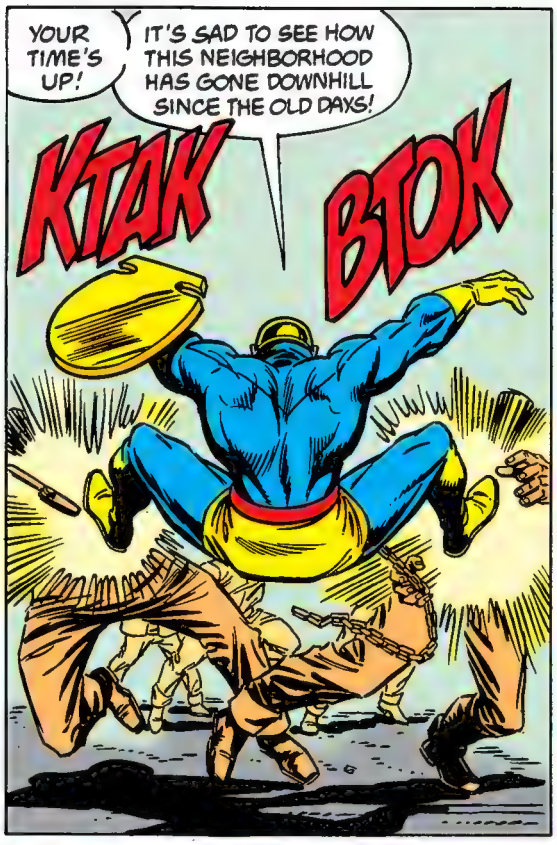

WELL, WELL, WELL! LOOKIE HERE, TROOPS--
-- WE GOT US SOME YOUNG STUFF!
HEY! GETCHER MITT OUTTA ME FACE!

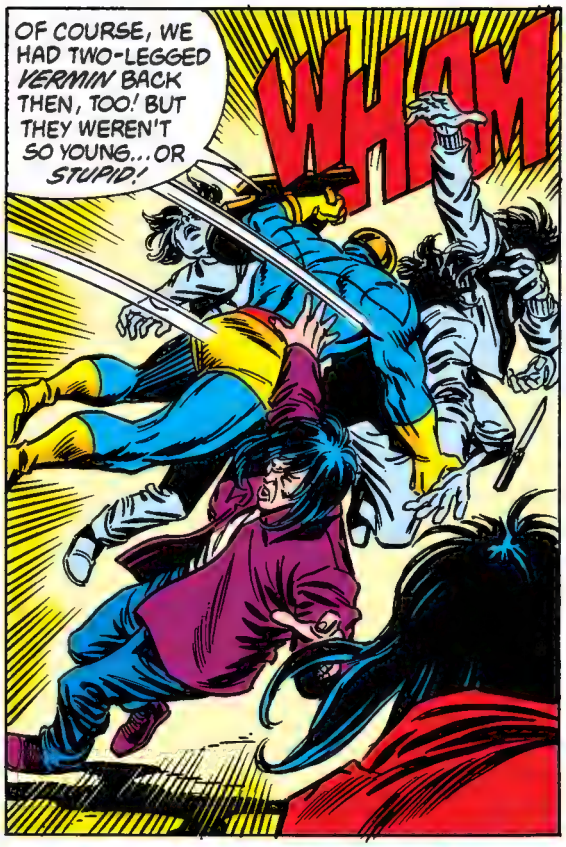
CHILL OUT, POPEYE! WE JUST WANNA SHOW YA A GOOD TIME!
C'MON, SCRAPPER, DON'T START NUTHIN'!
W-W-WE LIKE GOOD TIMES, HONEST! WHAD-DAYA MEAN... GOOD TIME?
WHY, I GOT A WHOLE HANDFUL OF GOOD TIMES RIGHT HERE, CHILL 'UNS! TAKE YOUR PICK... FIRST SAMPLE'S FREE!

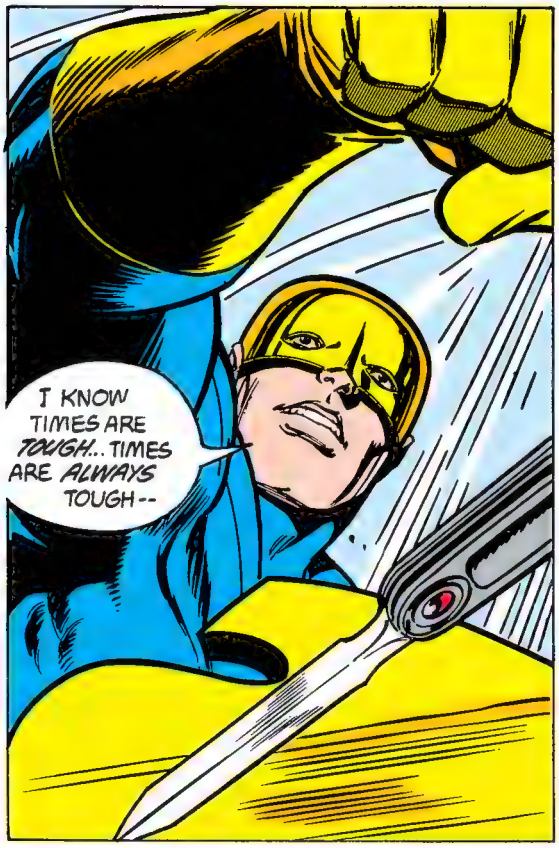
PILLS?!? YEEICK!!
I HATE TAKIN' PILLS! IF DAT'S YER IDEA OF A GOOD TIME, YOU MUST BE SICK!
"DON'T START NUTHIN', SCRAPPER," HE SAYS... SHEESH! NICE GOIN', GABBY!
YOU LITTLE @#&#! THAT WAS A COUPLE HUNNERT BUCKS WORTH OF HIGH YOU KNOCKED INTO THE GUTTER!
NOW WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE IT OUT OF YER HIDES!
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUSE TRY!
SCRAPPER, THESE GUYS AIN'T GONNA FIGHT FAIR!
FAIR, SHMAIR -- I DON'T CARE! PUT ME DOWN, JOHNSON... PUT ME DOWN!
C'MON, I'LL TAKE YA ALL ON, ONE AT A TIME!
NO WAY, MAN! THEY OUT NUMBER US, THEY OUT-WEIGH US, THEY GOT KNIVES -- AND THEY'RE UGLY!
MY MAMA ALWAYS SAID, "NEVER FIGHT AN UGLY MAN... HE'S GOT LESS TO LOSE THAN YOU DO!"
IN HERE, FLIP -- HURRY!
AH, GOOD DAY, SIR! IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE WOULD LIKE TO TAKE REFUGE IN YOUR ESTABLISH-MENT!
BARB
YEAH, SOME BIG NASTY JERKS ARE AFTER US! AN' I BET A BARBER SHOP'D BE THE LAST PLACE THEY'D STICK THEIR HEADS INTO!
HUH? I -- I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT CAN'T BE --


--YOU KIDS... YOU'RE THE SPITTING IMAGES OF THE NEWSBOY LEGION!
DAT AIN'T SURPRISIN'! WE ARE THE NEWSBOY LEGION!
BUT THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE! SEE, I GOT AN OLD SNAPSHOT OF THE LEGION AND THEIR GUARDIAN, JIM HARPER... STUCK UP ON THE MIRROR!
HEY, REMEMBER THAT PHOTO?
YEAH, SULLIVAN THE BARBER TOOK IT AFTER WE SAVED 'IM FROM THAT LOAN SHARK!
I DON'T REMEMBER THAT. IS THAT WHY I'M NOT IN THE PICTURE?
BUT YOU AIN'T OL' MAN SULLIVAN--!
NO... I'M HIS GRANDSON! THAT PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN 1943!
IF YOU'RE REALLY THE NEWSBOY LEGION, YOU SHOULD ALL BE OLDER THAN ME! BUT YOU'RE KIDS... YOU'RE STILL KIDS!
THERE THEY ARE!!
IF THOSE GUYS HAVE THEIR WAY, WE WON'T BE GETTING ANY OLDER!
RUN!!


OUTTA THE WAY, POPS! THIS IS BETWEEN US AND THE YOUNG STUFF!
YOU YOUNG PUNKS CAN'T JUST--UHNGH!
WRONG, OLD MAN! REAL WRONG!
MY, MY! FIVE LITTLE PIGEONS, ALL IN A ROW! LOOKS LIKE YOU TOOK THE WRONG TURN, PIGEONS!
LET ME CUT 'EM FIRST, LENNY!
NO ONE'S CUTTING ANYBODY! BACK OFF NOW, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT--YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO COMPLY!
HUH? WHO SAID THAT?!
I DID!
HOLY SMOKES-- IT'S DA GUARDIAN!

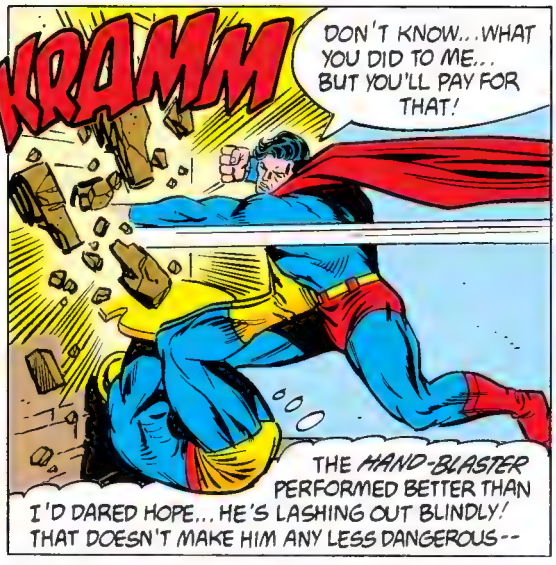

YOUR TIME'S UP!
IT'S SAD TO SEE HOW THIS NEIGHBORHOOD HAS GONE DOWNHILL SINCE THE OLD DAYS!
KTAK
BTOK

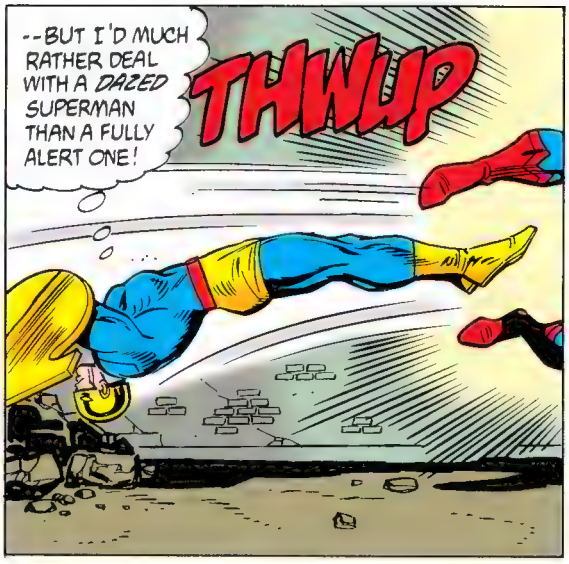

OF COURSE, WE HAD TWO-LEGGED *VERMIN* BACK THEN, TOO! BUT THEY WEREN'T SO YOUNG... OR *STUPID!*
WHAM

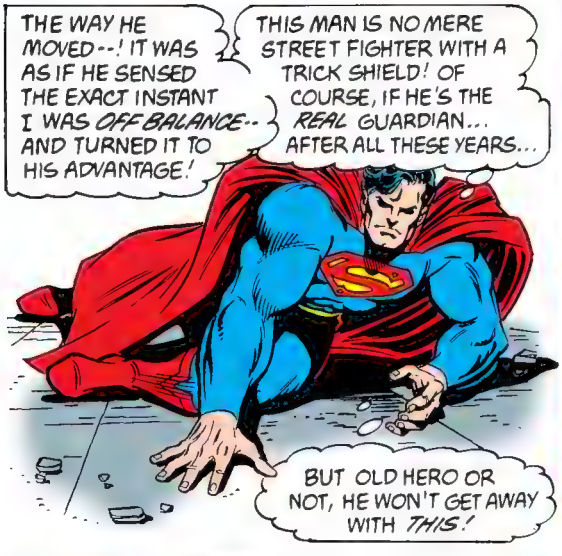

I KNOW TIMES ARE *TOUGH*... TIMES ARE *ALWAYS* TOUGH--

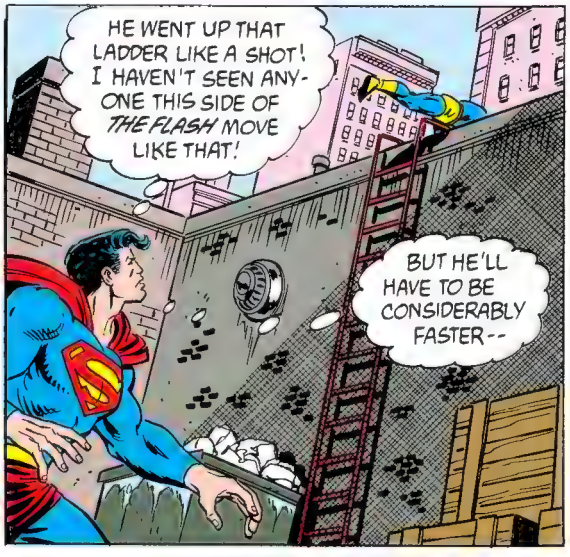
--BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE TO BEHAVE LIKE A PACK OF *ANIMALS!*

HAVING TROUBLE?
NO, MAN, WE CAME HERE *PLANNIN'* TO HAVE OUR BUTTS KICKED!
"HAVING TROUBLE?" SHEE--! WHAT PLANET DID YOU... COME... FROM?
KRYPTON.
IF YOU WANT TO AVOID FURTHER TROUBLE, I SUGGEST YOU LEAVE-- *NOW!*
Y-Y-Y-YESSIR.
THAT WAS QUITE A DISPLAY OF FISTICUFFS, FRIEND. FROM YOUR OUTFIT, I'D SAY YOU'RE SOMETHING OF A LEGEND IN THIS PART OF THE CITY.
AM I?
YES. THE CITY ARCHIVES ARE RICH WITH STORIES OF GUARDIAN AND THE NEWSBOY LEGION, AND THEIR HOMEFRONT EXPLOITS DURING WORLD WAR II. BUT I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU ALL LOOKING SO YOUNG AND VITAL!
I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING UP POLICE REPORTS AND PIECING TOGETHER STRANGE LITTLE CLUES ALL MORNING... AND THEY FINALLY LED ME HERE TO YOU!
WHAT'S GOING ON? DID ONE OF YOU DISCOVER A YOUTH SERUM OR--?
HOLD IT, SUPERMAN! THESE BOYS ARE UNDER MY CHARGE-- I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO QUESTION THEM. JUST BACK OFF!
EH? YOU'RE NOT *SERIOUS!*
I'M *DEADLY* SERIOUS!
ZZZOK
AAARGH!
GET OUT OF HERE, BOYS! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER--MEET ME AT THE *SCARLET EQUINE!* UNDERSTAND, 'WORDS?
GOOD! GO!
UNDERSTOOD!

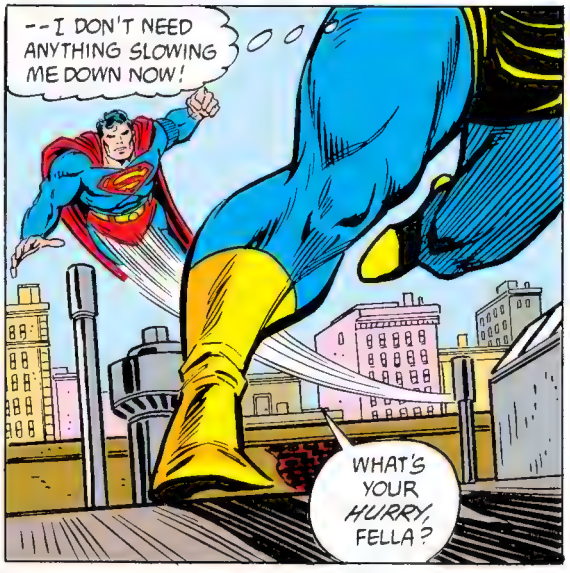

KRAMM
DON'T KNOW... WHAT YOU DID TO ME... BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT!
THE HAND-BLASTER PERFORMED BETTER THAN I'D DARED HOPE... HE'S LASHING OUT BLINDLY! THAT DOESN'T MAKE HIM ANY LESS DANGEROUS--

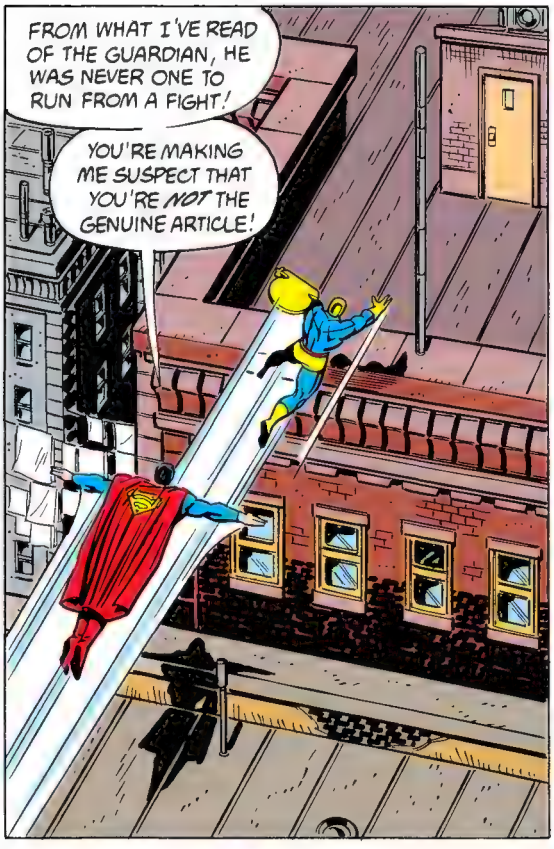

--BUT I'D MUCH RATHER DEAL WITH A DAZED SUPERMAN THAN A FULLY ALERT ONE!
THWUP

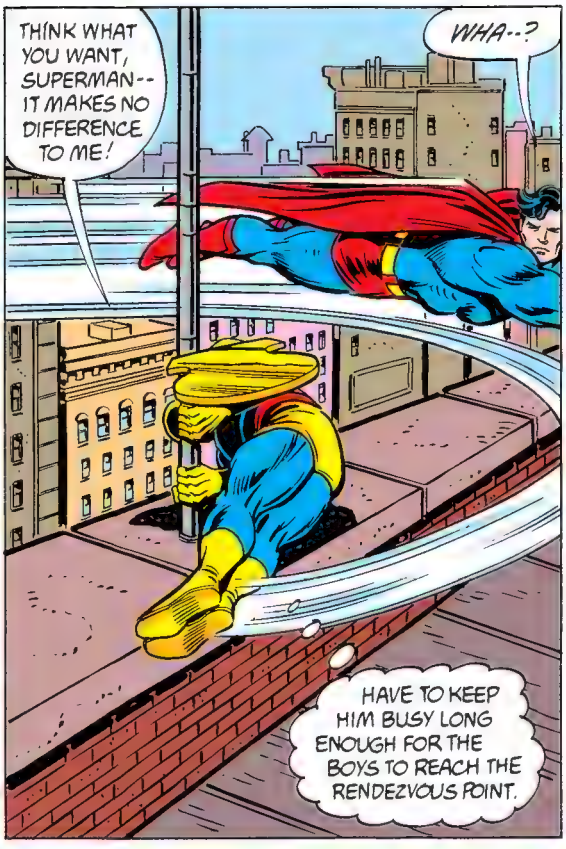

THE WAY HE MOVED--! IT WAS AS IF HE SENSED THE EXACT INSTANT I WAS OFF BALANCE-- AND TURNED IT TO HIS ADVANTAGE!
THIS MAN IS NO MERE STREET FIGHTER WITH A TRICK SHIELD! OF COURSE, IF HE'S THE REAL GUARDIAN... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...
BUT OLD HERO OR NOT, HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

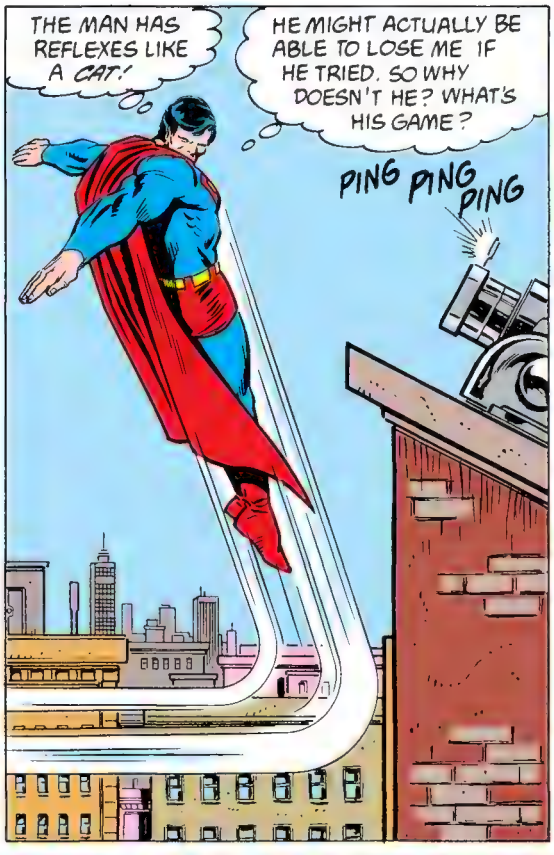

HE WENT UP THAT LADDER LIKE A SHOT! I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY-ONE THIS SIDE OF THE FLASH MOVE LIKE THAT!
BUT HE'LL HAVE TO BE CONSIDERABLY FASTER--

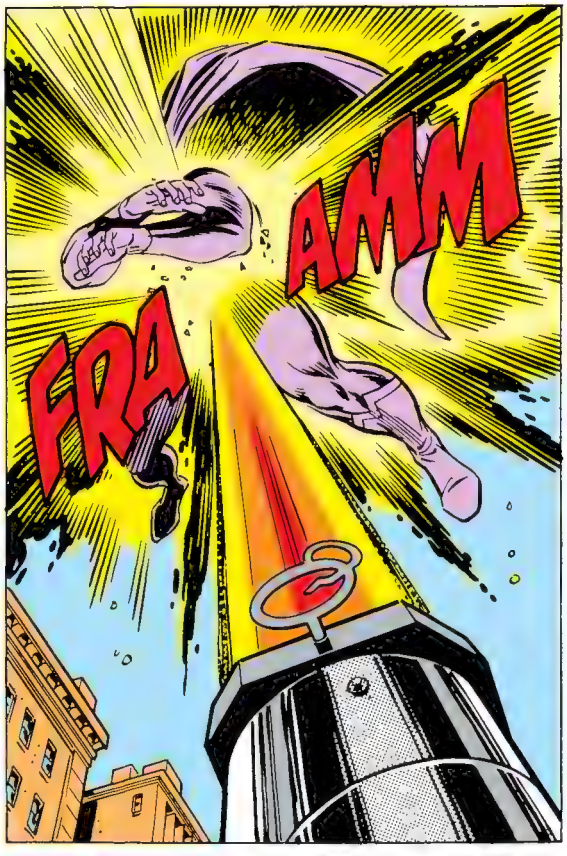
--TO GIVE ME A PROBLEM!
BETTER DISCARD THIS BLASTER MECHANISM. I EXHAUSTED ITS CHARGE ON SUPERMAN AND--

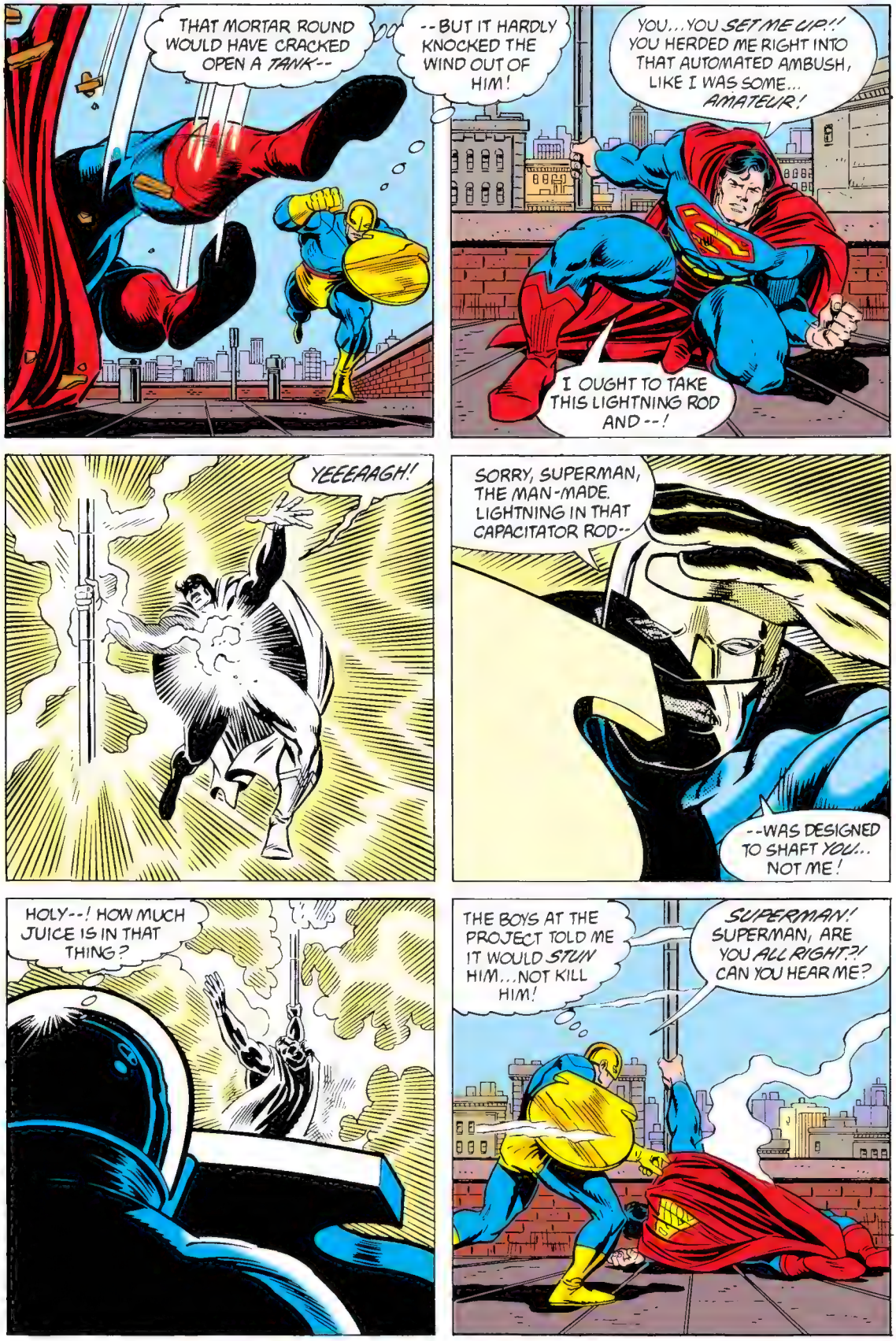

--I DON'T NEED ANYTHING SLOWING ME DOWN NOW!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, FELLA?


FROM WHAT I'VE READ OF THE GUARDIAN, HE WAS NEVER ONE TO RUN FROM A FIGHT!
YOU'RE MAKING ME SUSPECT THAT YOU'RE NOT THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

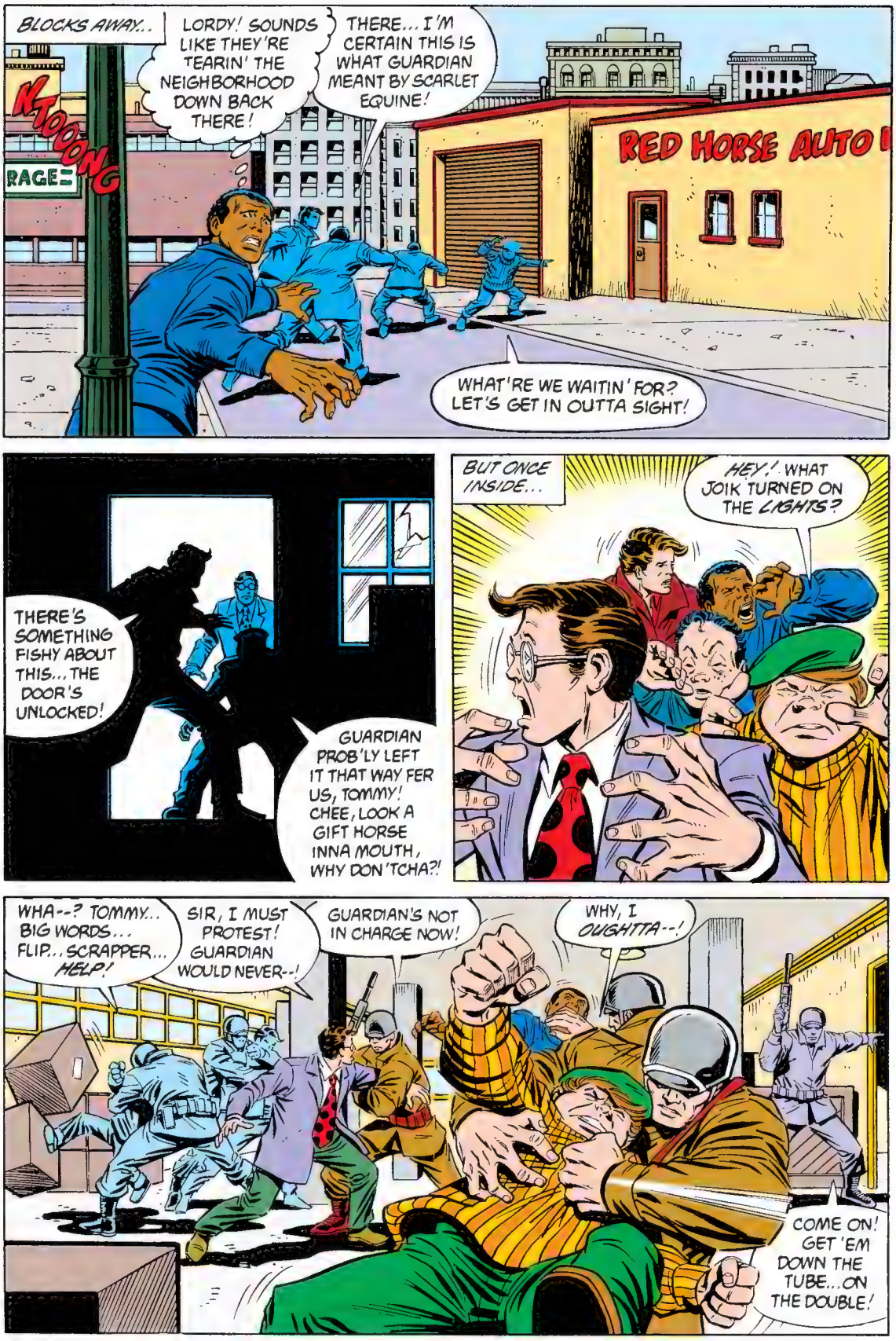

THINK WHAT YOU WANT, SUPERMAN-- IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME!
WHA--?
HAVE TO KEEP HIM BUSY LONG ENOUGH FOR THE BOYS TO REACH THE RENDEZVOUS POINT.

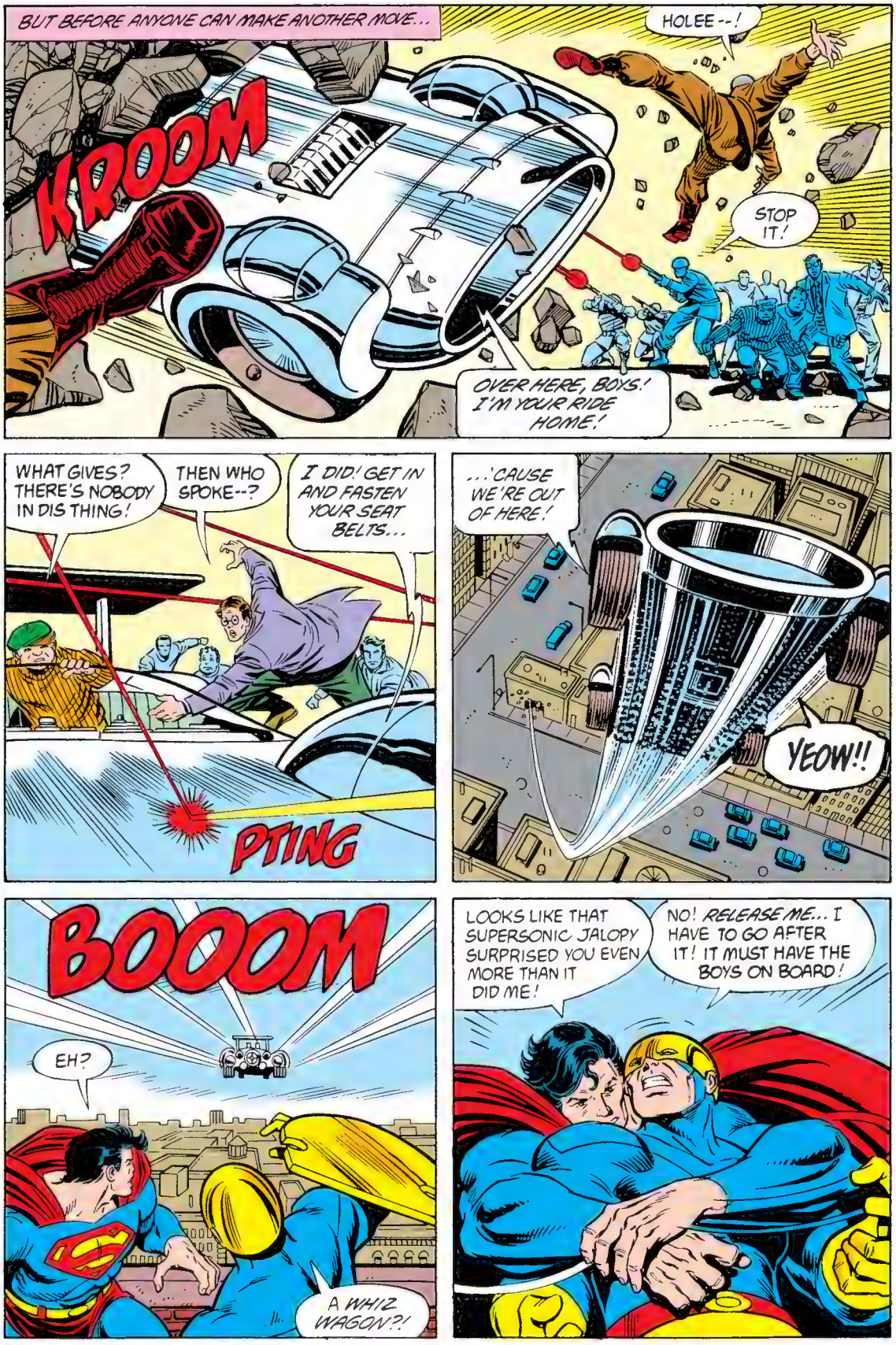

THE MAN HAS REFLEXES LIKE A CAT!
HE MIGHT ACTUALLY BE ABLE TO LOSE ME IF HE TRIED. SO WHY DOESN'T HE? WHAT'S HIS GAME?
PING PING PING

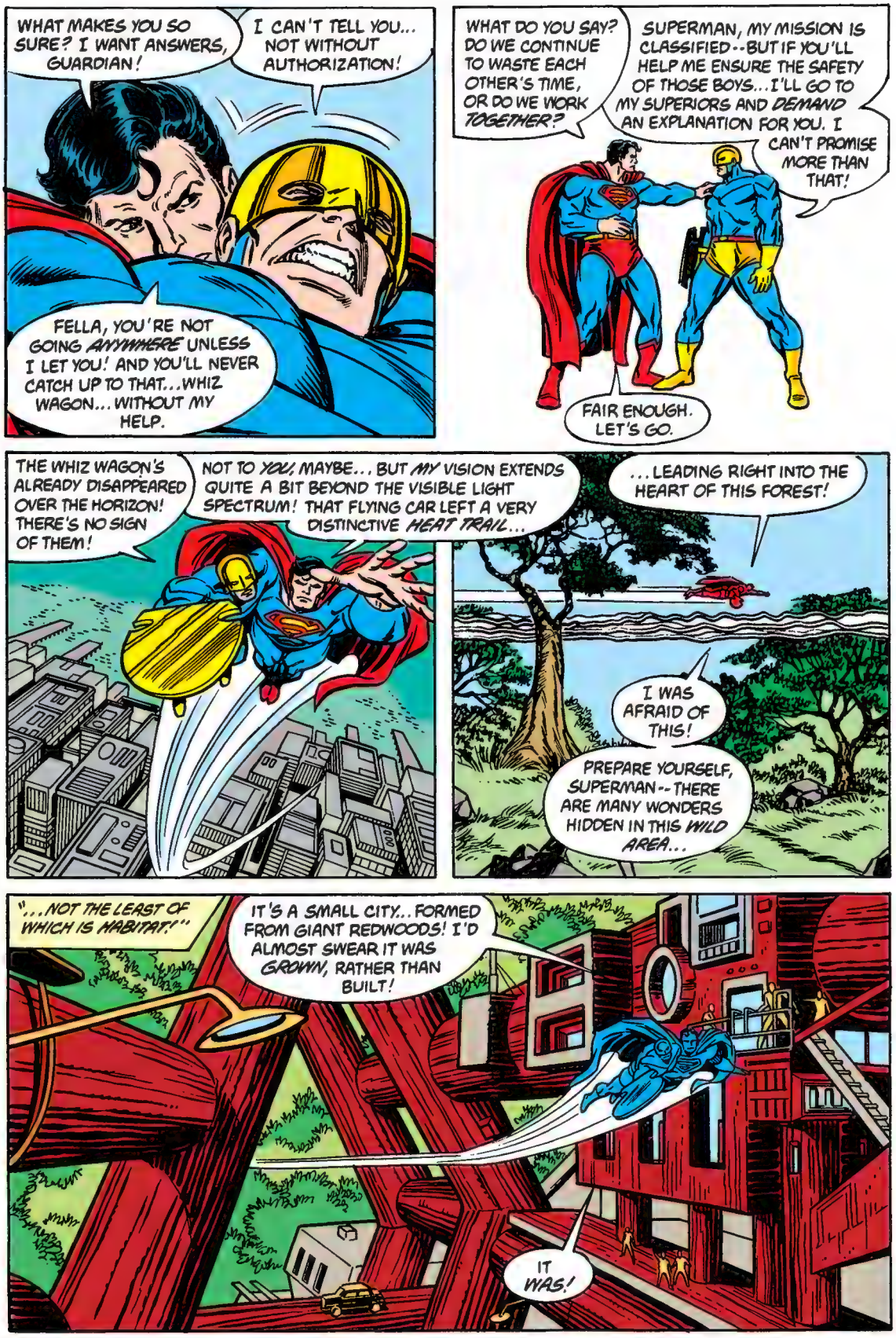

FRA
AMM

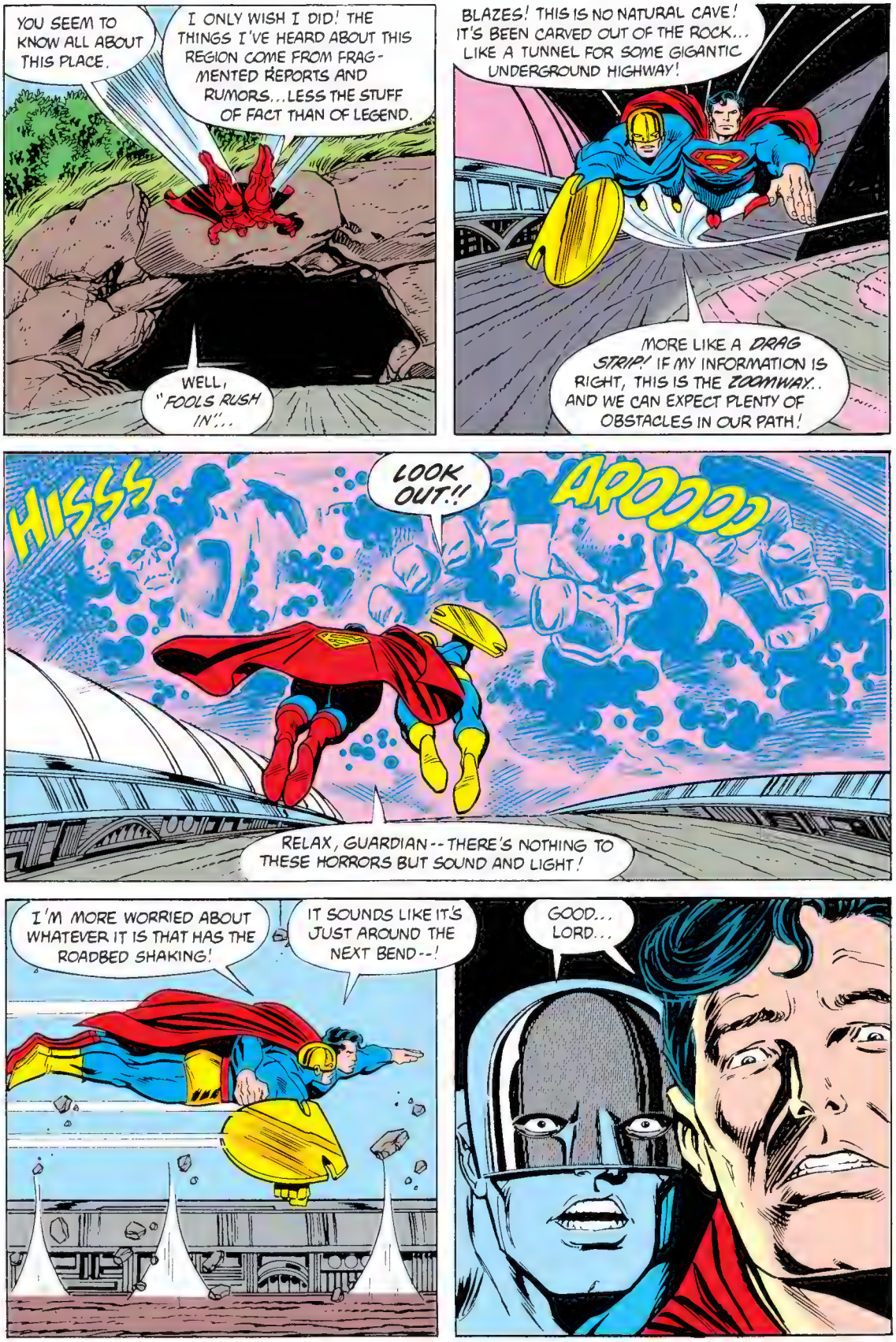

THAT MORTAR ROUND WOULD HAVE CRACKED OPEN A TANK--
--BUT IT HARDLY KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF HIM!
YOU...YOU SET ME UP!! YOU HERDED ME RIGHT INTO THAT AUTOMATED AMBUSH, LIKE I WAS SOME... AMATEUR!
I OUGHT TO TAKE THIS LIGHTNING ROD AND--!
YEEEAAGH!
SORRY, SUPERMAN, THE MAN-MADE LIGHTNING IN THAT CAPACITATOR ROD--
--WAS DESIGNED TO SHAFT YOU... NOT ME!
HOLY--! HOW MUCH JUICE IS IN THAT THING?
THE BOYS AT THE PROJECT TOLD ME IT WOULD STUN HIM...NOT KILL HIM!
SUPERMAN! SUPERMAN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

I HEAR YOU, AS FOR FEELING ALL RIGHT...
;?!?;
SNAP
...LET'S JUST SAY I FEEL BETTER THAN YOU'RE GOING TO!
SORRY TO PUT THE SQUEEZE ON YOU, FELLA, BUT YOU'RE A TAD TOO CRAFTY TO LET ROAM AROUND LOOSE.
KRMP
NOW, WHAT SAY YOU AND I HAVE A LITTLE CHAT?
HE'S CRAZY IF HE THINKS THIS IS GOING TO HOLD ME...
...ESPECIALLY WITH HIS LEGS ALLOWING SUCH A GOOD SURFACE TO KICK OFF FROM!
WHAT THE--?!
I'M SORRY, TOO, SUPERMAN ...SORRY THAT IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY! BUT I HAVE MY ORDERS..
--ANYONE WHO INTERFERES WITH MY MISSION HAS TO BE STOPPED...
WONK
...SUPERMAN OR NO SUPERMAN!
KTOONG


BLOCKS AWAY..
LORDY! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE TEARIN' THE NEIGHBORHOOD DOWN BACK THERE!
THERE... I'M CERTAIN THIS IS WHAT GUARDIAN MEANT BY SCARLET EQUINE!
KTOOONG
RAGE
RED HORSE AUTO
WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GET IN OUTTA SIGHT!
THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS... THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED!
GUARDIAN PROB'LY LEFT IT THAT WAY FER US, TOMMY! CHEE, LOOK A GIFT HORSE INNA MOUTH, WHY DON'TCHA?!
BUT ONCE INSIDE...
HEY! WHAT JOIK TURNED ON THE LIGHTS?
WHA--? TOMMY.. BIG WORDS... FLIP... SCRAPPER... HELP!
SIR, I MUST PROTEST! GUARDIAN WOULD NEVER--!
GUARDIAN'S NOT IN CHARGE NOW!
WHY, I OUGHTTA--!
COME ON! GET 'EM DOWN THE TUBE... ON THE DOUBLE!

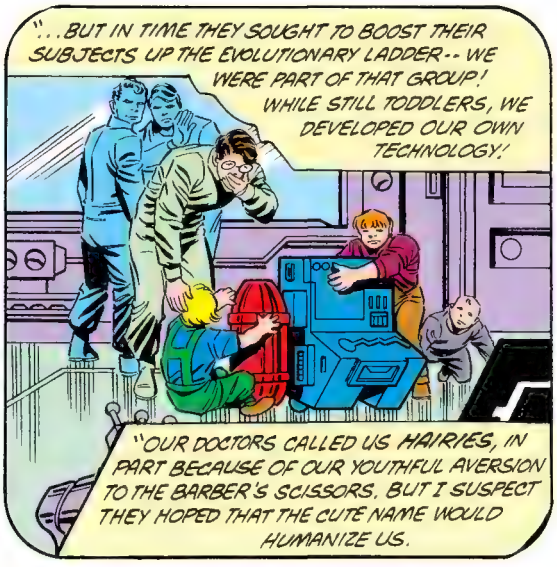

BUT BEFORE ANYONE CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE...
KROOM
HOLEE--!
STOP IT!
OVER HERE, BOYS! I'M YOUR RIDE HOME!
WHAT GIVES? THERE'S NOBODY IN DIS THING!
THEN WHO SPOKE--?
I DID! GET IN AND FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS...
PTING
...'CAUSE WE'RE OUT OF HERE!
YEOW!!
BOOOM
EH?
A WHIZ WAGON?!
LOOKS LIKE THAT SUPERSONIC JALOPY SURPRISED YOU EVEN MORE THAN IT DID ME!
NO! RELEASE ME... I HAVE TO GO AFTER IT! IT MUST HAVE THE BOYS ON BOARD!

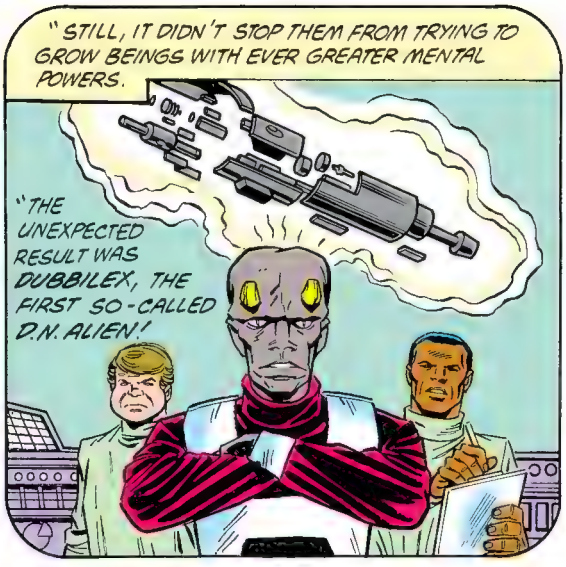

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE? I WANT ANSWERS, GUARDIAN!
I CAN'T TELL YOU... NOT WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION!
FELLA, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNLESS I LET YOU! AND YOU'LL NEVER CATCH UP TO THAT...WHIZ WAGON... WITHOUT MY HELP.
WHAT DO YOU SAY? DO WE CONTINUE TO WASTE EACH OTHER'S TIME, OR DO WE WORK TOGETHER?
SUPERMAN, MY MISSION IS CLASSIFIED--BUT IF YOU'LL HELP ME ENSURE THE SAFETY OF THOSE BOYS...I'LL GO TO MY SUPERIORS AND DEMAND AN EXPLANATION FOR YOU. I CAN'T PROMISE MORE THAN THAT!
FAIR ENOUGH. LET'S GO.
THE WHIZ WAGON'S ALREADY DISAPPEARED OVER THE HORIZON! THERE'S NO SIGN OF THEM!
NOT TO YOU, MAYBE... BUT MY VISION EXTENDS QUITE A BIT BEYOND THE VISIBLE LIGHT SPECTRUM! THAT FLYING CAR LEFT A VERY DISTINCTIVE HEAT TRAIL...
...LEADING RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THIS FOREST!
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!
PREPARE YOURSELF, SUPERMAN--THERE ARE MANY WONDERS HIDDEN IN THIS WILD AREA...
"...NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS HABITAT!"
IT'S A SMALL CITY... FORMED FROM GIANT REDWOODS! I'D ALMOST SWEAR IT WAS GROWN, RATHER THAN BUILT!
IT WAS!

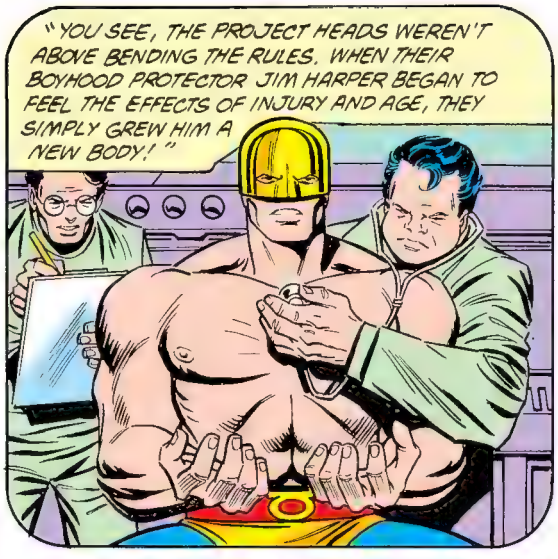

YOU SEEM TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS PLACE.
I ONLY WISH I DID! THE THINGS I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS REGION COME FROM FRAGMENTED REPORTS AND RUMORS...LESS THE STUFF OF FACT THAN OF LEGEND.
WELL, "FOOLS RUSH IN"...
BLAZES! THIS IS NO NATURAL CAVE! IT'S BEEN CARVED OUT OF THE ROCK... LIKE A TUNNEL FOR SOME GIGANTIC UNDERGROUND HIGHWAY!
MORE LIKE A DRAG STRIP! IF MY INFORMATION IS RIGHT, THIS IS THE ZOOMWAY.. AND WE CAN EXPECT PLENTY OF OBSTACLES IN OUR PATH!
HISSS
LOOK OUT!!
AROOOO
RELAX, GUARDIAN--THERE'S NOTHING TO THESE HORRORS BUT SOUND AND LIGHT!
I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT WHATEVER IT IS THAT HAS THE ROADBED SHAKING!
IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S JUST AROUND THE NEXT BEND--!
GOOD... LORD...

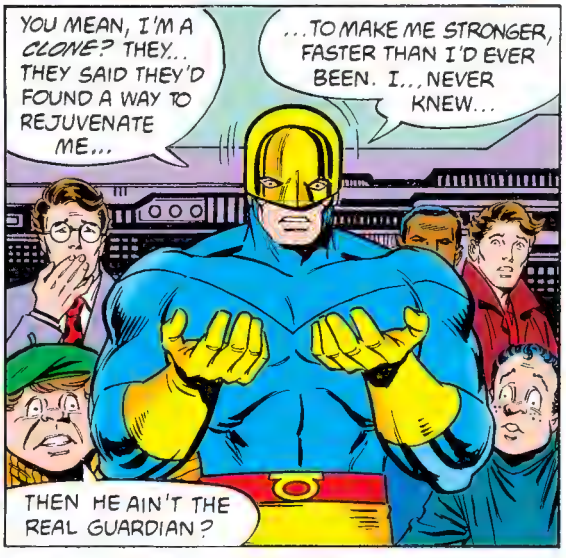
VVVRRUMM
WE'VE CAUGHT UP TO THE NEWSBOYS, BUT... WHAT THE DEVIL IS THAT?!?
I-I'M NOT SURE... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY-THING LIKE IT!
HERE'S WHERE YOU GET OFF, GUARDIAN! SOMETHING THIS BIG IS MORE IN MY WEIGHT CLASS!
SUPERMAN, NO! YOU CAN'T FACE THIS ALONE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS... WHAT IT CAN DO!
NO, BUT I'LL FIND OWWW--!!

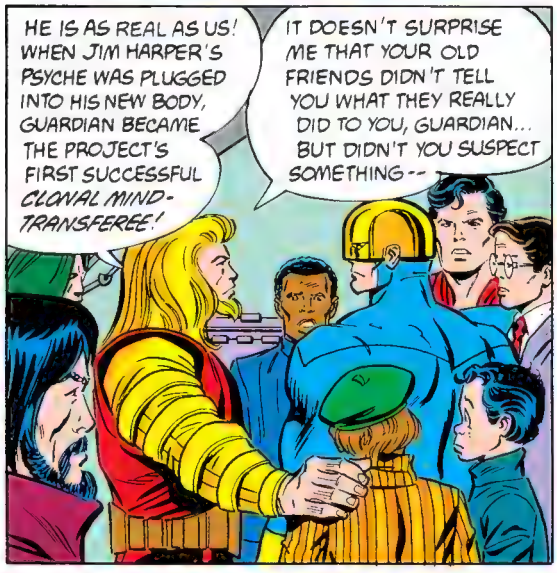
MUCH LATER...
'BOUT TIME YA WOKE UP!
UH... WHAT HIT ME? WHERE ARE WE?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE WEAPON WAS CALLED--
--BUT WE'RE INSIDE THAT... THING. ITS BUILDERS CALL IT THE MOUNTAIN OF JUDGMENT!
MOUNTAIN OF--?
IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU WELL, SUPERMAN! I AM JUDE, ELECTED LEADER OF THIS VEHICLE.
I APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR ROUGH TREATMENT--BUT KNOWING YOUR REPUTATION AS A MAN OF ACTION, WE THOUGHT IT BEST TO STOP YOU BEFORE YOU UNKNOWINGLY DAMAGED OUR CITY.
CITY?!
YES, WE LIVE AND WORK ABOARD THIS VEHICLE--OUR SOCIETY IS QUITE LITERALLY MOBILE. THIS WASN'T ALWAYS THE CASE, OF COURSE...
...WE ORIGINALLY WERE PART OF A GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENT CALLED THE CADMUS PROJECT.
HOLD IT, JUDE! SUPERMAN HASN'T BEEN CLEARED TO HEAR ABOUT THE PROJECT!
BUREAUCRATIC RULES PALE BEFORE THE THREAT WE FACE, GUARDIAN! IT IS IMPORTANT THAT ALL OF YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IS GOING ON.
"BASED IN AN OLD AQUEDUCT SYSTEM FAR BELOW METROPOLIS, THE PROJECT WAS ORIGINALLY A PROGRAM TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIES OF GENETICS.
"IT BECAME MUCH MORE.
"MYTH TELLS US THAT KING CADMUS GREW WARRIORS FROM THE TEETH OF A DRAGON. BUT MYTH BECAME REALITY WHEN PROJECT TECHNICIANS BEGAN TO GROW NEW BEINGS FROM SINGLE CELLS!
"AT FIRST THEY WERE CONTENT WITH GROWING NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS...

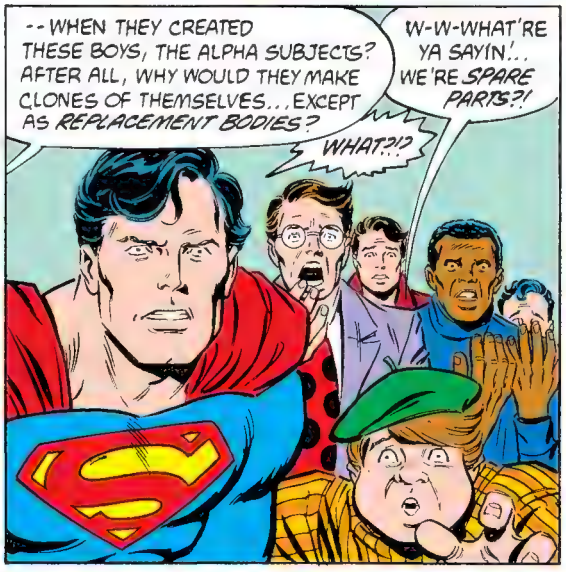

"...BUT IN TIME THEY SOUGHT TO BOOST THEIR SUBJECTS UP THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER-- WE WERE PART OF THAT GROUP! WHILE STILL TODDLERS, WE DEVELOPED OUR OWN TECHNOLOGY!
"OUR DOCTORS CALLED US HAIRIES, IN PART BECAUSE OF OUR YOUTHFUL AVERSION TO THE BARBER'S SCISSORS, BUT I SUSPECT THEY HOPED THAT THE CUTE NAME WOULD HUMANIZE US.

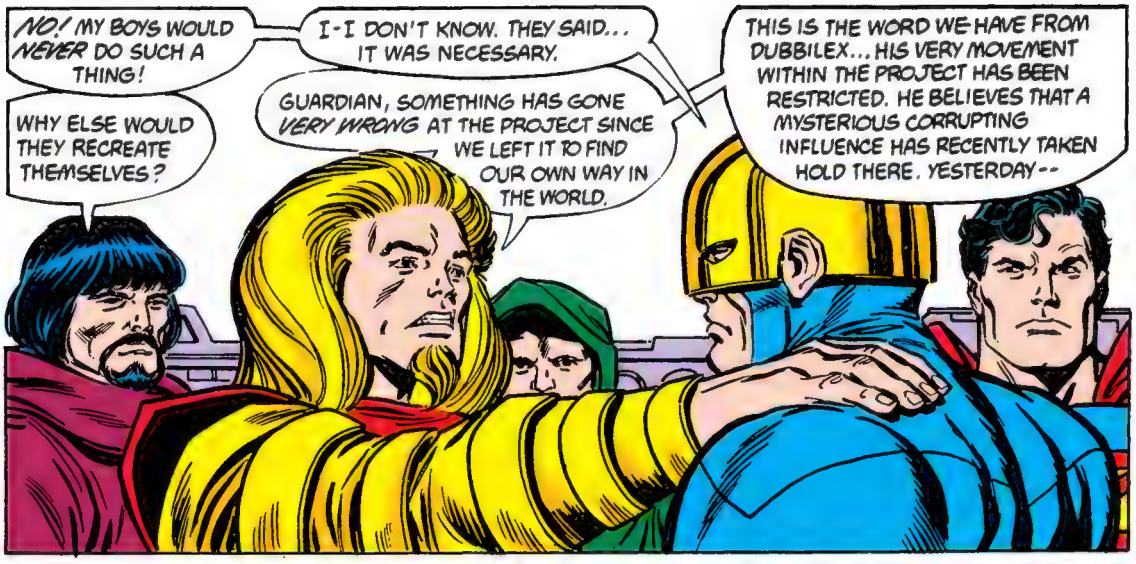

"STILL, IT DIDN'T STOP THEM FROM TRYING TO GROW BEINGS WITH EVER GREATER MENTAL POWERS.
"THE UNEXPECTED RESULT WAS DUBBILEX, THE FIRST SO-CALLED D.N. ALIEN!"

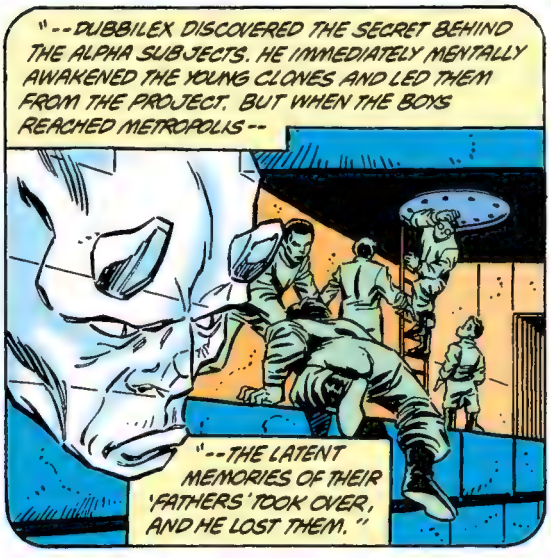

"YOU SEE, THE PROJECT HEADS WEREN'T ABOVE BENDING THE RULES. WHEN THEIR BOYHOOD PROTECTOR JIM HARPER BEGAN TO FEEL THE EFFECTS OF INJURY AND AGE, THEY SIMPLY GREW HIM A NEW BODY!"

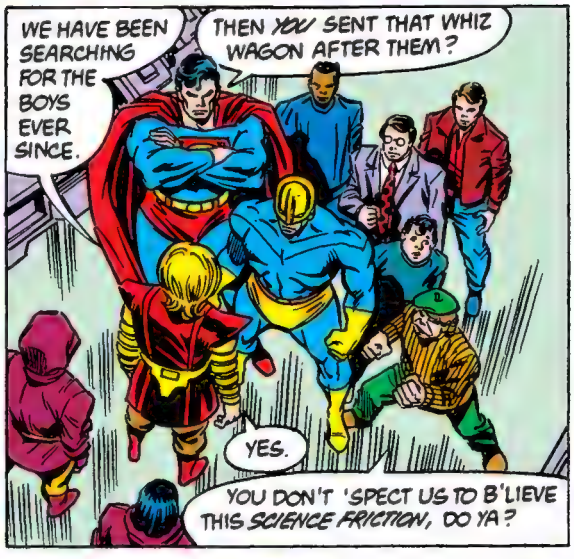

YOU MEAN, I'M A CLONE? THEY... THEY SAID THEY'D FOUND A WAY TO REJUVENATE ME...
...TO MAKE ME STRONGER, FASTER THAN I'D EVER BEEN. I... NEVER KNEW...
THEN HE AIN'T THE REAL GUARDIAN?

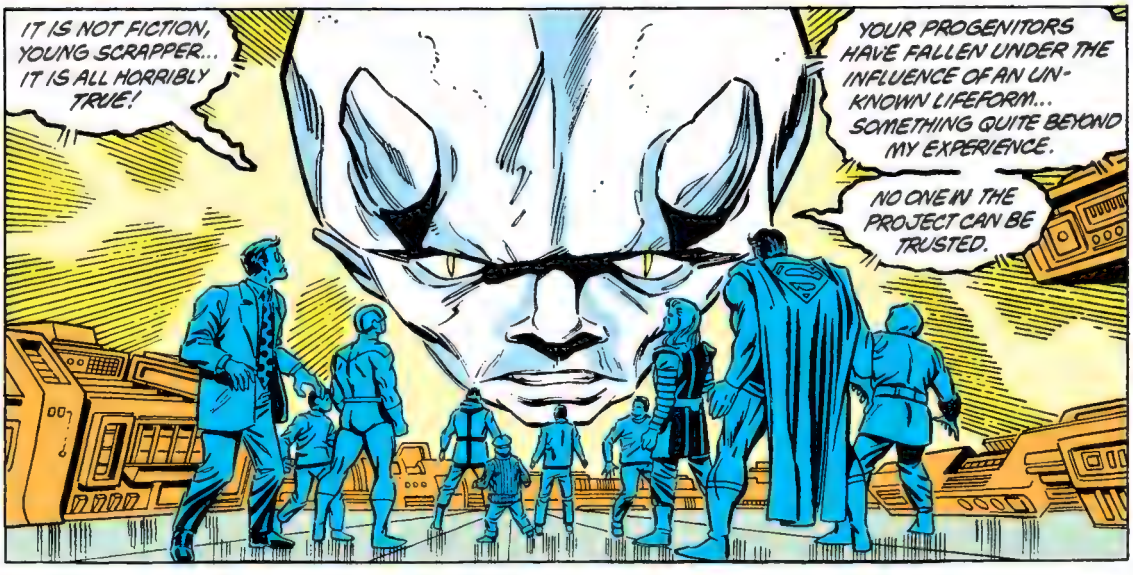

HE IS AS REAL AS US! WHEN JIM HARPER'S PSYCHE WAS PLUGGED INTO HIS NEW BODY, GUARDIAN BECAME THE PROJECT'S FIRST SUCCESSFUL CLONAL MIND-TRANSFEREE!
IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME THAT YOUR OLD FRIENDS DIDN'T TELL YOU WHAT THEY REALLY DID TO YOU, GUARDIAN... BUT DIDN'T YOU SUSPECT SOMETHING--

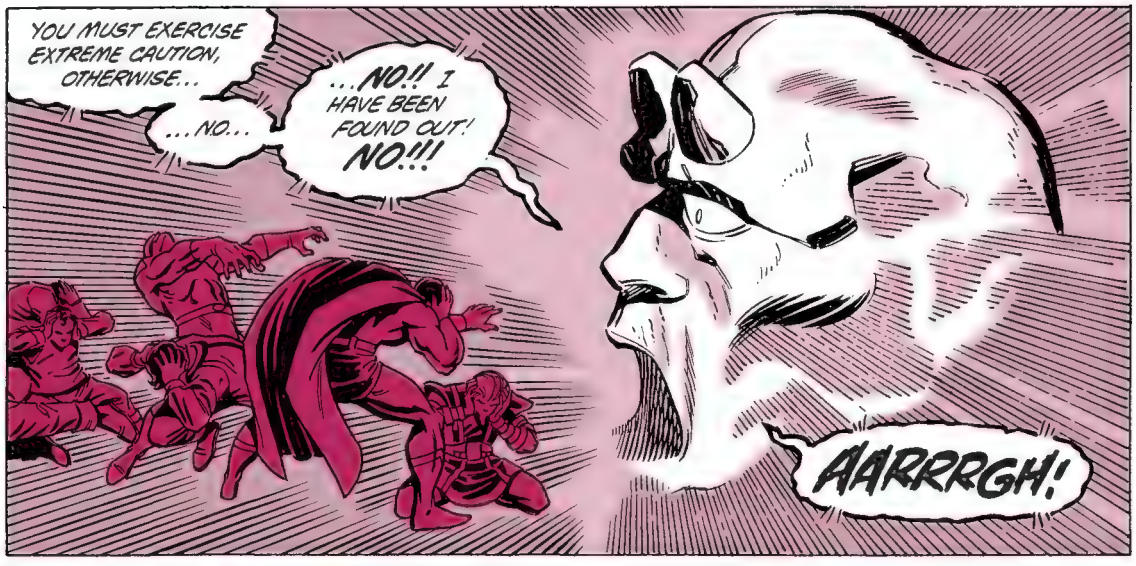

--WHEN THEY CREATED THESE BOYS, THE ALPHA SUBJECTS? AFTER ALL, WHY WOULD THEY MAKE CLONES OF THEMSELVES... EXCEPT AS REPLACEMENT BODIES?
W-W-WHAT'RE YA SAYIN'!.. WE'RE SPARE PARTS?!
WHAT?!?

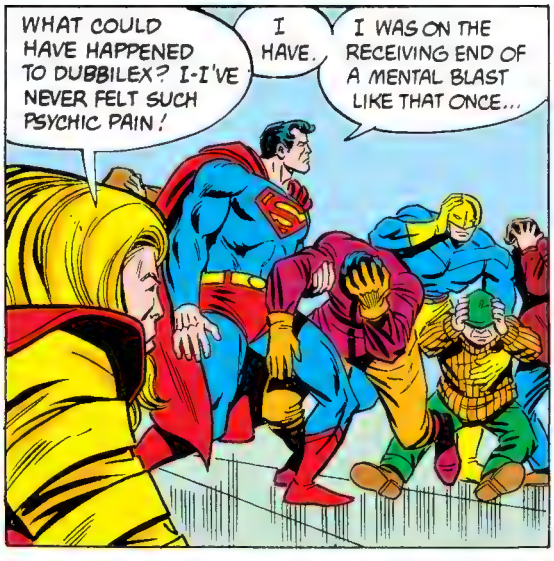

NO! MY BOYS WOULD NEVER DO SUCH A THING!
I-I DON'T KNOW. THEY SAID... IT WAS NECESSARY.
THIS IS THE WORD WE HAVE FROM DUBBILEX... HIS VERY MOVEMENT WITHIN THE PROJECT HAS BEEN RESTRICTED. HE BELIEVES THAT A MYSTERIOUS CORRUPTING INFLUENCE HAS RECENTLY TAKEN HOLD THERE. YESTERDAY--
WHY ELSE WOULD THEY RECREATE THEMSELVES?
GUARDIAN, SOMETHING HAS GONE VERY WRONG AT THE PROJECT SINCE WE LEFT IT TO FIND OUR OWN WAY IN THE WORLD.


"--DUBBILEX DISCOVERED THE SECRET BEHIND THE ALPHA SUBJECTS. HE IMMEDIATELY MENTALLY AWAKENED THE YOUNG CLONES AND LED THEM FROM THE PROJECT. BUT WHEN THE BOYS REACHED METROPOLIS--
"--THE LATENT MEMORIES OF THEIR 'FATHERS' TOOK OVER, AND HE LOST THEM."


WE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE BOYS EVER SINCE.
THEN YOU SENT THAT WHIZ WAGON AFTER THEM?
YES.
YOU DON'T 'SPECT US TO B'LIEVE THIS SCIENCE FRICTION, DO YA?

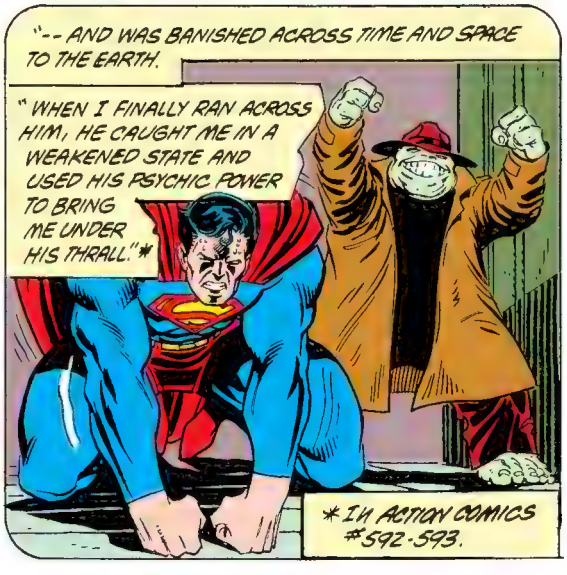

IT IS NOT FICTION, YOUNG SCRAPPER... IT IS ALL HORRIBLY TRUE!
YOUR PROGENITORS HAVE FALLEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF AN UNKNOWN LIFEFORM... SOMETHING QUITE BEYOND MY EXPERIENCE.
NO ONE IN THE PROJECT CAN BE TRUSTED.


YOU MUST EXERCISE EXTREME CAUTION, OTHERWISE...
...NO...
...NO!! I HAVE BEEN FOUND OUT! NO!!!
AARRRGH!

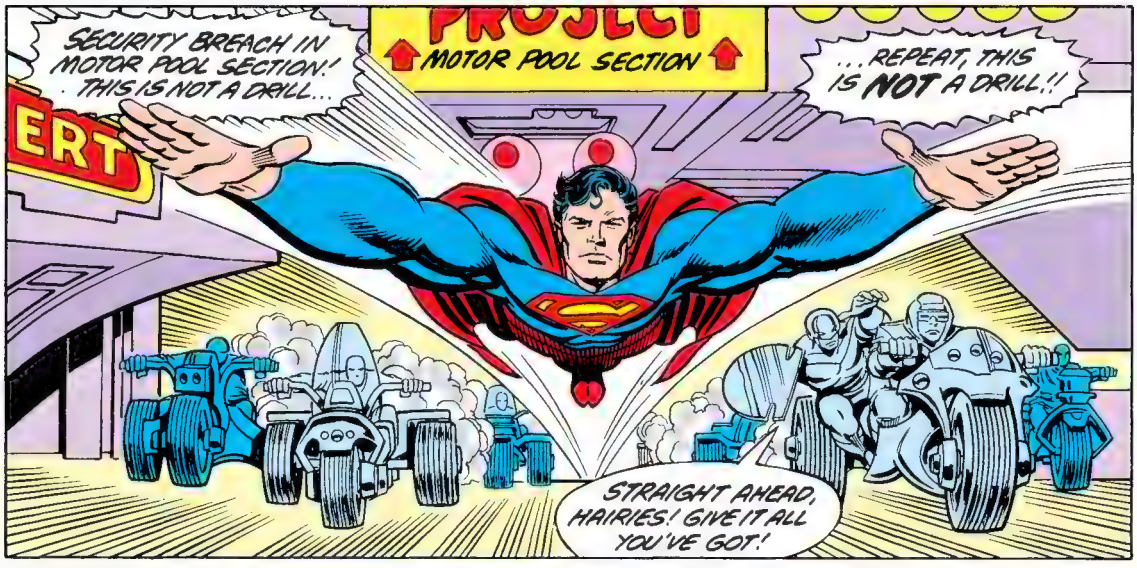

WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO DUBBILEX? I-I'VE NEVER FELT SUCH PSYCHIC PAIN!
I HAVE.
I WAS ON THE RECEIVING END OF A MENTAL BLAST LIKE THAT ONCE...

...AND I'LL NEVER FORGET IT. THE LITTLE DEVIL WHO USED IT ON ME CALLED HIMSELF SLEEZ.
HE COMES FROM A HELLHOLE OF A PLANET KNOWN AS APOKOLIPS--

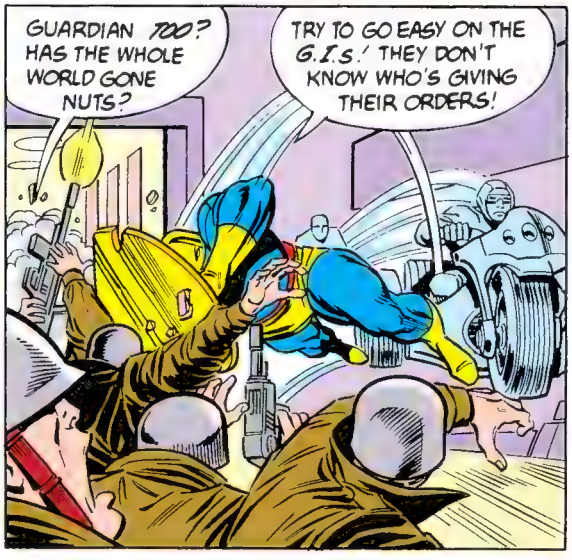
"--WHERE HE WAS ONCE AIDE TO THAT WORLD'S MERCILESS OVERLORD, DARKSEID. BUT EVIDENTLY, EVEN DARKSEID HAS HIS LIMITS. SLEEZ FELL OUT OF FAVOR--


"--AND WAS BANISHED ACROSS TIME AND SPACE TO THE EARTH.
"WHEN I FINALLY RAN ACROSS HIM, HE CAUGHT ME IN A WEAKENED STATE AND USED HIS PSYCHIC POWER TO BRING ME UNDER HIS THRALL."*
*IN ACTION COMICS #592-593.

SLEEZ USES HIS PSYCHIC POWERS TO ENTRANCE AND CORRUPT HIS VICTIMS... TO GOAD THEM ON INTO EVER DARKER, MORE DEPRAVED ACTS. THEN HE FEEDS ON THEIR EMOTIONS.
AFTER I MANAGED TO BREAK FREE OF HIS CONTROL, SLEEZ APPEARED TO BLOW HIMSELF UP IN THE SEWERS BENEATH SUICIDE SLUM... BUT I'VE SUSPECTED FOR SOME TIME THAT HE SURVIVED. NOW I'M SURE OF IT!
SUPERMAN, PART OF THE PROJECT LIES DIRECTLY BELOW SUICIDE SLUM! MY BOYS...
"...WHAT HAS THAT MONSTER DONE TO MY BOYS?!?"
TRUSS UP THAT FREAK, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
YES... SIR...
IT HAS TAKEN ME MANY LONG WEEKS TO REACH A POINT WHERE I COULD FINALLY BRING A BEING OF HIS LATENT POWER UNDER MY...EH?
BREEEEE
WHAT'S THAT?

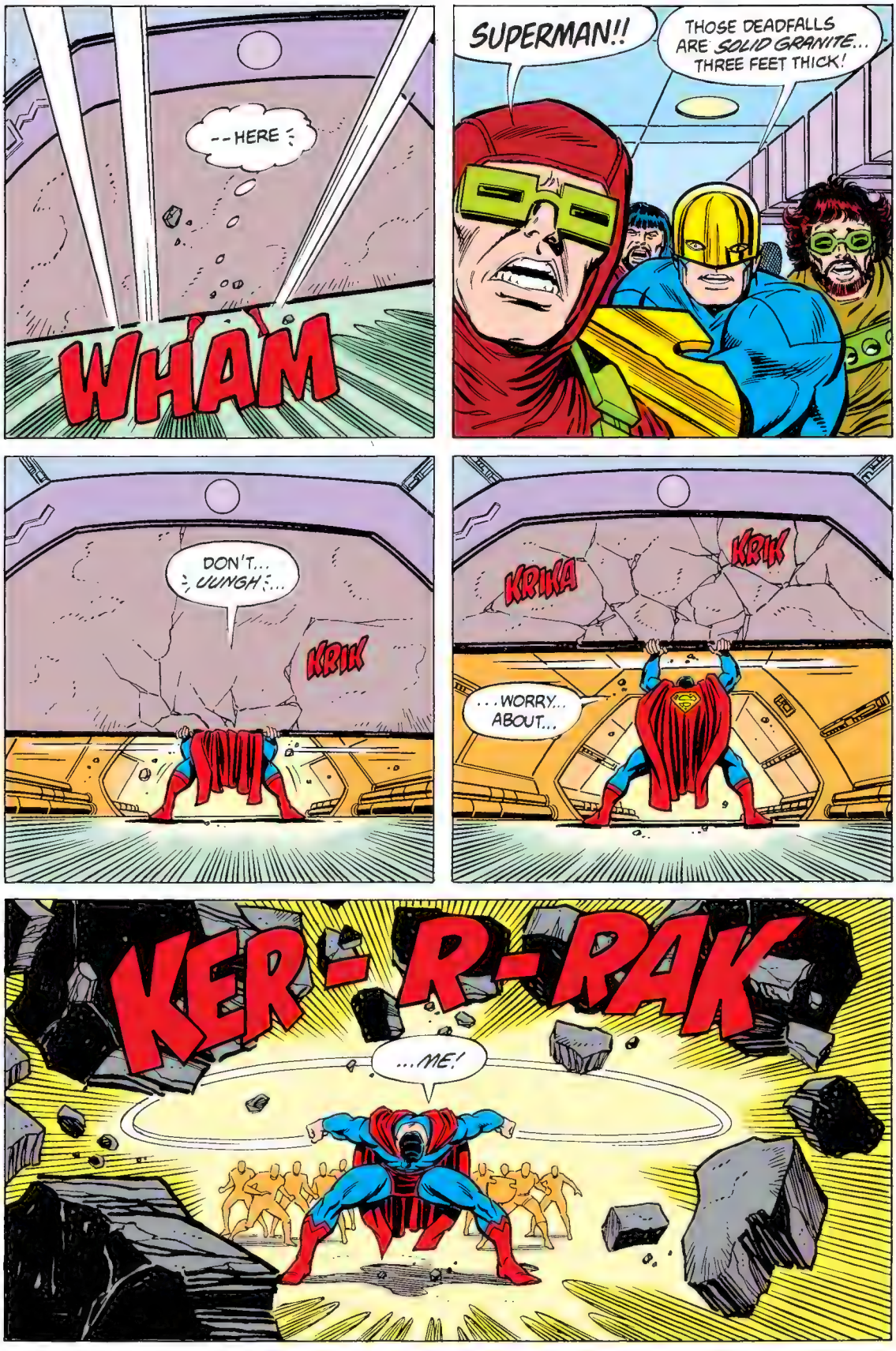

SECURITY BREACH IN MOTOR POOL SECTION! THIS IS NOT A DRILL...
PROJECT
MOTOR POOL SECTION
ERT
...REPEAT, THIS IS NOT A DRILL!!
STRAIGHT AHEAD, HAIRIES! GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!

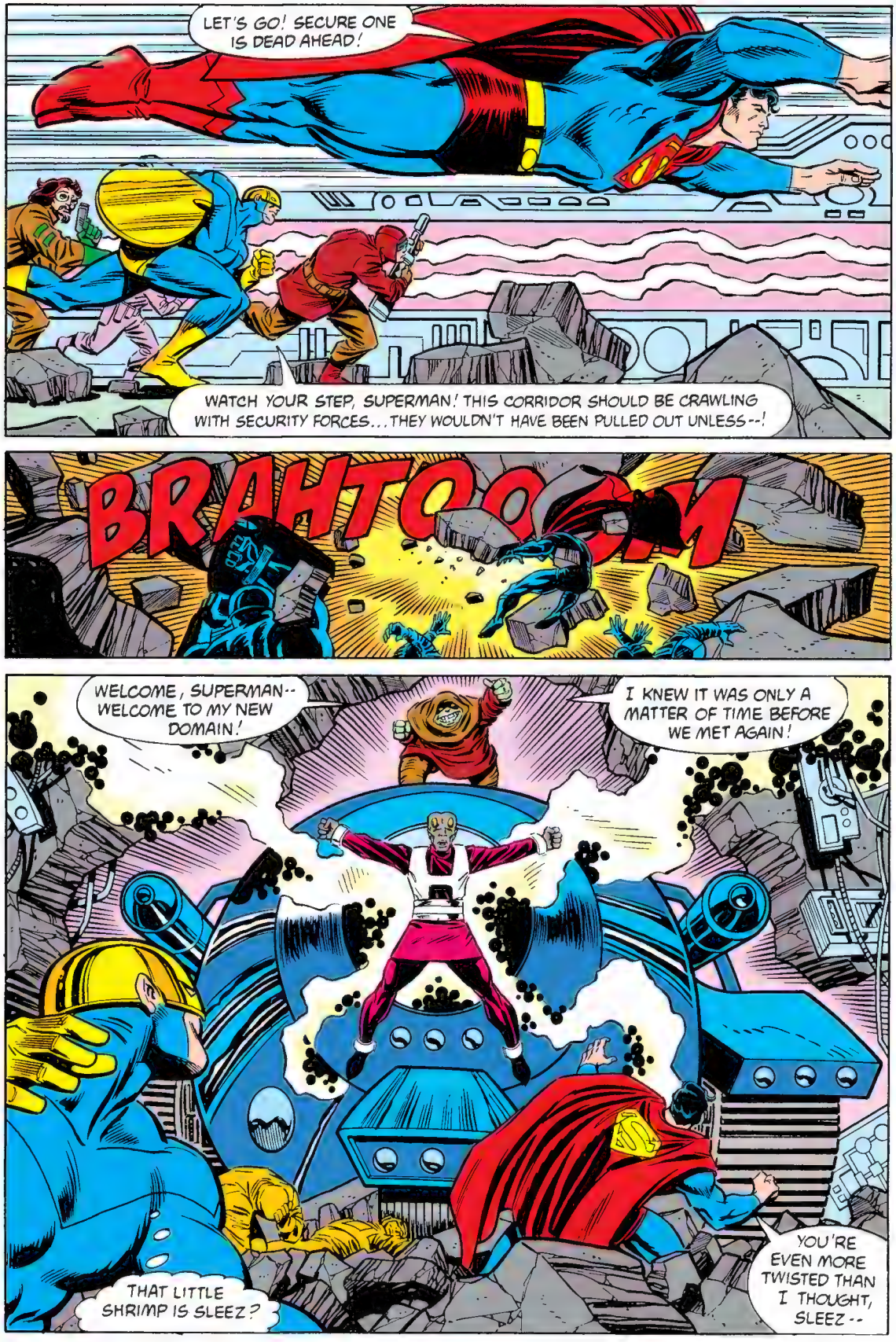
SORRY, SOLDIER, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU USE THIS ARTILLERY!
IT'S SUPERMAN! HE MUST'VE GONE CRAZY!


GUARDIAN TOO? HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE NUTS?
TRY TO GO EASY ON THE G.I.s.' THEY DON'T KNOW WHO'S GIVING THEIR ORDERS!

NOT TO WORRY, GUARDIAN. THE HAIRIES HAVE ALWAYS RELIED ON NON-VIOLENT ALTERNATIVES!
PLEASANT DREAMS!
WHU--?
LOOK OUT, THEY'VE GOT SOME KINDA SLEEP GAS!

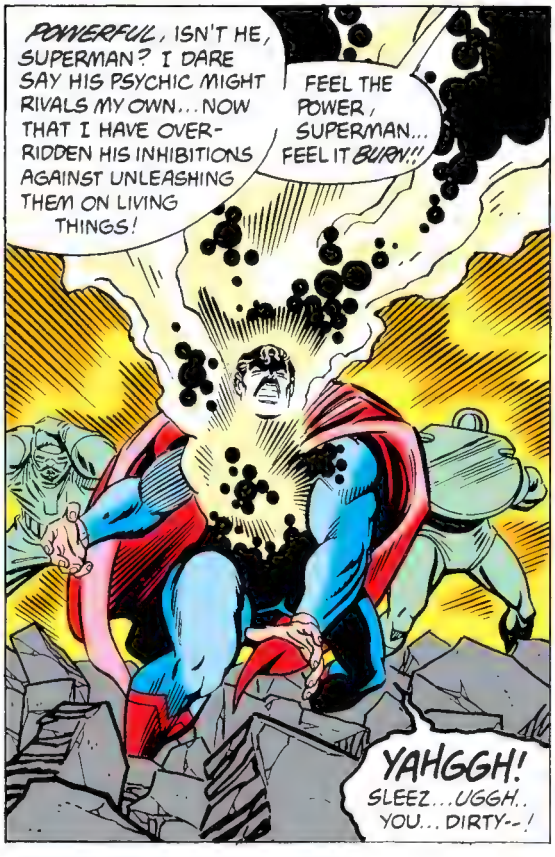
GUARDIAN SAID THAT SLEEZ WOULD MOST LIKELY BE HOLED UP IN A CHAMBER MARKED SECURE ONE. HARD TO SEE VERY FAR DOWN HERE...
...TOO MUCH LEAD SHIELDING IN THE LAB WALLS! BUT WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE DOWN--


--HERE
WHAM
SUPERMAN!!
THOSE DEADFALLS ARE SOLID GRANITE... THREE FEET THICK!
DON'T... UUNGH...
KRIK
KRIKA
KRIK
...WORRY... ABOUT...
KER-R-RAK
...ME!

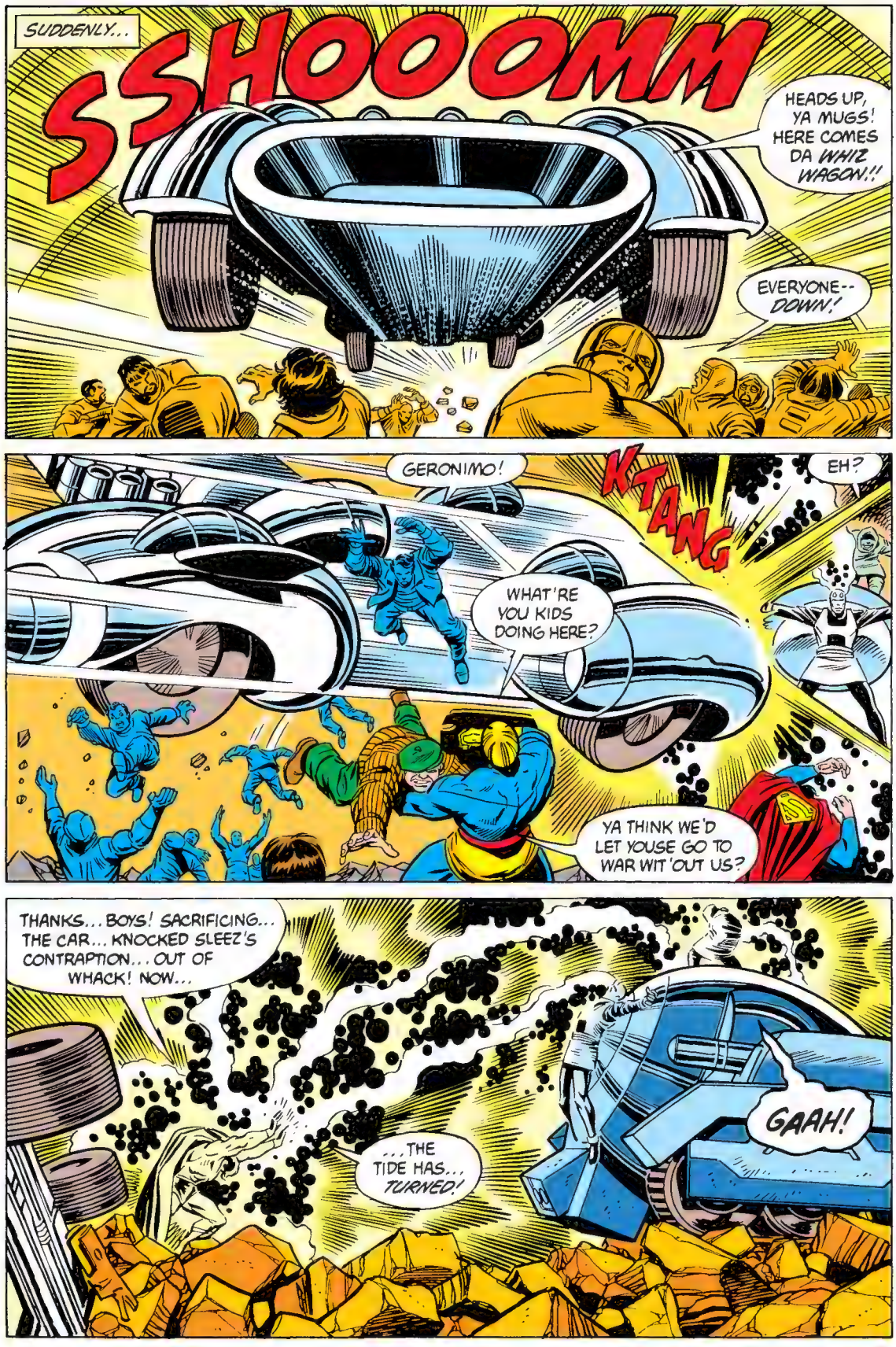

LET'S GO! SECURE ONE IS DEAD AHEAD!
WATCH YOUR STEP, SUPERMAN! THIS CORRIDOR SHOULD BE CRAWLING WITH SECURITY FORCES... THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN PULLED OUT UNLESS--!
BRAHTOOOM
WELCOME, SUPERMAN-- WELCOME TO MY NEW DOMAIN!
I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE MET AGAIN!
THAT LITTLE SHRIMP IS SLEEZ?
YOU'RE EVEN MORE TWISTED THAN I THOUGHT, SLEEZ--

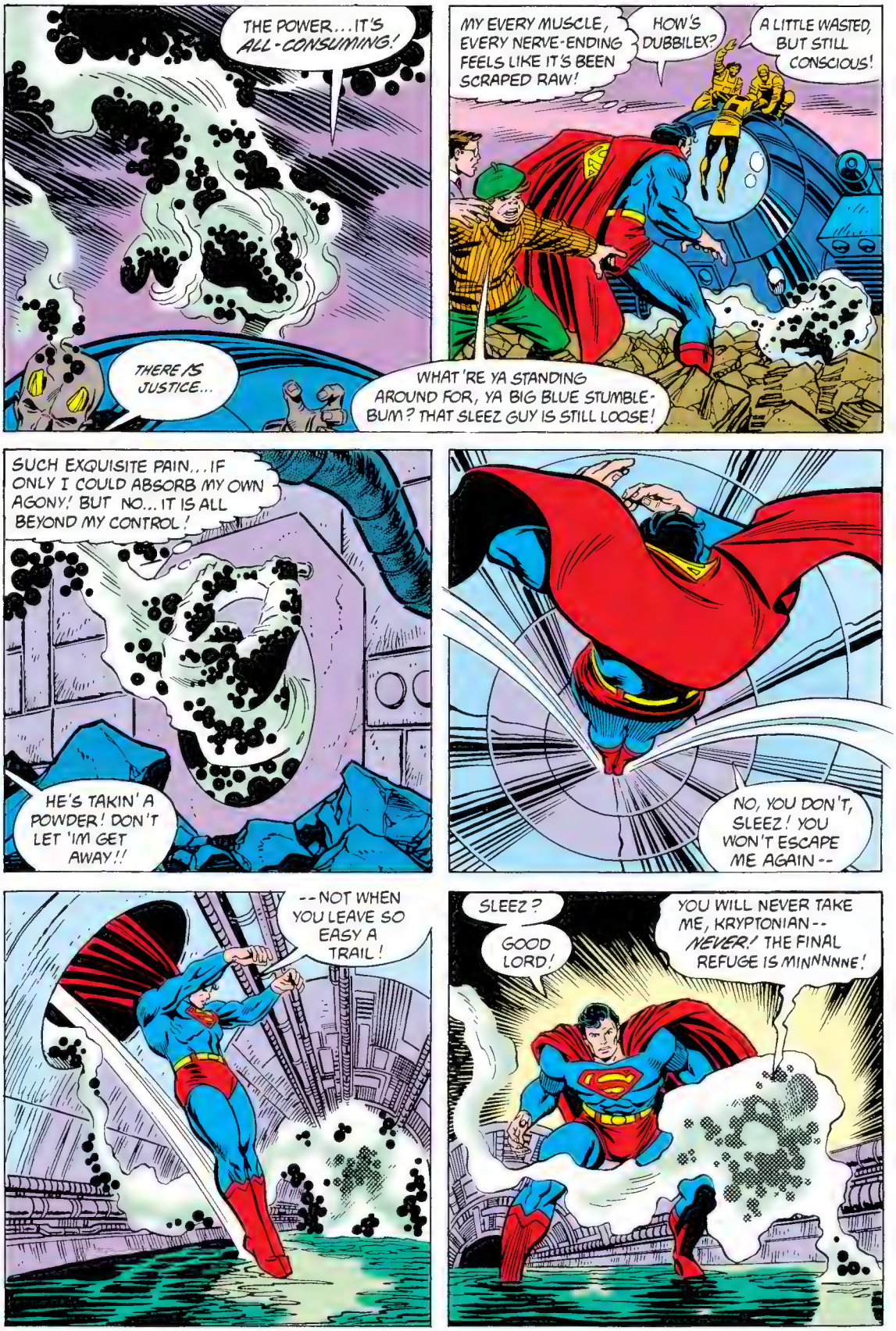
--YOU'VE PERVERTED AN ENTIRE SCIENTIFIC INSTALLATION TO YOUR OWN WARPED DESIRES!
HAH-HA-HA! GUILTY AS CHARGED! ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL?
WHAT'S HE DONE TO DUBBILEX? AND WHERE ARE MY BOYS?

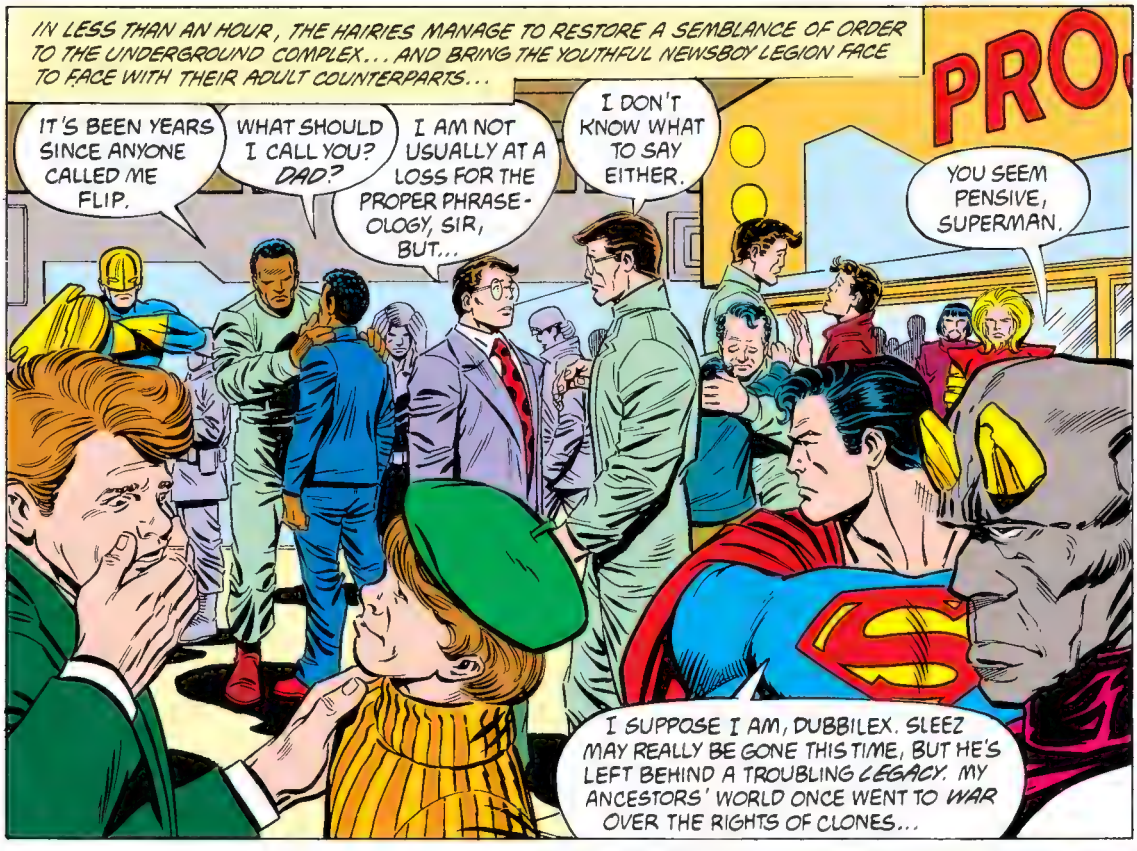
BOYS? AH, YOU MEAN THE PROJECT HEADS, NO? THEY ARE SAFELY HIDDEN AWAY... I MAY NEED THEM LATER.
AS FOR THIS POOR FREAK... WHY, HE HAS BECOME MY NEWEST WEAPON!
N-N-NOOO!!

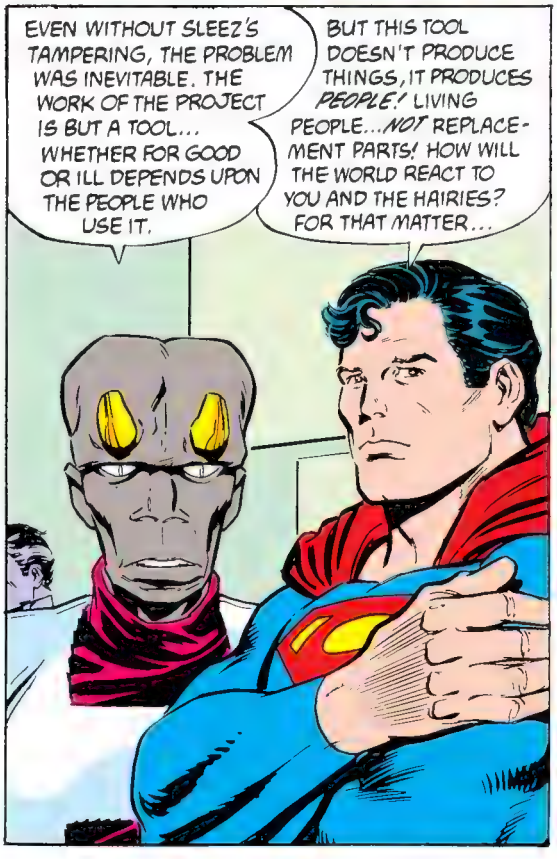

POWERFUL, ISN'T HE, SUPERMAN? I DARE SAY HIS PSYCHIC MIGHT RIVALS MY OWN... NOW THAT I HAVE OVER-RIDDEN HIS INHIBITIONS AGAINST UNLEASHING THEM ON LIVING THINGS!
FEEL THE POWER, SUPERMAN... FEEL IT BURN!!!
YAHGGH! SLEEZ... UGGH.. YOU... DIRTY--!

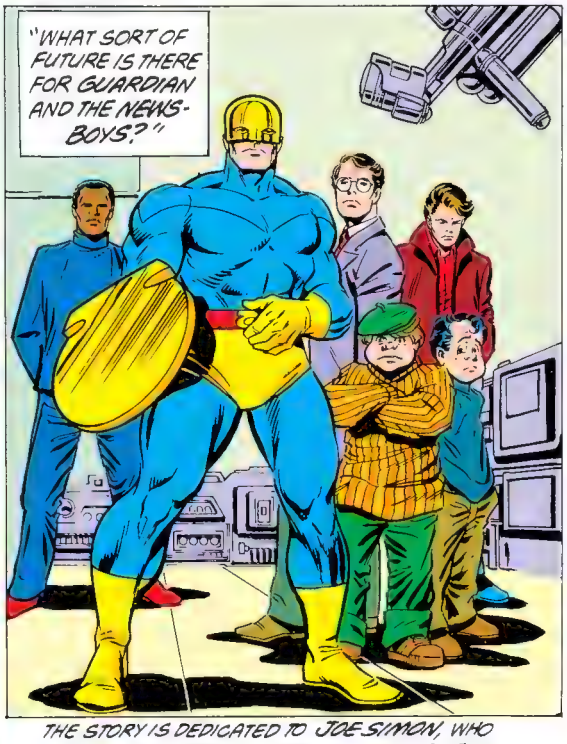
OH, YES, SUPERMAN... CURSE ME! FILL YOUR MIND WITH EVERY FOUL AND PROFANE THOUGHT YOU CAN MUSTER! LET ME DRINK IN YOUR HATRED! YESSS! I HAVE LONGED FOR A MOMENT SUCH AS THIS!
EITHER THE PAIN SHALL BREAK YOUR WILL, AND YOU SHALL AGAIN BE MY PUPPET... OR YOU SHALL DIE, AND I'LL FEED ON YOUR DEATH AGONIES. WHICHEVER THE OUTCOME, I WIN!


SUDDENLY...
SSHOOOMM
HEADS UP, YA MUGS! HERE COMES DA WHIZ WAGON!!
EVERYONE-- DOWN!
GERONIMO!
KTANG
EH?
WHAT'RE YOU KIDS DOING HERE?
YA THINK WE'D LET YOUSE GO TO WAR WIT 'OUT US?
THANKS... BOYS! SACRIFICING... THE CAR... KNOCKED SLEEZ'S CONTRAPTION... OUT OF WHACK! NOW...
...THE TIDE HAS... TURNED!
GAAH!


THE POWER... IT'S ALL-CONSUMING!
THERE IS JUSTICE...
MY EVERY MUSCLE, EVERY NERVE-ENDING FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN SCRAPED RAW!
HOW'S DUBBILEX?
A LITTLE WASTED, BUT STILL CONSCIOUS!
WHAT 'RE YA STANDING AROUND FOR, YA BIG BLUE STUMBLE-BUM? THAT SLEEZ GUY IS STILL LOOSE!
SUCH EXQUISITE PAIN... IF ONLY I COULD ABSORB MY OWN AGONY! BUT NO... IT IS ALL BEYOND MY CONTROL!
HE'S TAKIN' A POWDER! DON'T LET 'IM GET AWAY!!
NO, YOU DON'T, SLEEZ! YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME AGAIN --
--NOT WHEN YOU LEAVE SO EASY A TRAIL!
SLEEZ?
GOOD LORD!
YOU WILL NEVER TAKE ME, KRYPTONIAN -- NEVER! THE FINAL REFUGE IS MINNNNNE!


IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, THE HAIRIES MANAGE TO RESTORE A SEMBLANCE OF ORDER TO THE UNDERGROUND COMPLEX... AND BRING THE YOUTHFUL NEWSBOY LEGION FACE TO FACE WITH THEIR ADULT COUNTERPARTS...
IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE ANYONE CALLED ME FLIP.
WHAT SHOULD I CALL YOU? DAD?
I AM NOT USUALLY AT A LOSS FOR THE PROPER PHRASE-OLOGY, SIR, BUT...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY EITHER.
YOU SEEM PENSIVE, SUPERMAN.
I SUPPOSE I AM, DUBBILEX. SLEEZ MAY REALLY BE GONE THIS TIME, BUT HE'S LEFT BEHIND A TROUBLING LEGACY. MY ANCESTORS' WORLD ONCE WENT TO WAR OVER THE RIGHTS OF CLONES...

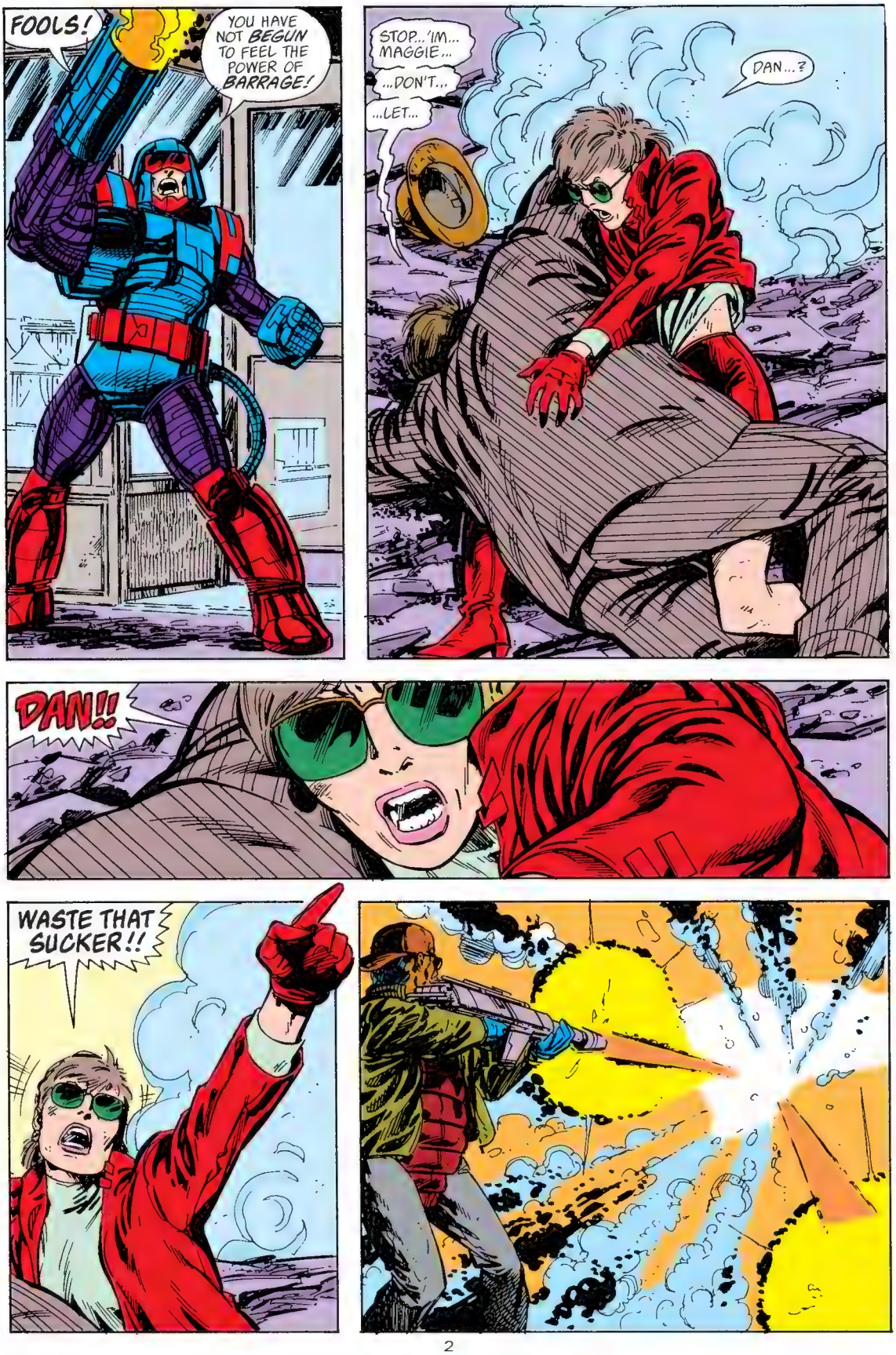

EVEN WITHOUT SLEEZ'S TAMPERING, THE PROBLEM WAS INEVITABLE. THE WORK OF THE PROJECT IS BUT A TOOL... WHETHER FOR GOOD OR ILL DEPENDS UPON THE PEOPLE WHO USE IT.
BUT THIS TOOL DOESN'T PRODUCE THINGS, IT PRODUCES PEOPLE! LIVING PEOPLE... NOT REPLACEMENT PARTS! HOW WILL THE WORLD REACT TO YOU AND THE HAIRIES? FOR THAT MATTER...

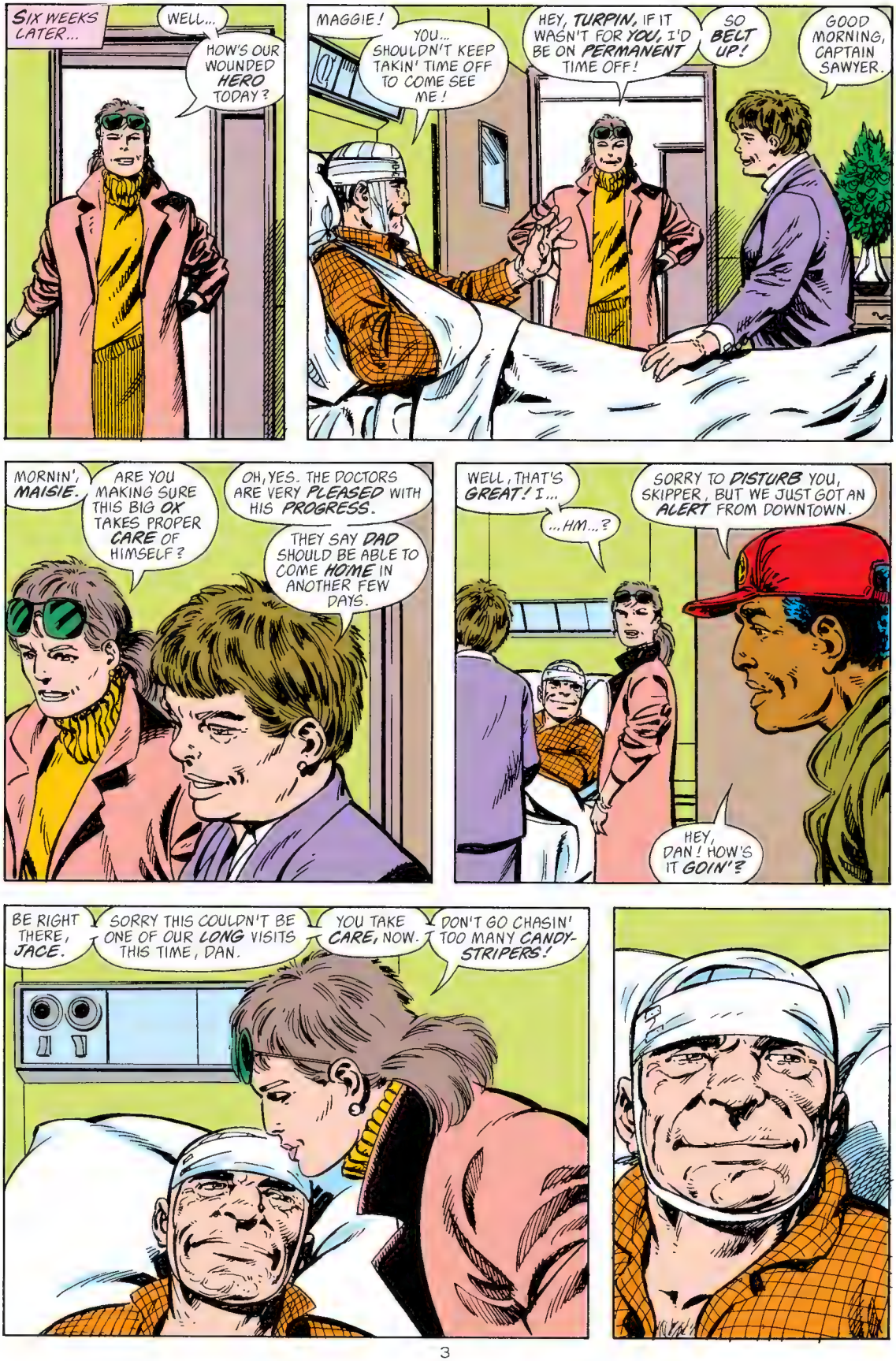


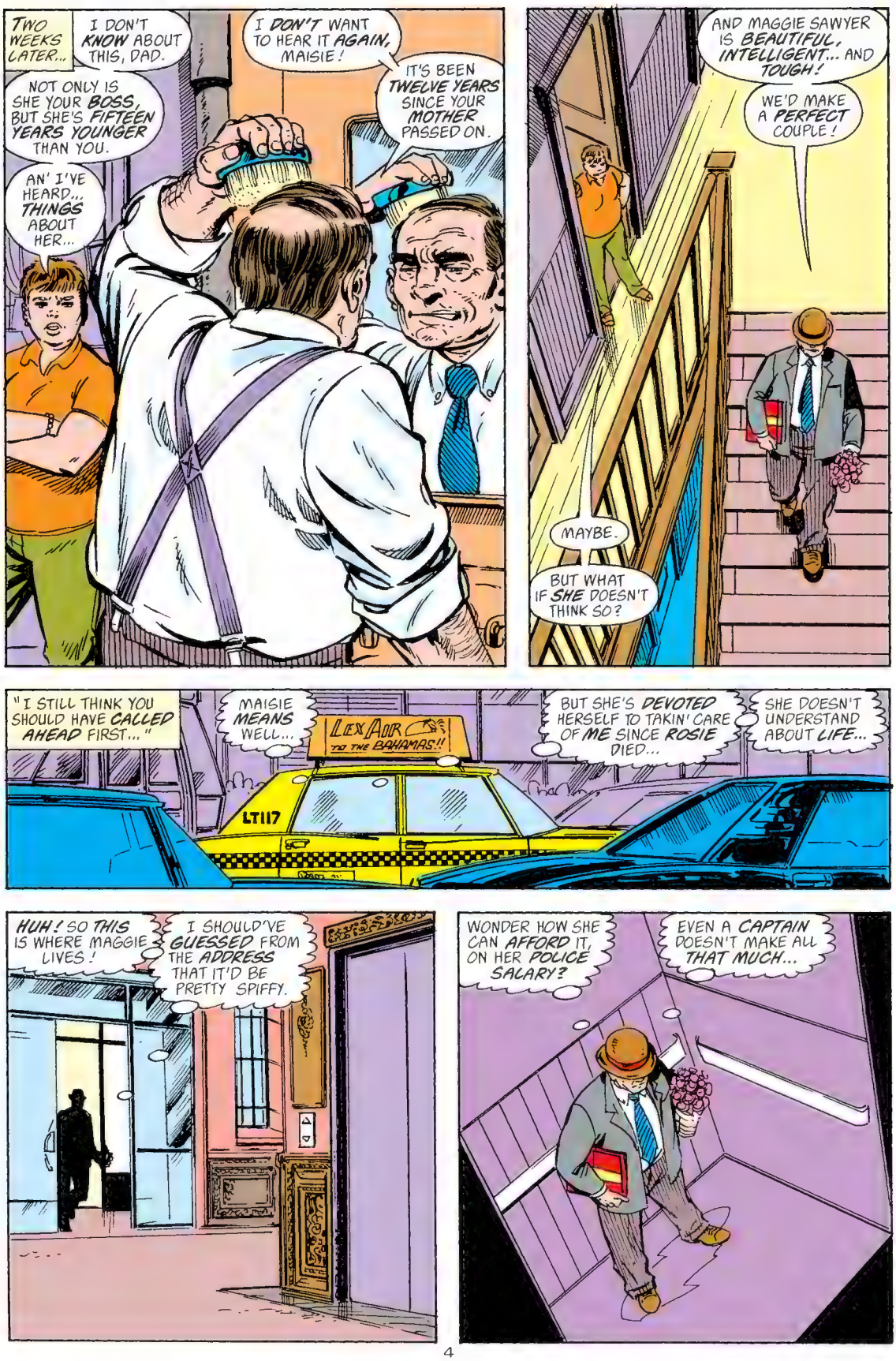
THE STORY IS DEDICATED TO JOE SIMON, WHO FIRST HELPED BRING GUARDIAN AND THE NEWSBOY LEGION TO LIFE... AND TO THEIR CO-CREATOR JACK KIRBY, WHO ALSO GAVE US THE PROJECT, THE HAIRIES, THE D.N. ALIENS AND SEVERAL OTHER UNIVERSES OF WONDER.

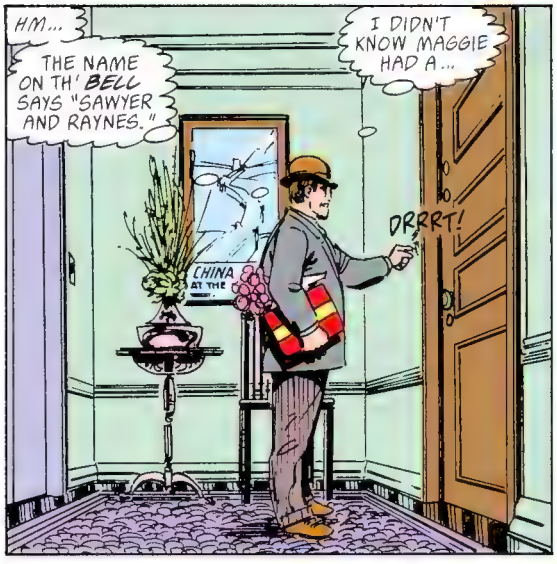
THE END

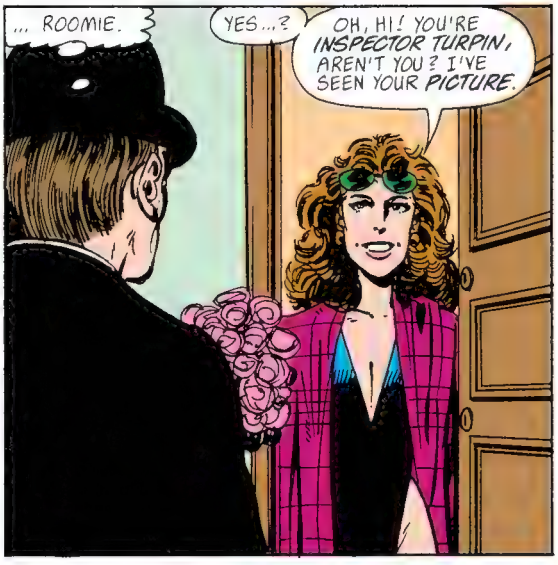
OKAY, PUNK...
NOW HEAR THIS...!!
LOVE'S LABORS...
WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY JOHN BYRNE
LETTERED BY BILL OAKLEY
COLORED BY SHELLEY EIBER
"TERRIBLE" TURPIN CREATED BY JACK KIRBY
"PRIVATE LIVES"
MAGGIE!
GET DOWN!
THE STREETS OF METROPOLIS, THREE MONTHS AGO...
TAKE IT EASY, DAN. THIS TWO-BIT FREAKOID ISN'T GOING TO...
MAGGIE!!

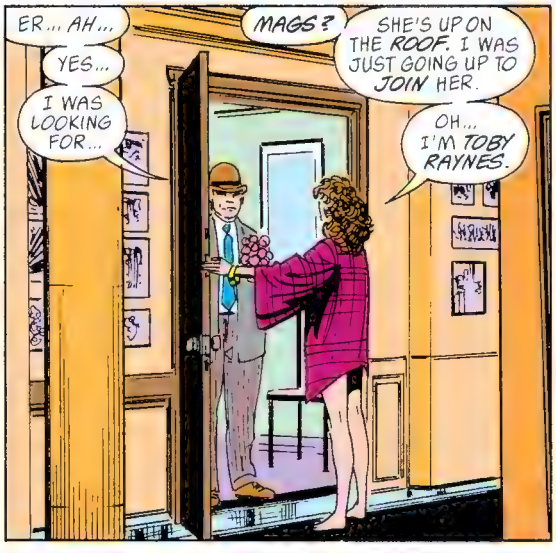

FOOLS!
YOU HAVE NOT BEGUN TO FEEL THE POWER OF BARRAGE!
STOP... 'IM... MAGGIE...
...DON'T...
...LET...
DAN...?
DAN!!
WASTE THAT SUCKER!!

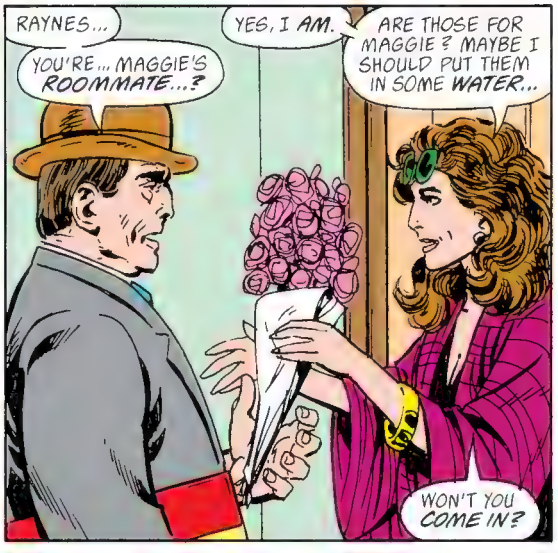

SIX WEEKS LATER...
WELL...
HOW'S OUR WOUNDED HERO TODAY?
MAGGIE!
YOU... SHOULDN'T KEEP TAKIN' TIME OFF TO COME SEE ME!
HEY, TURPIN, IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, I'D BE ON PERMANENT TIME OFF!
SO BELT UP!
GOOD MORNING, CAPTAIN SAWYER.
MORNIN', MAISIE.
ARE YOU MAKING SURE THIS BIG OX TAKES PROPER CARE OF HIMSELF?
OH, YES. THE DOCTORS ARE VERY PLEASED WITH HIS PROGRESS.
THEY SAY DAD SHOULD BE ABLE TO COME HOME IN ANOTHER FEW DAYS.
WELL, THAT'S GREAT! I...
...HIM...?
SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, SKIPPER, BUT WE JUST GOT AN ALERT FROM DOWNTOWN.
HEY, DAN! HOW'S IT GOIN'?
BE RIGHT THERE, JACE.
SORRY THIS COULDN'T BE ONE OF OUR LONG VISITS THIS TIME, DAN.
YOU TAKE CARE, NOW.
DON'T GO CHASIN' TOO MANY CANDY-STRIPERS!

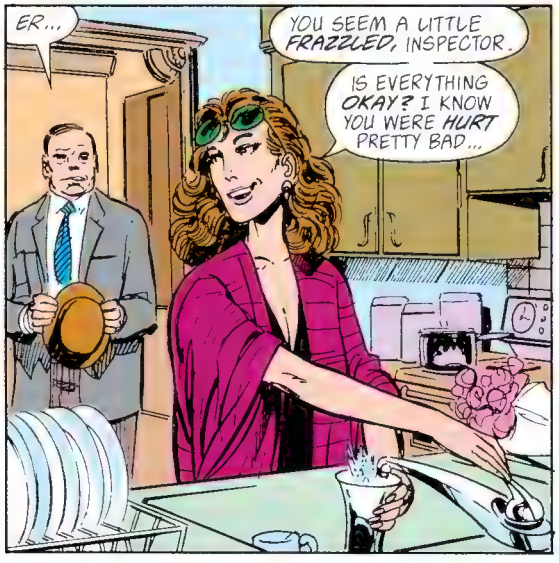

TWO WEEKS LATER...
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS, DAD.
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT AGAIN, MAISIE!
IT'S BEEN TWELVE YEARS SINCE YOUR MOTHER PASSED ON.
NOT ONLY IS SHE YOUR BOSS, BUT SHE'S FIFTEEN YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOU.
AN' I'VE HEARD... THINGS ABOUT HER...
AND MAGGIE SAWYER IS BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT... AND TOUGH!
WE'D MAKE A PERFECT COUPLE!
MAYBE.
BUT WHAT IF SHE DOESN'T THINK SO?
"I STILL THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED AHEAD FIRST..."
MAISIE MEANS WELL...
LEX AIR TO THE BAHAMAS!!
LT117
BUT SHE'S DEVOTED HERSELF TO TAKIN' CARE OF ME SINCE ROSIE DIED...
SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT LIFE...
HUH! SO THIS IS WHERE MAGGIE LIVES!
I SHOULD'VE GUESSED FROM THE ADDRESS THAT IT'D BE PRETTY SPIFFY.
WONDER HOW SHE CAN AFFORD IT, ON HER POLICE SALARY?
EVEN A CAPTAIN DOESN'T MAKE ALL THAT MUCH...

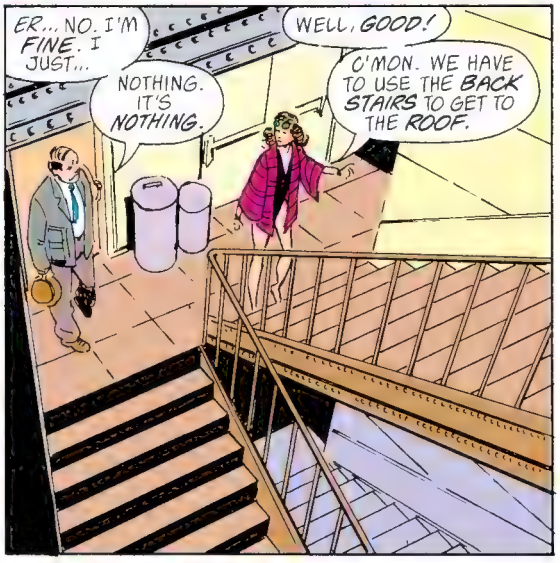

HM...
THE NAME ON TH' BELL SAYS "SAWYER AND RAYNES."
I DIDN'T KNOW MAGGIE HAD A...
DRRRT!
CHINA AT THE

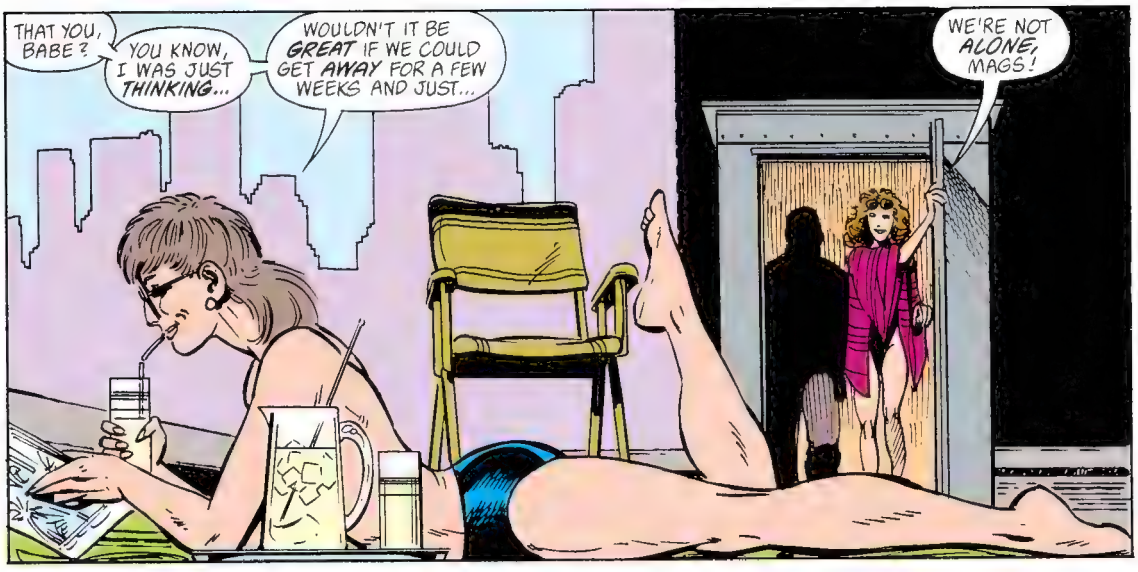

... ROOMIE.
YES...?
OH, HI! YOU'RE INSPECTOR TURPIN, AREN'T YOU? I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURE.

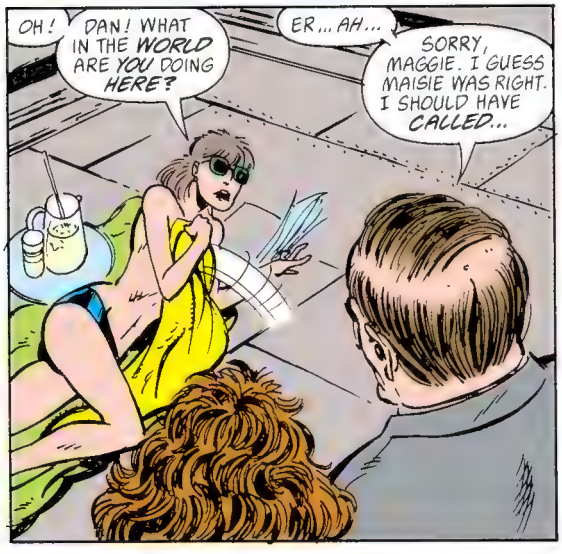

ER... AH...
YES...
I WAS LOOKING FOR...
MAGS?
SHE'S UP ON THE ROOF. I WAS JUST GOING UP TO JOIN HER.
OH... I'M TOBY RAYNES.

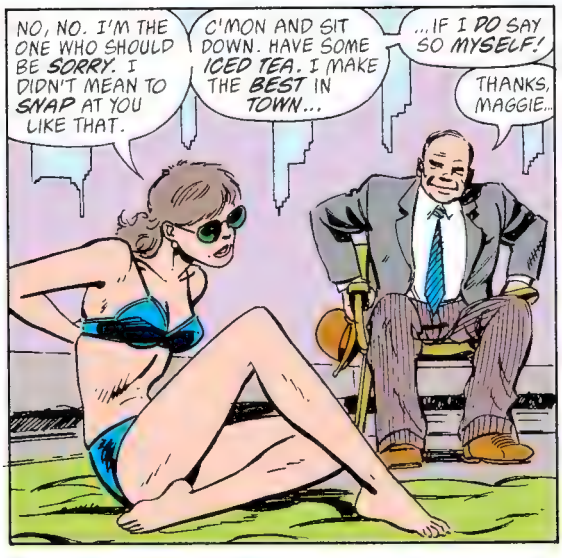

RAYNES...
YOU'RE... MAGGIE'S ROOMMATE...?
YES, I AM.
ARE THOSE FOR MAGGIE? MAYBE I SHOULD PUT THEM IN SOME WATER...
WON'T YOU COME IN?


ER...
YOU SEEM A LITTLE FRAZZLED, INSPECTOR.
IS EVERYTHING OKAY? I KNOW YOU WERE HURT PRETTY BAD...


ER... NO. I'M FINE. I JUST...
NOTHING. IT'S NOTHING.
WELL, GOOD!
O'MON. WE HAVE TO USE THE BACK STAIRS TO GET TO THE ROOF.

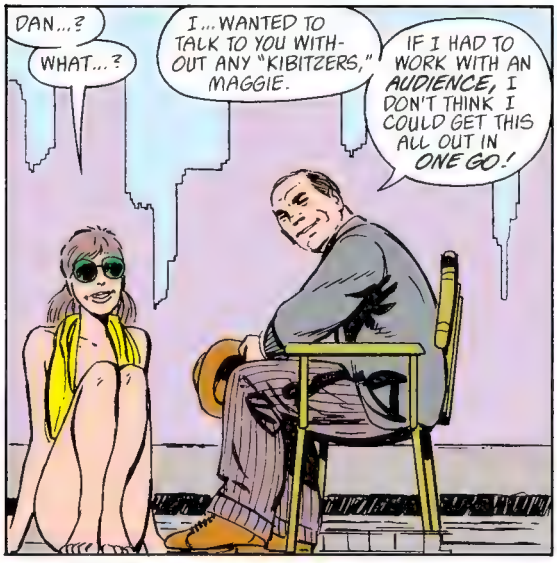

THAT YOU, BABE?
YOU KNOW, I WAS JUST THINKING...
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WE COULD GET AWAY FOR A FEW WEEKS AND JUST...
WE'RE NOT ALONE, MAGS!


OH!
DAN! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING HERE?
ER... AH...
SORRY, MAGGIE. I GUESS MAISIE WAS RIGHT. I SHOULD HAVE CALLED...

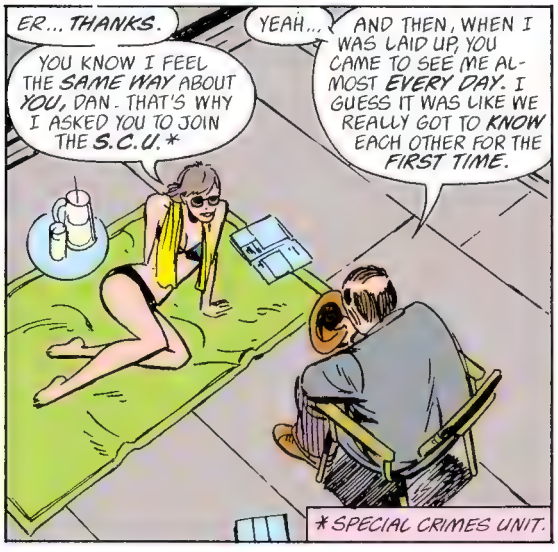

NO, NO. I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO SNAP AT YOU LIKE THAT.
C'MON AND SIT DOWN. HAVE SOME ICED TEA. I MAKE THE BEST IN TOWN...
...IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!
THANKS, MAGGIE...

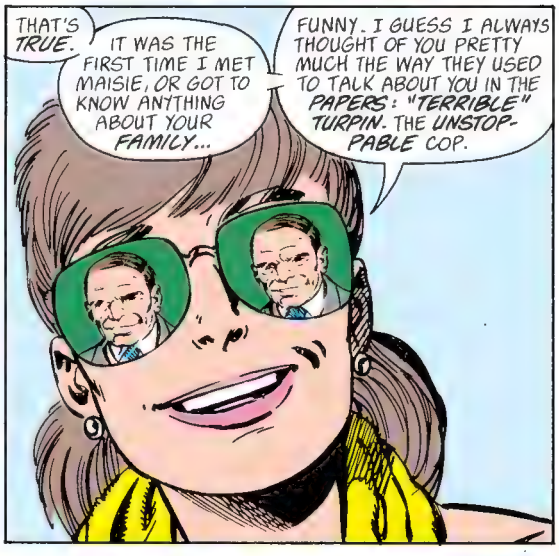
WELL... THIS IS A LITTLE ODD, ISN'T IT? ONE OF THOSE FUNNY SITUATIONS WHERE YOU SEE SOMEONE YOU KNOW...
...BUT NOT IN THE PLACE YOU KNOW 'EM.
I GUESS I SHOULD'VE HAD YOU OVER BEFORE. FOR DINNER OR SOMETHING.
OH, THAT'S OKAY...

ER...
MISS RAYNES... I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND LEAVING US ALONE FOR A FEW MINUTES?
HM?
OH, ER, SURE...
WHY NOT? I'LL JUST... ER... GO WATCH THE TRAFFIC...

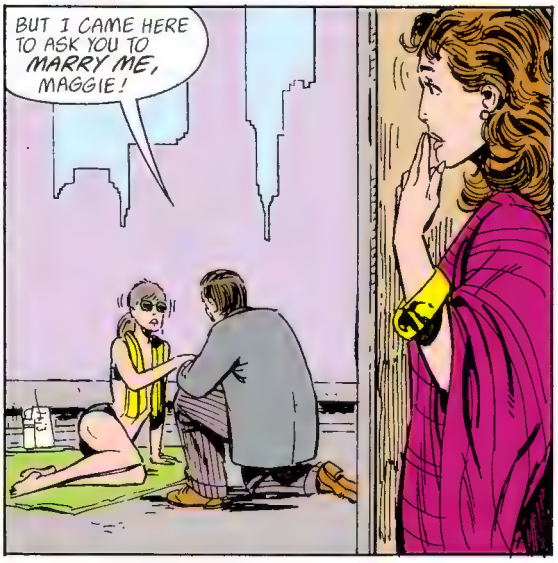

DAN...?
WHAT...?
I...WANTED TO TALK TO YOU WITHOUT ANY "KIBITZERS," MAGGIE.
IF I HAD TO WORK WITH AN AUDIENCE, I DON'T THINK I COULD GET THIS ALL OUT IN ONE GO!

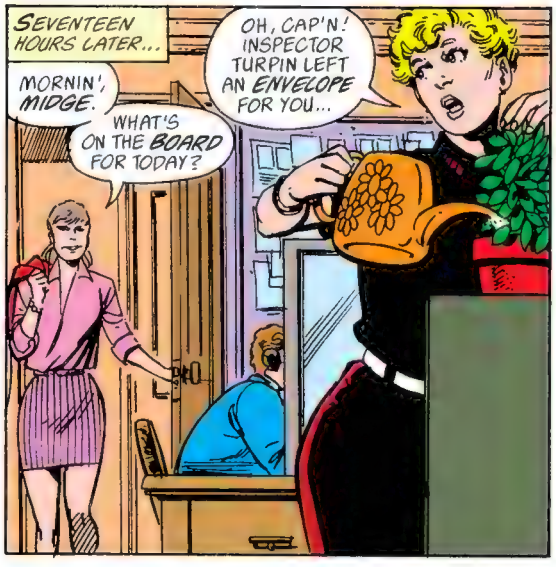
THAT'S QUITE A BUILDUP!
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, DAN?
WELL... WE'VE BEEN WORKING TOGETHER FOR, WHAT? NEARLY FIVE YEARS NOW...
...AND YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS HAD THE GREATEST RESPECT FOR YOU...

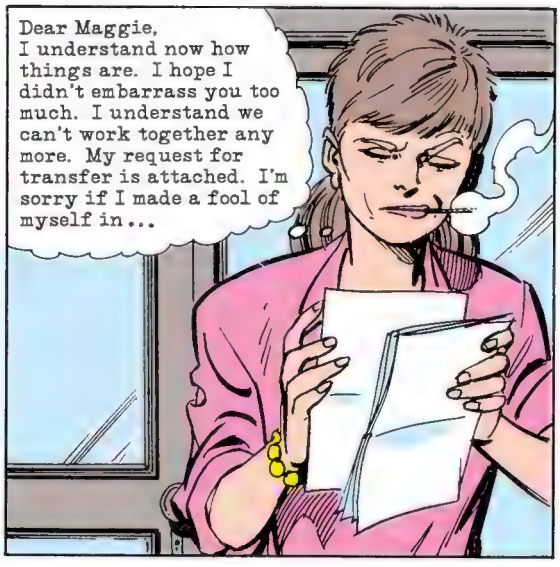

ER... THANKS.
YEAH...
AND THEN, WHEN I WAS LAID UP, YOU CAME TO SEE ME ALMOST EVERY DAY. I GUESS IT WAS LIKE WE REALLY GOT TO KNOW EACH OTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME.
YOU KNOW I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT YOU, DAN. THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU TO JOIN THE S.C.U.*
* SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT.

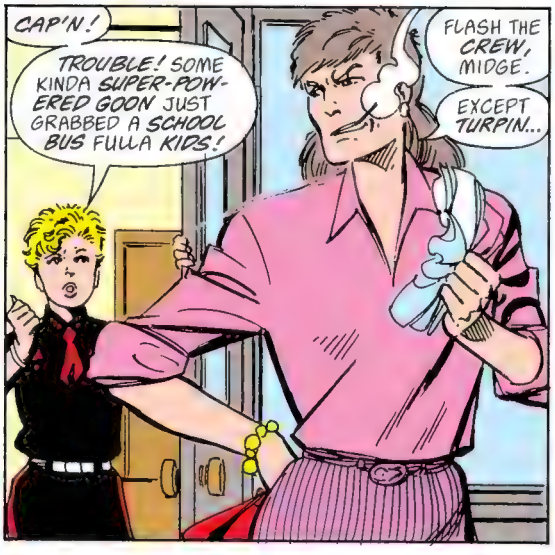

THAT'S TRUE.
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I MET MAISIE, OR GOT TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR FAMILY...
FUNNY. I GUESS I ALWAYS THOUGHT OF YOU PRETTY MUCH THE WAY THEY USED TO TALK ABOUT YOU IN THE PAPERS: "TERRIBLE" TURPIN. THE UNSTOPPABLE COP.

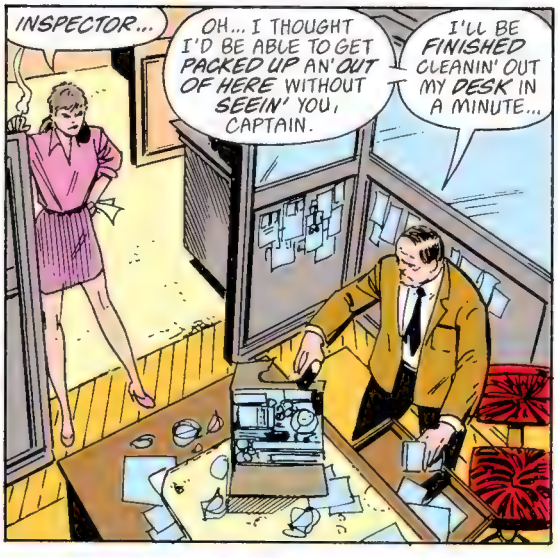
YEAH. GUESS I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF MYSELF IN TH' SAME WAY -- LEAST SINCE ROSIE DIED.
BUT YOU MADE ME START TO THINK DIFFERENT, MAGGIE. SITTIN' THERE IN THE HOSPITAL, TALKIN', LAUGHIN'...
YOU MADE ME REMEMBER THINGS. AN'... AN' I KNOW THIS IS WAY OUTTA LINE, WHAT WITH YOU BEIN' MY SUPERIOR OFFICER AN' ALL...


BUT I CAME HERE TO ASK YOU TO MARRY ME, MAGGIE!


SEVENTEEN HOURS LATER...
MORNIN', MIDGE.
WHAT'S ON THE BOARD FOR TODAY?
OH, CAP'N! INSPECTOR TURPIN LEFT AN ENVELOPE FOR YOU...


Dear Maggie,
I understand now how things are. I hope I didn't embarrass you too much. I understand we can't work together any more. My request for transfer is attached. I'm sorry if I made a fool of myself in...


CAP'N!
TROUBLE! SOME KINDA SUPER-POWERED GOON JUST GRABBED A SCHOOL BUS FULLA KIDS!
FLASH THE CREW, MIDGE.
EXCEPT TURPIN...


INSPECTOR...
OH... I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO GET PACKED UP AN' OUT OF HERE WITHOUT SEEIN' YOU, CAPTAIN.
I'LL BE FINISHED CLEANIN' OUT MY DESK IN A MINUTE...

I DON'T THINK THERE'LL BE TIME FOR THAT, INSPECTOR TURPIN. WE HAVE WORK TO DO...
RIGHT AFTER YOU TEAR UP THIS PIECE OF JUNK MAIL...
MAGGIE...

NOW COME ON, DAN!
WE CAN'T STAND AROUND LALLYGAGGING ALL DAY!
YES, MA'AM!!
The End

OVER THE EDGE!

AFTER FORTY-ONE DAYS IN THE PERSIAN GULF, THE SAILORS OF THE USS MILLENNIUM THOUGHT ENTERING METROPOLIS HARBOR WOULD BE A BREEZE...

...THEY THOUGHT WRONG.

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER ®

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ANOTHER EXPLOSION!

WHO WOULD BE STUPID ENOUGH TO ATTACK THE MILLENNIUM IN METROPOLIS HARBOR?

MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS THAT SOMEONE HAS LAID MINES IN THE PATH OF THE CARRIER!

SEAMAN, HOLD YOUR POSITION! YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A MINE-FIELD!

SUPERMAN! WE'RE TAKING IN WATER FROM THAT LAST HIT.

I'LL GO BELOW AND TAKE A LOOK.

I'M NO EXPERT, BUT THESE MINES LOOK DOWNRIGHT NASTY!

MAYBE I CAN FUSE THE DETONATING MECHANISM WITH A ZAP OF MY HEAT VISION.

EASY DOES IT...

WHAT'S HE DOING DOWN THERE? TRYING TO KILL US?

TWOOM!

NAVY

D'D YOU--

THE FIRST ONE GOT AWAY FROM ME BEFORE I FIGURED OUT THEY WERE GOOBY-TRAPPED! THE REST HAVE BEEN NEUTRALIZED.

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR COMMANDING OFFICERS, SON.

SURE THING, SUPERMAN.

ADMIRAL SCHWARTZ, THE MILLENNIUM IS IN NEED OF REPAIRS, BUT YOUR MEN DESERVE THE CELEBRATION OUR CITY HAS PLANNED FOR THEM...

REQUEST PERMISSION TO LET ME TOW YOUR SHIP INTO PORT, SIR.

THIS IS A PROUD VESSEL, SUPERMAN, AND WE'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO SAIL IN UNDER OUR OWN STEAM, BUT GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES--

"--IT WOULD BE OUR HONOR."

AFTER TWO MONTHS DUTY IN THE MIDDLE EAST, IT WOULD'VE BEEN A SHAME FOR THESE GUYS TO MISS THIS PARTY!

METROPOLIS WELCOMES THE USS MILLENNIUM

AIN'T THAT A SIGHT!

METROPOLIS P

MAGGIE 'TURPIN' I'VE GOT A HALF-DOZEN MINES TO ROUND UP OUT THERE NOTIFY THE BOMB SQUAD!

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY

MINES HAVE CHANGED SOME SINCE THE BIG ONE, BUT I'M SURE I COULD HELP YA.

AS LONG AS THEY'RE STILL ONE PIECE, THAT IS.

TURPIN HAD TO BE JUST A BOY DURING WORLD WAR TWO.

EXCEPT FOR VIETNAM, MY GENERATION HASN'T HAD TO DEAL WITH ANY FIRST HAND, LIKE TURPIN'S AND PA'S GENERATION DID

THOSE OF US UNDER THIRTY HAVEN'T HAD TO SERVE IN THE MILITARY.

THE WORLD'S SUPER HEROES HAVE BEEN THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE AGAINST ALIEN INVADERS LIKE DORMEUD AND THE MANMUNTERS...

BUT IT'S THOSE WITHOUT POWERS WHO REALLY IMPRESS ME--

PEOPLE LIKE TURPIN AND MAGGIE SAWYER WHO PUT THEIR LIVES ON THE LINE DAY IN AND DAY OUT.

HOLY HANNAH! I HOPE THOSE FLOATERS ARE DEFUSED -- THE WAY YER CHUCKIN' 'EM AROUND!

DON'T WORRY. I DESTROYED THE DETONATORS WITH MY *HEAT* VIS ON UNDERWATER.

WELL, IF YOU CAN'T TRUST *SUPERMAN*, WHO CAN YOU TRUST?

WHOEVER LAID THESE MINES WAS EITHER VERY *ARROGANT*, OR VERY *STUPID*. THESE MARKINGS ARE *QURAC!*.

ARE YOU SURE??

IT AIN'T NO *LEAD PIPE CINCH*, BUT...

'COURSE IT COULD BE *SOMEBODY* WANTED US TO *THINK* IT WAS THEM.

A SET-UP? IT'S EASIER TO BELIEVE IT *IS* THEM, CONSIDERING THEIR PAST *HANDIWORK*.

PRESIDENT *MARLO* CAN'T BE THIS BRAZEN! OR *CAN* HE? HE MUST KNOW I *CAN'T* JUST FLY TO QURAC AND CONFRONT HIM LIKE THE *LAST* TIME...

THE REPERCUSSIONS FROM MY PREVIOUS VISIT WERE TOO GREAT!

MAGGIE, DAN, I'VE GOT TO BE GOING...

METROPOLIS WELCOMES THE USS MILLENNIUM

I'LL LET THE *F.B.I.* SORT THROUGH THIS ONE. I'VE GOT A STORY TO COVER AS CLARK KENT WAY OVER IN *PARK RIDGE*.

CHECK WITH US *AFTER* THE EXPERTS LOOK THESE BABIES OVER!

THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING...

WHAT'S ALL THE *RUCKUS* DOWN THERE?

THE DELEGATES FROM *QURAC* ARE IN AN EMERGENCY MEETING, SO *NO ONE* SHOULD BE IN THERE NOW

WASN'T A GUARD POSTED?

I DUNNO--BUT I KNEW THERE'D BE TROUBLE!

WELL, IT'S *QUIET* NOW.

QURAC

SOMEONE SURE *TRASHED* THE PLACE!

MAYBE HE GOT OUT THE WINDOW!

NAHHH--TOO HIGH UP, UNLESS HE WERE A *WALL-CRAWLER!*

MAC, *BEHIND* US!

STOP!

STAIRS

16

THIS DUDE'S GOTTA BE THE *FLASH'S BROTHER!*

WHERE'S THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE* WHEN YOU NEED THEM?

DAMN! WE LOST HIM!

DID YOU *RECOGNIZE* HIM?

NO, MUST BE ANOTHER *NEW GUY?*

GREAT! JUST WHAT WE NEED, *ANOTHER* VIGILANTE!

DAILY NEW

TERRORISTS BOMB A

IN METROPOLIS HARB

BY QUACTY MES

GANGBUSTER

EXCUSE ME -- I [AHEM] HATE TO INTERRUPT "CALVIN & HOBBES", BUT I'M LOOKING FOR A FRIEND OF MINE.

HMMM?

DAILY PLANET

QURAC DENIES BOMBING METROPOLIS HARBOR

Qurac President Mario Says His People Want only Peace

Homeless Shelter Dedicated to Pete Shoemaker Victim

Gangbuster Hits Qurac's UN Office

SPANKY SAYS, "COME ON DOWN AND PURCHASE A NEW SLEEPER SOFA"

YOU GOT AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE SOMEONE?

NO, I'M HERE ON A WHIM, TO SURPRISE HIM!

LOIS!!?!?

OH! JOSE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ARE YOU LOIS LANE?

NICE TO SEE YOU TOO, JOSE. AT LEAST PERRY'S KID, JERRY, HAS THE COURTESY TO RETURN MY PHONE CALLS!

I'M HERE TO ASK YOU ABOUT THIS --

WHO'S STEALING YOUR ACT? IS IT JERRY WHITE? RONNIE CHIN? CLARK KENT?

Gangbuster Hits Qurac's UN Office

GANGBUSTER! BUT I WAS -- THAT IS, UNTIL -- WELL, I'VE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH HERE THE PAST FEW WEEKS...

JUST WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING HERE?

I DIDN'T WANT TO SHOW YOU JUST YET, BUT I'VE BEEN RE-LEARNING TO DO THIS!

JOSE! YOU'RE WALKING!

"OH YES, HE DOES MORE THAN TALK ABOUT DOING THINGS FOR THIS GREAT CITY...

"HE SAW A NEED FOR A NEW STATE-OF-THE-ART NEUROSURGERY CENTER AT METROPOLIS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, AND HE BUILT IT!

"HIS GENEROSITY EXTENDS TO THE INDIGENT AS WELL.

BZZZZ

"THROUGH THE OBSERVATION WINDOW YOU CAN SEE MILTON MOSES FINE BEING PREPPED FOR SURGERY TO REMOVE A LIFE-THREATENING BRAIN TUMOR."

OUR BENEFACTOR IS UNDERWRITING THE MEDICAL COSTS FOR THIS PATIENT--

--WHOM MANY OF YOU WILL KNOW BETTER AS THE SIDE-SHOW ILLUSIONIST BRAINIAC.

PEOPLE COULD SAY THAT FINE'S CHOICE AS THIS WING'S FIRST PATIENT IS A BAD IDEA--

--NOTING THAT MURDER CHARGES HAVE BEEN FILED AGAINST HIM...

SOME OF OUR OWN DOCTORS EXPRESSED THESE CONCERNS...

...BUT OUR GENEROUS ASTRON WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT! HE FELT FIRST AND FOREMOST, A MAN'S LIFE WAS AT STAKE--

--AND SECONDLY, THAT THIS CASE ILLUSTRATES ONE OF HIS OWN MAJOR CREDOS...

...A MAN IS PRESUMED INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY.

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, I INTRODUCE A GREAT HUMANITARIAN KNOWN THE WORLD OVER...

MISTER LEX LUTHOR!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR GIDEON. QUESTIONS?

CLARK KENT, DAILY PLANET. MR. LUTHOR, HOW DO YOU ANSWER CRITICS' CHARGES THAT YOUR PHILANTHROPY IS MERELY A PLOY TO BUY GOOD PUBLICITY TO BALANCE--

MR. KENT, I HARDLY--

I'M NOT FINISHED. YOUR DETRACTORS CLAIM THIS NEW OPERATING FACILITY WAS RUSHED TO COMPLETION

WAS THAT FOR MR. FINE'S BENEFIT, OR DID YOU DO IT TO COUNTER THE RECENT SPATE OF BAD PRESS GIVEN TO YOU AND LEXCORP?

LEXCORP IS A VERY BIG COMPANY, AND THERE IS A TENDENCY FOR THE MEDIA TO FORGET THE GOOD THINGS WE'VE DONE

I NEED ONLY MENTION THAT YOUR EDITOR, PERRY WHITE, HAS HAD A GRUDGE AGAINST ME THAT DATES TO MY PAST OWNERSHIP OF THE DAILY PLANET.

NEXT QUESTION

YES, YOU!

TOBY RAYNES, METROPOLIS STAR THE PLANET WASN'T THE ONLY PAPER TO PRINT NEGATIVE STORIES ABOUT YOUR DEALINGS RECENTLY...

YOUR CONNECTION TO THE TERRORISTS MINES FOUND IN METROPOLIS HARBOR, FOR INSTANCE.

HEY PAL, WATCH IT! THAT WAS MY FOOT!

OUR PURPOSE HERE, MS. RAYNES, IS TO HONOR OUR FRIEND, LEX LUTHOR FOR HIS GENEROSITY, NOT TO TEAR DOWN HIS CHARACTER

OF ALL THE LOUSY...

THIS GUY OFF TO THE SIDE OF ME SURE SEEMS EDGY...

A QUICK CHECK WITH MY X-RAY VISION SHOULD CLEAR THINGS UP.

BINGO! HE'S HIDING A WEAPON UNDER HIS COAT!

I RECOGNIZE HIM NOW THAT SNAP CARTER THE THUG WHO GOT AWAY DURING THAT LEXCORP WEAPONS HEIST.*

LET ME THROUGH!

*LAST ISSUE

HE'S PLANNING TO ASSASSINATE LUTHOR WITH ONE OF LEXCORP'S OWN INVENTIONS!

I COULD MELT THE GUN OUT OF HIS HANDS, BUT MY HEAT VISION COULD BE DANGEROUS WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE PACKED TOGETHER SO CLOSELY...

I'LL TRY A MORE HANDS-ON APPROACH.

TIME TO GO TO THAT B.G. DOUGHNUT FACTORY IN THE SKY, FAT MAN!

KLAMF!

GET DOWN, MR LUTHOR!

THAT BLAST KNOCKED A CHUNK OF CEILING LOOSE!

LOOK OUT, MISS HAYNES!

CHUNK!

THANKS FOR THE SAVE, KENT

ANY TIME...

NOW, WHERE DID CARTER SLIP AWAY TO?

DAMN. LUTHOR'S GOONS WILL TEAR ME APART! GOT TO GET MY GUN BACK!

MAYBE I CAN BLAST MY WAY OUTTA HERE.

EXCUSE ME. BUT I DO NOT TAKE KINDLY TO BEING CALLED FAT!

UNDERSTAND?

P-P-LEEEASE, M-M-MISTER L-LUTHOR...

CARTER?

GO ON, GET OUT OF HERE!!

LET HIM GET AWAY.

BUT...

HAVE HIM FOLLOWED. WE'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH HIM IN PRIVATE.

WHAT CONCERNS ME NOW, IS THE IDENTITY OF MY SAVIOR. I SAW SOMEONE GRAB THAT GUNSEL'S ARM AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT.

I AM A GENEROUS MAN AND I PAY MY DEBTS

WHEN YOU FIND HIM, OFFER PAYMENT IF HE REFUSES...

...YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

IT WOULD GALL HIM TO KNOW THAT I WAS HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

SURGE

I JUST HOPE MAX CARTER HAS SOMEONE WATCHING OVER HIM, AS WELL.

I DON'T KNOW WHY HE LET CARTER GO FREE ! LUTHOR'S BODYGUARDS SHOULD'VE NAILED HIM SECONDS AFTER HE OPENED FIRE ON THE BIG GUY!

LISTEN UP. FIND THE LITTLE WEASEL AND TAKE HIM DOWN. A CLEAN HIT.

MORGAN ? ARE YOU STILL ON THE PHONE ?

NOT ANY MORE, BABY

YOU KNOW, YOU ARE ONE FINE LOOKING CHICK!

WOULD BIG, BAD, MR EDGE LIKE A DRINK ? I'VE OPENED A WONDERFUL BOTTLE OF CALIFORNIA BEAUJOLAIS.

NO WINE FOR THESE LIPS! I'M HAVING A BAD DAY. MAKE IT SCOTCH. MAKE IT NEAT--AND MAKE IT A DOUBLE.

THANKS.

IT STILL SOUNDS GREAT..." MISS CATHERINE GRANT, HOSTESS OF HOSS'S MEGA HIT HOLLYWOOD TONIGHT!"

YOU KNOW, HIRING YOU WAS MY BEST IDEA IN YEARS

HERE'S TO THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL RELATIONSHIP!

HERE'S DA PLACE: SIX-FIFTY!

I'VE GOT IT, JOSE

LOIS...

FOR REST FOR RESIDENT

JUDGING SURGERY BOUTIQUE

SUPER

FINE FOOD

I CAN PAY IT MYSELF.

AND NO MORE TALK OF ADVANCE RESEARCH LABORATORY, OKAY?

DRIVER DOES NOT CARRY MORE THAN 20 DOLLARS IN CHANGE

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE WALKING!

MY FINAL WORD ON THE SUBJECT IS DON'T BE SO BLINDLY TRUSTING ABOUT THEIR MOTIVES. I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU HURT AGAIN.

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU TWO, BUT I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO TAKE YOU BOTH IN FOR QUESTIONING

INSPECTOR HENDERSON!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

GANGBUSTER! YOU'VE HEARD THAT HE'S BACK?!

WHAT HAS THAT GOT TO DO WITH US?

LOIS, IT'S OKAY

IT'S NO BIG SECRET THAT YOU WERE GANGBUSTER ONCE, BEFORE YOU WERE CRIPPLED BY THAT COMBATTOR GUY.*

YOU'RE NOT A SUSPECT, JOSE... NOT UNLESS YOU'VE BEEN UP AND OUT OF THAT CHAIR WALKING ABOUT LATELY.

BUT, MAYBE YOU'VE GOT A CLUE AS TO WHO THIS GUY IS!

Scott Shannon and the 7T
Z 100 MORNING ZOO

Z-100

JOSE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO...

I'LL HELP IF I CAN.

*ADVENTURES... #437

WHO WAS IT?

WHO?

SAVING LEX LUTHOR'S LIFE IS BIG NEWS!

WHY ISN'T HE STEPPING FORTH TO TAKE CREDIT?

MAYBE HE HAS A REASON TO BE ANONYMOUS, LIKE SOMETHING TO HIDE?

THEY WERE ALL REPORTERS! THEY'D LOVE TO HAVE THEIR FACES PLASTERED ALL OVER THE MEDIA!

KEEP ON IT, MYRA! I OWE THIS PERSON, AND I DON'T LIKE THAT ONE BIT!

WHAT'S THE STORY ON MY ASSAILANT, MAX CARTER?

HE WAS DOING TIME FOR HIS PART IN THE GANG WAR OPERATION!

ON YOUR ORDERS, CARTER INCRIMINATED MOBSTER JAY FALK AS THE MAN BEHIND IT ALL, THUS KEEPING LEXCORP OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT.

I KNOW ALL THAT! I SAW TO IT! THEY ALL RECEIVED LIGHT SENTENCES

SOMEONE HAS GOTTEN CARTER ALL WORKED UP OVER ME! SOMEONE WITH ACCESS TO MY OPERATIONS...

MY WEAPONS SHIPMENTS!

FALK WOULDN'T DARE! BUT WHO?

IT MAY BE COINCIDENCE, BUT CARTER WAS PROFILED ON HOBBS' "AMERICA'S PUBLIC ENEMIES" SHOW SUNDAY

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS COINCIDENCE WITH MORGAN EDGE INVOLVED!

IT WAS EDGE AND INTERSANG, ALL RIGHT!

HAVE CARTER DISPOSED OF, AND DON'T USE ANY OF OUR OWN PERSONNEL

AND MYRA?

"REASSIGN MY PERSONAL BODYGUARDS TO THE MOTORPOOL, AND GET ME SOME PEOPLE WHO KNOW HOW TO RUN SECURITY FOR ME!"

ACE O' CLUBS

OPEN COMP .N.

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE NAMED BIBBO.

TRY THE CIRCUS!

THAT WAS NOT A STRAIGHT LINE, PUNK!

O-OKAY. P-P-PUT ME DOWN. I T-TAKE IT B-B-BACK!

WHO'S LOOK'N' FER BIBBO?

THE NEWSPAPERS CALL ME GANGBUSTER.

BIBBO DON'T READ MUCH GANG-BUSTER, EH?

BLAT DASH!

CRASH

I SAID I WANT INFORMATION.

MMM MMM MMM MMM-YER TOUGH

BIBBO DAT TOUGH! WHAT D'YA WANT TA KNOW...

"BIBBO'S NOT YOUR EVERY DAY TYPE OF INFORMANT. HE DOESN'T SELL INFO, HE'LL GIVE IT TO YOU FREE...

"...THEN STICK YOU WITH HIS BAR TAB.

"HE DID FINALLY TELL ME TWO WORDS. "SAINT REGIS."

"THEN HE TOLD ME I WASN'T THE ONLY GUY ASKING.

ST REGIS HOTEL

"STANDING WATCH ON THE LOBBY ENTRANCE WAS A THUG OVER-DRESSED FOR THE WEATHER...

"...AND IN A CAR PARKED IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE HOTEL WERE TWO MORE MONKEYS -- WATCHING, WAITING!

"NONE OF US WERE COPS, AND ALL OF US HAD TALKED TO BIBBO FOR THE SAME REASON...

"...MAX CARTER. PRETTY SLOPPY OF HIM. STANDING IN FULL VIEW LIKE THAT

"NOW WE ALL KNOW WHAT ROOM HE'S IN.

"I'M THROUGH WAITING...

"I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM BEFORE THE OTHERS.

"LUCKY FOR HIM HE LEFT THE WINDOW OPEN. HE WON'T BE SHOWERED WITH BROKEN GLASS!"

NICE NIGHT FOR A MURDER, CARTER.

YOU AND I NEED TO TALK, MAX.

THIS DOESN'T INVOLVE YOU!

YOU'RE A DIRT BAG, CARTER!

THAT ALONE IS ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET INVOLVED...

WHAK!

YOU'RE DANGEROUS -- OUT OF CONTROL AND YOU TRIED TO KILL LEX LUTHOR!

WHAT'S THE DEAL? ARE YOU WORKING FOR LUTHOR TOO?!

I ASK THE QUESTIONS, CARTER!

BROK!

WHO PUT YOU ON TO THAT LEXCORP WEAPONS SHIPMENT?

STAY BACK! I-I'LL TALK!

'IT WAS INTERGANG.' MORGAN EDGE IS PART OF IT -- BUT THOSE GUYS ARE HEAVY-DUTY -- I'M A DEAD MAN!

GET ME POLICE PROTECTION AND I'LL TALK! YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM ME!

NOK NOK!

OPEN UP, CARTER, THIS IS THE POLICE!

DAMN! YOU'LL BE SEEING ME AGAIN IF YOU DON'T COOPERATE W. TH THE AUTHORITIES

NOK! NOK!

I'M COMING! SHOW ME SOME I.D.

OKAY!

I'M READY TO TALK— PLEASE, YOU GOT TO GET ME INTO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY!

HAND OVER YOUR WEAPON, SLOWLY! YOU CAN GIVE YOUR CONFESSION LATER!

THAT'S GOOD—

—JERK! ANYONE CAN FAKE POLICE IDENTIFICATION!

AIEEEARGH!

ZNZZAP

ARRGH! GUN'S JAMMED! NOOOO!

MY FACE! I'M BURNING! STUFF SPILLED ALL OVER ME!

I JUST SPOTTED GANGBUSTER COMING OUT OF MAX CARTER'S ROOM. I'M GOING TO TAIL HIM!

I WANT YOU TO ARREST THOSE TWO GUYS IN THE ALLEY RIGHT NOW. EVEN IF IT'S JUST FOR LOITERING! OVER AND OUT.

POLICE! PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEADS AND STEP AWAY FROM THE VEHICLE!

PAIN... MAKING IT HARD TO FOCUS... GOT TO GET AWAY... GET A DOCTOR!

"GOT TO GET TO SAFETY..."

POLICE OFFICER! HALT OR I'LL SHOOT!

THIS IS A DEAD END ALLEY. I'VE GOT HIM!

WELL SHAVE MY HEAD AND CALL ME LUTHOR!

THAT'S A THIRTY FOOT WALL!

;SQUEE! ROGER! COME IN! DO YOU READ? OVER!

GANGBUSTER GAVE ME THE SLIP! I THOUGHT SUPERMAN WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD LEAP TALL BUILDINGS! OVER.

ROGER MAX CARTER'S BEEN KILLED! I'M BETTING YOUR LEAP FROG DID IT!

WHAT? ARE YOU SURE IT WAS HIM?

WELL, HE WAS SEEN COMING OUT OF THE WINDOW AROUND THE TIME OF DEATH.

JOSE, LOIS—THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION. YOU CAN GO NOW!

HUH? JUST LIKE THAT?

YOU OWE US SOME EXPLANATION, INSPECTOR HENDERSON!

ANY DOUBT I HAD ABOUT YOU BEING THIS GANGBUSTER HAS VANISHED NOW...

LESS THAN A HALF HOUR AGO, HE WAS SPOTTED BY AN UNDERCOVER COP LEAVING THROUGH A WINDOW AT THE ST REGIS HOTEL...

SO YOU GOT HIM FOR SLIPPING OUT ON A HOTEL BILL...

THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER LOIS...

GANGBUSTER'S IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES NOW! WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE HE MURDERED MAX CARTER TONIGHT!

MURDER?

I FEEL SOMEHOW-- RESPONSIBLE...

JOSE, WHY?

WELL, WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S BEEN INSPIRED BY ME, BY WHAT I DID AS GANGBUSTER. SOMETHING I DID BECAUSE IT WAS RIGHT...

"...BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE GOT IT ALL WRONG!"

DID YOU SEE THIS? SOME SUPER-HERO KILLED A GUY IN COLD BLOOD!

CAN'T THE GOVERNMENT DO SOMETHING TO CONTROL PEOPLE LIKE GANGBUSTER?

AWWW-- THEY'RE ALL SICK-O'S AND PREVERTS IF YOU ASK ME, RUNNING AROUND IN TIGHTS!

BUS STOP

DISSOLVE FAT AWAY

FORMER FBI AGENT SLAIN

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE OLD DAYS WHEN YOU COULD TELL THE GOOD GUYS AND THE BAD GUYS APART?

WELL, DERE'S STILL SUPERMAN! HE'S PRETTY CLEAN CUT!

OH YEAH! HE'S JUST AS BAD FOR LETTING GUYS LIKE GANGBUSTER OPERATE IN METROPOLIS!

WHERE'S HE BEEN WHEN TH'S STUFF'S BEEN GOING DOWN?

HOW COME HE DON'T TURN THESE "OVER-THE-EDGE" VIGILANTES IN TO THE POLICE?

WELL, I--UH...

THIS PAPER SAYS MAX CARTER WAS A KILLER HIMSELF.

MAYBE GANGBUSTER SAVED THE TAXPAYERS SOME DOUGH BY OFFING THE GUY!

WOULDN'T HURT A GUY LIKE SUPERMAN TO BE A BIT MORE LIKE "DIRTY HARRY."

I STILL SAY HE SHOULD'A DONE SOMETHING TO STOP GANGBUSTER!

BUS LANE

SO FAR GANGBUSTER'S BEEN ONE STEP AHEAD OF ME...

BUT NOW HE'S GONE TOO FAR! HE WON'T CATCH ME NAPPING AGAIN!

NEXT "THE LEDGE" IN THIRTY DAYS!

HEAD TRIPS

GIVE IT UP, FINE!

HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU, SUPERMAN? THERE IS NO MORE MILTON FINE... THERE IS ONLY *BRAINIAC!*

G-4158

SUPERMAN®

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I AM FINALLY IN CONTROL OF THIS *HOST BODY* AND ALL OF ITS MARVELOUS *PSYCHE-POWERS!*

I WILL BE YOUR *MASTER*, KRYPTONIAN!

AHHGH! WHAT... HAVE YOU *DONE* TO ME? I... I FEEL...

...FREE... AT LAST!

SURPRISED, BRAINIAC? DIDN'T YOU WANT TO SEE MY DARK SIDE?

NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, IS HE?

SHUT UP! I'M IN CHARGE NOW!

WHAT'RE YOU--? NO...*NO!*

TOO LATE, BRAINIAC! YOU'VE LET THE GENIE OUT OF THE BOTTLE...

...YOU'VE SEEN *TOO MUCH!*

MR. FINE?

CAN YOU HEAR ME, MR. FINE?

UHNN?

AH, YOU'RE *AWAKE*-- GOOD! WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS!

WHAT? WHO ARE *YOU*? WHERE AM I?

EASY, MR. FINE! YOU'RE STILL RECOVERING FROM A SERIOUS OPERATION!

BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS... I AM *LEX LUTHOR*, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF LEXCORP INTERNATIONAL. YOU'RE IN ONE OF MY COMPANY'S SPECIAL CARE UNITS.

OPERATION?!

MY DOCTORS REMOVED QUITE A SIZABLE *TUMOR* FROM YOUR BRAIN... IT MUST HAVE CAUSED CONSIDERABLE PAIN.

Y-YES. I HAD EXCRUCIATING HEADACHES.

WELL, THEY'LL TROUBLE YOU NO LONGER...

...MY SURGEONS ARE THE *BEST*! COMPREHENSIVE MEDICAL CARE IS JUST ONE OF MANY PERKS ENJOYED BY LEXCORP EMPLOYEES.

EMPLOYEES? I DON'T WORK FOR YOU!

NOT YET, PERHAPS, BUT YOU WILL! THERE IS MUCH WE CAN DO FOR EACH OTHER, MR. FINE. YOU SEE, WE HAVE A COMMON ENEMY...*SUPERMAN!*

FORGET IT, LUTHOR!

SEE HERE, FINE--!

STOP CALLING ME THAT! MILTON FINE IS GONE... *VRIL DOX* NOW CONTROLS THIS BODY! AND VRIL DOX DOES NOT WORK FOR MERE *HUMANS*!

HOW *SAD*...

...I'D HOPED THAT REMOVING THE TUMOR WOULD CURE YOU OF YOUR BIZARRE "*ALIEN POSSESSION*" DELUSION!

DELUSION?!

VRIL DOX IS NO DELUSION! THOSE WHO MOCK ME SHALL FEEL MY *WRATH*!

NO, I THINK *NOT!*

EEYAHH!

WE DIDN'T MERELY REMOVE THE TUMOR, YOU SEE -- WE *REPLACED* IT WITH SOME SPECIAL BIONIC CIRCUITRY! ON THE PLUS SIDE, IT SHOULD AUGMENT YOUR ALREADY IMPRESSIVE MENTAL POWERS. AND ON THE MINUS...

...WELL, YOU FEEL THE RESULTS!

S-STOP! THE *PAIN*--!

YES, I THOUGHT IT BEST TO INSERT A LITTLE *FAILSAFE MECHANISM* BETWEEN YOUR FRONTAL LOBES...WITH A CONTROL BUILT INTO MY OWN BIONICS.

STOP... PLEASE!

OF COURSE! OH, DID I MENTION THE BACKUP SYSTEM? THERE'S ALSO A TINY VIAL IMPLANTED IN YOUR SKULL, CONTAINING A SUBSTANCE CALLED *PYROGRANULATE!* AMAZING STUFF... IT'S NORMALLY INERT--

-- BUT BECOMES HIGHLY *VOLATILE* IF ACTIVATED BY A CERTAIN SIGNAL... SAY, ONE TRANSMITTED BY MY HAND SHOULD I MEET A SUDDEN DEMISE! IN OTHER WORDS, IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME...

...*FOOOSH!* DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

VERY. YOU'VE PLANNED WELL, LUTHOR. I AM AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

THERE... I KNEW YOU'D COME AROUND.

DAYS LATER, IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE DAILY PLANET...

DAILY PLANET

CLARK? COME ON, CLARK, WAKE UP!

HMMMGH?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT!

OH... ALICE... HI. I MUST HAVE NODDED OFF. I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M SO TIRED LATELY!

BURNIN' THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS, KENT? OR ARE YOU LEADIN' A DOUBLE LIFE?

VERY FUNNY, LOU!

CLARK, THE CHIEF WANTS TO KNOW WHERE YOUR COLUMN IS!

MY COLUMN? OH, RIGHT, MY COLUMN... I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT!

HAVEN'T PUSHED A DEADLINE THIS CLOSE IN YEARS. WHAT WAS I WRITING ABOUT... *GANGBUSTER?* YEAH, SOMETHING ABOUT HIS RETURN... BUT *WHAT?*

COME ON, KENT, *THINK!* AND THINK--

-- FAST.

KRAKT

EH?

LORD A'MIGHTY, KENT... WHAT DID YOU *DO?*

I-I DON'T KNOW! THE KEYBOARD JUST SUDDENLY *SHATTERED!* I... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT!

DAILY PLANET

S

I DO! THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS... CLARK KENT IS *SUPERMAN!!*

LUTHOR? HOW--?

THAT'S *ABSURD!* THIS DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

THIS WILL! LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS!

FOOOSH

MY GOD! CAT... JIMMY... YOU'VE KILLED THEM... JUST TO GET AT ME!

YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE, LUTHOR! YOU'LL *PAY* FOR THIS... YOU'LL *ALL* PAY! FIRST, YOUR MEN...

...AND THEI *YOU!*

H-HE'S GONE *BERSERK!*

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, LUTHOR! YOU'VE KILLED FOR THE *LAST TIME!*

NO... NO, YOU WOULDN'T!

YOU WON'T HURT ANYONE... *EVER AGAIN!*

KROOM

HOLY SMOKES! MR. KENT... SUPERMAN... HE *KILLED* LEX LUTHOR!

THE BOSS AIN'T GONNA DIE ALONE!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT...

... YOU CAN BOTH *JOIN* HIM!

KO-T H-OOM!

HE F-FRIED THEM WITH HIS HEAT VISION!

SHH, DON'T LET HIM HEAR YOU!

OMIGOD. WHAT HAVE I DONE?

CLARK? COME ON, CLARK, WAKE UP!

...CAN'T BE HPNNG

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT!

UHN... A-ALICE? I'LL BE OKAY, I GUESS. WHAT A NIGHTMARE--*OW!*--AND WHAT A *HEADACHE!* I HAVEN'T FELT ANYTHING LIKE THIS...

...SINCE...

SINCE *WHAT*, CLARK?

SINCE YOU LAST FOUGHT *ME*? *HA-HA-HA-HA!*

BRAINIAC! I SHOULD HAVE *KNOWN!*

YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY DREAM, AREN'T YOU?

AREN'T YOU?!?

D-DAY!

OH, NO!

ALICE? BUT... BUT...

MY GOD, KENT! WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE?*

PERRY... I-I DON'T KNOW! ALICE...

YOU *KILLED* HER, KENT! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR *MIND?*

YOU *MUST* HAVE--

HR-R-RIP

--TO THINK YOU COULD HIDE BEHIND SUCH A FLIMSY DISGUISE!

YOU WON'T FOOL ME AGAIN, BRAINIAC! YOU WON'T MAKE ME HARM ANOTHER LIVING SOUL! YOU *HEAR* ME...

...L-LOIS?!

HE KILLED HER-- HE'S GONE HOMICIDAL!

GOD FORGIVE ME, I'VE KILLED *AGAIN!*

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING!

CLARK? COME ON, CLARK, WAKE UP!

...WHA HAV I DUN?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT!

CLARK, WHAT'S WRONG?

N-NOT FEELING WELL.

IT'S A DREAM... ANOTHER DREAM.

NO... IT FEELS REAL.

BUT SO DID THE OTHERS.

HOW DO I KNOW? HOW DO I TELL?

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

NO TIME TO LOSE... NO TIME EVEN TO CHANGE! JUST HAVE TO GET AWAY!

I'M NOT SAFE TO BE AROUND, IF SOMEONE'S TURNING MY OWN MIND AGAINST ME.

DAILY PLANET

BUT HOW DO I KNOW THAT'S WHAT IS HAPPENING? MAYBE... MAYBE I'M LOSING MY MIND!

NOOO!!

IN THIS PANIC AND CONFUSION, KENT EXHAUSTS THE AIR IN HIS MIGHTY LUNGS--

--BEFORE HE REALIZES THAT THE SURROUNDING ATMOSPHERE HAS THINNED TO NEAR-VACUUM.!

SENSES FADING, THE MAN OF STEEL DESPERATELY HURLS HIMSELF EARTHWARD.

UNCONSCIOUS, HIS OUTER CLOTHING BURNING AWAY FROM THE AWFUL HEAT OF RE-ENTRY, HE FALLS...

...OVER A HUNDRED MILES!

BRAINIAC...

...SUPERMAN?

IT'S NO USE. THIS *PSI-AMPLIFIER* LUTHOR SUPPLIED ME ALLOWED ME TO REACH OUT TO SUPERMAN, BUT I COULDN'T MAINTAIN THE CONTACT.

I HAD HIM IN MY POWER FOR TWO, PERHAPS THREE MINUTES... AND THEN, HE WAS *GONE.*

I MUST GET CLOSER FOR MY PLAN TO WORK.

P-P-POP

WELL, "*BRAINIAC*", HOW GOES THE WAR?

YOUR CIRCUITRY IS A QUALIFIED SUCCESS, LUTHOR.

IT HELPED ME ENSNARE SUPERMAN'S MIND IN A MAZE OF WHAT I WOULD GUESS WERE HIS *WORST NIGHTMARES*, BUT THEN I LOST HIM. PERHAPS HE SIMPLY FLEW OUT OF RANGE.

"*PERHAPS*"? YOU "*GUESS*"? YOU WERE INSIDE THE MAN'S MIND, AND YOU *DON'T KNOW*?!

I'VE *NEVER* HAD *FULL ACCESS* TO HIS MIND, LUTHOR.

MUCH OF SUPERMAN'S PSYCHE REMAINS *HIDDEN* TO ME-- AND I DON'T KNOW WHY. HOWEVER, FROM THE EMOTIONAL FEEDBACK I RECEIVED... I MUST HAVE PUT HIM THROUGH HELL!

BUT BY NOW HE MUST SUSPECT YOU--!

NEVER FEAR...

"... I'VE ALREADY PREPARED FOR THAT EVENTUALITY!"

I WANT TO SEE FINE, AND I WANT TO SEE HIM NOW!

I-I ASSURE YOU, SUPERMAN--

--WE'VE NOTHING MORE TO FEAR FROM MILTON FINE!

THE SURGERY WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS! HIS BIZARRE MENTAL POWERS HAVE VANISHED, AND HE'S RESPONDING VERY WELL TO THERAPY... HE NO LONGER CLAIMS TO BE CONTROLLED BY AN ALIEN MIND.

I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT FOR MYSELF, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

OF COURSE NOT...

"I SAY, UNCLE JOE," SAID FREDDIE, "COULD YOU LEND ME A THOUSAND QUID?" MR. KEEBLE UTTERED A YELP LIKE A PINCHED POMERANIAN...

SHALL I GO ON, MRS. PARKINSON?

FINE--!

SUPERMAN!

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU! I OWE YOU SO MUCH, SIR! WERE IT NOT FOR YOU, I MIGHT STILL BE ROAMING THE STREETS... OR DEAD!

THAT'S... ALL RIGHT. DON'T MENTION IT.

JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU, SUPERMAN...

...HE'S NOT BRAINIAC ANYMORE...

...BUT I AM!

KERUNK

AS I TOLD YOU AT OUR LAST TWO MEETINGS, MY TRUE NAME IS *VRIL DOX*... PERHAPS YOU'LL LISTEN NOW, EH?

BRAINIAC, YOU--!

SUPERMAN, SUCH *THOUGHTS!* I THOUGHT YOU WERE ABOVE PETTY VULGARITIES! WHY, IF THE PUBLIC COULD READ YOUR MIND--!

READ *THIS!*

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, SUPERMAN? *KILL ME*... THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?

WHAT AM I *DOING*? THIS... THIS IS NO DREAM, I'M *SURE* OF IT. BUT BRAINIAC WOULDN'T GOAD ME LIKE THIS... UNLESS...

...HE'S TRIED TO *SET ME UP* WITH THE WRONG MAN!

SORRY, BRAINIAC--

--BUT YOUR *REFLECTION* GAVE YOU AWAY!

I'M ON MY GUARD NOW...

...AND I WON'T BE FOOLED AGAIN!

KRESH

THERE'S ALWAYS *NEXT TIME*, SUPERMAN!

I COULDN'T GET AT HIM THROUGH THAT GLOWING *FORCE-FIELD*. WHERE'D HE COME UP WITH THAT TRICK?

I DO OWE YOU *THIS*, KRYPTONIAN. YOUR TURNING ME OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES LED TO MY OPERATION... AND THAT, TO MY REALIZING THE FULL POTENTIAL OF FINE'S POWERS!

IRONIC, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE AIDED IN YOUR OWN INEVITABLE *DEFEAT!*

I'D BE CAREFUL WHOSE DEFEAT I CALLED *INEVITABLE*, BRAINIAC! EVEN IF I CAN'T BREAK THROUGH YOUR SHIELD--

-- I'LL BET I CAN HANG ONTO IT!

CHUCK! OVER *THERE!*

WLEX

THIS IS LIKE WRESTLING TEFLON-COATED JELLO, BUT I'VE GOT BRAINIAC RATTLED... HE'S PULLING US EARTHWARD.

GROUND'S COMING UP AWFULLY FAST...

...I CAN TAKE THE IMPACT, BUT CAN *HE*?

BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES.

THOOM

THAT TIP ABOUT THE S-MAN BEING UP TO SOMETHING IN THE AREA WAS ON THE MONEY, ALL RIGHT! GET US IN CLOSER, WE'RE GOING--

WLEX

--LIVE FROM SIKELA PLAZA, WHERE SUPERMAN HAS APPARENTLY BEEN ATTACKED BY FUGITIVE MENTAL PATIENT MILTON FINE.

LIVE WLEX

WHAT DOES THAT FOOL THINK HE'S DOING?

I SEE NOW THAT IT WAS MY *DESTINY* TO GAIN CONTROL OF MILTON FINE'S BODY... TO BECOME *BRAINIAC!* NO HUMAN MIND HAS THE IMAGINATION, THE CREATIVITY TO USE SUCH POWER!

WHERE IS FINE? WHAT HAPPENED TO *HIM?*

ALAS, I FEAR THAT POOR MILTON'S PERSONA HAS GONE THE WAY OF HIS TUMOR...

...HE IS *GONE.* AS ARE *YOU!*

SHUUNG

UHNNGH! UNFORTUNATELY, THE POWER OF BRAINIAC IS NOT WITHOUT ITS *LIMITS.* DEFLECTING SUPERMAN'S CHARGE WAS... QUITE DRAINING.

HE'LL RETURN WITHIN SECONDS...

...I'VE JUST ENOUGH TIME FOR A *FINAL DIVERSION!*

BOOM BOOM BOOM

HE MIND-BLASTED THE GAS TANKS ON THOSE PARKED CARS! HE DOESN'T CARE WHO HE HURTS... HE'S AS RUTHLESS AS LEX LUTHOR!

HE MUST BE *STOPPED!*

BRAINIAC!!

IF YOU THINK YOU CAN HIDE FROM ME IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE--

--YOU'RE *WRONG!*

BIFF

WHA--?

BTOK

NO!

FWAP

OOF!

WHOOD

THAT *IDIOT!*

IT'S OVER, BRAINIAC!

NO... NO...

...I'VE ONE MOVE LEFT ME!

WHAT ARE YOU--?

YOU'LL NOT TAKE ME *ALIVE!*

FOOOSH

GOOD LORD!

HE...HE JUST *ERUPTED* INTO FLAME!

NEVER SEEN... ANYONE... BURN SO QUICKLY. IT'S AS IF HE'D BEEN SOAKED IN GASOLINE!

IT'S NO USE... I'VE LOST HIM.

NO! NO!!

HE DOESN'T DIE UNLESS I *SAY* HE DIES! *HOW--?*

HE TRIGGERED THE PYROGRANULATE IMPLANT PSYCHOKINETICALLY. I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT... THE DOCTORS SAID THAT FINE WAS A PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC, BUT THEY ASSURED ME HE WAS *NON-SUICIDAL*.

WHAT IF THEY WERE COMPLETELY WRONG? WHAT IF HE REALLY *WAS* VRIL DOX OF THE PLANET *COLU*?

THEN I'VE LOST THE CHANCE TO LEARN OF *ANOTHER WORLD!*

MR. LUTHOR, HERE ARE THOSE FIGURES YOU WANTED,'

NOT NOW.

SIR?

GET OUT!!

LATER...

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY *CERTAIN* THAT THIS IS THE BODY OF MILTON FINE?

CITY MORGUE

C-12

NO DOUBT AT ALL, SUPERMAN--

--DENTAL RECORDS DON'T LIE. I EVEN MANAGED TO GET A FEW PRINTS FROM THE LEFT HAND. THIS IS FINE ALL RIGHT.

WHO *ELSE* COULD HE BE?

HEY, YOU REALLY LOOK BEAT,' ARE YOU OKAY?

IT'S NOTHING THAT A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP WON'T CURE, DOCTOR. THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONCERN... AND YOUR HELP.

OF COURSE.

PLEASANT DREAMS.

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?!?

SOMETHING WRONG, MR. L?

WRONG?! PRIORITY PROJECTS PUT ON HOLD... EQUIPMENT ORDERS REROUTED... UNAUTHORIZED PROGRAMS CLUTTERING UP OUR COMPUTER MAINFRAME... AND YOU ASK IF SOMETHING'S WRONG?!?

I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MESS... AND I WANT TO KNOW BY THIS AFTERNOON, OR YOU CAN ALL CLEAN OUT YOUR DESKS!

I-I-IS HE KIDDING?

LEX LUTHOR *NEVER* KIDS!

BUT THE NEW PROGRAMS CAME DOWN FROM *HIS* OFFICE!

I'M SURROUNDED BY INCOMPETENTS!

LEX LUTHOR PRIVATE

PROBLEMS, LEX?

WHA--? *YOU!*

I *MUST* COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR OFFICE, LEX. THE FURNISHINGS ARE THE FINEST I'VE SEEN ON THIS PLANET. AND THE VIEW... *MAGNIF-ICENT!*

BY THE WAY, THERE'S NO NEED TO FIRE YOUR STAFF... I *"AUTHORIZED"* THOSE LITTLE IMPROVEMENTS IN YOUR BUSINESS.

OH, *DO* COME IN! I'M SORRY THAT I'VE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH OF LATE, BUT I DECIDED ON A BIT OF *ELECTIVE SURGERY*...

...TO HAVE YOUR FAILSAFES REMOVED. I FOUND THEM... *INHIBITING!*

"SEE WHAT I MEAN?"

NO! NOT MY HAND! NOT MY *GOOD HAND!*

RELAX, LEX... IT'S ONLY AN ILLUSION.

YOU... HOW--? THE WHOLE CITY SAW YOU DIE... ON TELEVISION!

JUST A DIFFERENT KIND OF ILLUSION, LEX... PRODUCED BY SWITCHING PLACES WITH A DERELICT OUTFITTED TO RESEMBLE YOURS TRULY. MY STAND-IN WAS SO RUM-SOAKED, IT WAS SIMPLE TO SET HIM AFIRE!

HE HAD THIS PLANNED ALL ALONG. I SERIOUSLY UNDERESTIMATED HIM, AND NOW--!

IT APPEARS THE UPPER HAND IS YOURS, BRAINIAC. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I SUSPECT THAT WE BOTH WANT MUCH THE SAME THINGS, LEX. WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A SEAT? WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS... *PARTNER!*

end

NEXT ISSUE: *MEET* BARON SUNDAY

...HE JUST MAY BE THE DEATH OF SUPERMAN!

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

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LISTEN TO ME, PLEASE

I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE IN SOME PAIN RIGHT NOW...

STAY BACK, SUPERMAN! STAY BACK OR I'LL--

--JUMP? I'LL JUST CATCH YOU AND TURN YOU OVER TO INSPECTOR HENDERSON HERE!

I'D RATHER IT DIDN'T COME TO THAT, THOUGH.

LET ME HELP YOU, MR.--

WHY DO YOU CARE WHO I AM?

AREN'T I JUST ANOTHER "GOOD DEED" TO YOU? ONE OF THE MANY LITTLE PEOPLE YOU HELP EVERY DAY?

THE DC

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MY CARING ISN'T DIMINISHED BY THE *NUMBER* OF PEOPLE I HELP EACH DAY, FRIEND.

SAVING LIVES IS IMPORTANT TO ME, AND I'M NOT SURE YOU REALLY WANT TO *END* YOURS.

YOU WANT *SOMEONE* TO TALK YOU OUT OF THIS, OR ELSE YOU'D HAVE ALREADY KILLED YOURSELF IN A MORE *PRIVATE* SETTING.

STOP! STOP IT! YOU DON'T *KNOW* ME...

YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME...

...AH. YOU'D CHANGE YOUR TUNE IF YOU DID!

TRY ME.

LOOKIT YOU, SO *SMUG*, SO *PERFECT*! YOU PROBABLY THINK THAT YOU TRICKED ME INTO SPILLING MY GUTS, DON'T YOU?

IT WASN'T YOU--I WOULD HAVE TOLD THAT COP INSIDE, *EVENTUALLY*, BUT THIS IS BETTER.

SUPERMAN, MY *SHRINK*! HA.

MY NAME'S WILLY. WILLY HARGREAVES, AND I'M A *HIT MAN*. GOOD AT IT, TOO. KILLING.

NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE, 'TIL *RECENTLY*, WHEN I BROKE ONE OF MY OWN RULES...

I USED THE *VICTIM'S* OWN GUN TO DO HIM IN...

SHOULDN'T HAVE BACKFIRED ON ME, UNLESS IT WAS *DEFECTIVE*. SPRAYED ME WITH *WHO KNOWS WHAT*! *LEXCORP* BUILT THE WEAPON!

GUESS IN A WAY, YOU'D SAY LEX LUTHOR SENTENCED ME TO DIE, PUTTING ME UP *HERE* ON THIS LEDGE.

YOU KILLED MAX CARTER?*

*IT HAPPENED LAST ISSUE.

WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL HIM?

HEY! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT *ME*! THE DOC SAID I WAS DYING! SOME KIND OF RADIATION POISONING FROM THE GU--

HUH?

JIM! NO!

THAT WAS REALLY CLUMSY. PIG!

EVEN HALF DEAD, NO POLICEMAN'S GOING TO GET THE DROP ON ME!

TAKE IT EASY, HARGREAVES

NOW THAT THAT'S OVER, LET'S GET BACK TO ME. STILL WANT TO SAVE MY SOUL, KNOWING WHO, AND WHAT I AM?

I'M DYING A SLOW, PAINFUL DEATH. I DON'T WANT TO SUFFER LIKE THAT!

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU, SUPERMAN? THIS GUY IS A CONTRACT KILLER!

WILLY. WE'RE NOT HERE TO PASS JUDGMENT ON YOU FOR PAST DEEDS...

...BUT INSPECTOR HENDERSON'S MY FRIEND, AND I'LL NOT LET YOU HARM HIM!

LET HIM GO OR DON'T MAKE ME COME AND GET HIM!

...AND THAT'S THE SCENE HERE ON FORTY SECOND STREET, CAROL. BACK TO YOU.

VOWS

RELEASE HIM, AND I PROMISE TO GET YOU SOME HELP WITH YOUR AILMENT--MAYBE IT CAN BE CURED

STAR LABS HAS...

STUFF A SOCK IN IT, FLYBOY. QUIT PREACHING.

FROM WHERE I STAND, I'M HOLDING ALL THE CARDS. I BELIEVE YOU REALLY WON'T TOUCH ME.

YOU'VE HAD DOZENS OF OPPORTUNITIES TO DO SO, SUPER-SPEED, HEAT VISION, WHATEVER, BUT YOU DIDN'T!

YOU CAN'T HELP ME NOW, ANY MORE THAN YOU COULD'VE HELPED ME AS A KID, WHEN MY PA BEAT ME FOR BRINGING HIM HIS BEER TOO SLOW!

NOBODY WAS THERE FOR ME.

AFTER I PUSHED HIM DOWN THE STAIRS, THE COPS PUT ME IN A JUVENILE REHABILITATION FACILITY. KID'S PRISON. THEY BEAT ME THERE TOO.

YOU'RE JUST SOME GUY WHO CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS, BEND STEEL IN HIS BARE HANDS. YOU'RE INVULNERABLE, WHAT COULD YOU KNOW ABOUT SUFFERING?

THESE BURNS ARE ON THE SURFACE, BUT I'VE GOT PAIN DEEP INSIDE, TOO!

NORMAL THINGS CAN'T HURT YOU. YOU'RE NOT EVEN HUMAN!

WORDS CAN HURT...

YOU'VE CONFESSED TO THE MURDER OF MAX CARTER, AMONG OTHER THINGS. THOSE ARE CRIMES THE COURTS DECIDE PUNISHMENT FOR...

I'M NOT YOUR JUDGE, JURY OR EXECUTIONER.

SET HENDERSON FREE, AND I'LL LEAVE THE SCENE.

WHAT? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?!

NO, JIM. I'M JUST NOT GOING TO LET HIM MAKE ME DO SOMETHING I DON'T WANT TO DO!

LET HIM GO, AND GIVE UP THE GUN.

SUPERMAN, NO! I CAN...

PLEASE DO AS I SAY.

IT'S A DEAL!

WHAT THE HECK IS SUPERMAN TRYING TO PROVE?

HERE. NOW LEAVE!

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I TRUST HIM, CARL!

SKRUNK!

I STILL ADVISE AGAINST JUMPING!

BACK TO SQUARE ONE WITH YOU, EH, PAL.

ONE THING IF YOU DO JUMP...

"...TRY NOT TO LAND ON ANYONE."

I DON'T BELEVE IT! SUPERMAN'S FLYING OFF.

WHAT A WIMP! IF I HAD HIS POWER, I WOULD HAVE DID MORE THAN--

"DONE" NOT "DID" MORE.

AMANDA, YOU AND VE BEEN WATCHIN' SUPERMAN AND CLARK KENT FOR SOME TIME NOW, AND YOU STILL HAVENT TOLD ME WHY?!

I ASSURE YOU, IT'S NOT FOR ANY ILLESAL PURPOSES, MATT. AND YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS MS. McCOY.

IF IT HAS TO DO WITH LUTHOR.

I DONT WISH TO DISCUSS MY PAST ASSOCIATON WITH LEX LUTHOR!

HE WAS WRONG TO FIRE ME!

WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW IS STRICTLY FOR ME!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO RILE YOU AMA-- MS. McCOY. JUST [illegible]R NG IF KENT MEANT SOMETHING SPECIAL TO YOU.

I'M GOING TO TAKE THAT BREAK, NOW WITH SUPES GONE.

MATT, I'M SORRY...

"I DON'T CARE IF HE DOES JUMP, NOTHING CAN BE TRACED BACK TO ME OR TO INTERGANG!"

"THE BEST PART OF THIS WHOLE THING IS THAT BLOATED WHALE IS LOOKING REAL BAD THROUGH ALL OF THIS!"

OF COURSE I'M TALKING ABOUT LEX LUTHOR! WHO ELSE?

THE BEAUTY OF IT WAS THAT ALL IT TOOK TO SET IT IN MOTION WAS A DISGRUNTLED FORMER EMPLOYEE-- MAX CARTER.

NOW ALL ROADS ARE LEADING DIRECTLY TO LEXCORP!

MR EDGE, SORRY TO BOTHER YOU...

MISS CONWAY!! I TOLD YOU I WAS NOT TO BE DISTURBED!

DID YOU THINK I WAS JOKING ABOUT THAT? NEXT TIME... THERE WON'T BE A NEXT TIME!

IT'S JUST-- I KNOW HOW ANXIOUS YOU'VE BEEN ABOUT CATHERINE GRANT'S CONTRACT...

A MESSENGER SHOWED UP WITH SIGNED CONTRACTS FROM HER LAWYERS. SHE'S READY TO START TOMORROW.

LEAVE.

SORRY FOR THE INTERRUPTION.

ANYWAYS, LEX WAS TOP DOG IN METROPOLIS UNTIL SUPERMAN ARRIVED...

SINCE THEN, MOST OF HIS ENERGIES ARE BEING EXPENDED ON THE KRYPTONIAN, FORGETTING HIS NATURAL ENEMIES-- US!

"I'D GIVE MY RIGHT HAND TO SEE HIM SWEATING RIGHT NOW!

I'VE BEEN BLINDED BY MY HATRED OF THAT "GOODY-TWO-SHOES", SUPERMAN.

I'VE LEFT MYSELF OPEN TO ATTACK FROM ELSEWHERE!

THROUGH ALL OF MY EFFORTS, I'VE BEEN NO MORE THAN A THORN IN HIS SIDE.' I'VE DONE HIM NO REAL HARM.' HE STILL LIVES' HE STILL LAUGHS.'

THE KRYPTONITE RING I WORE TO KEEP HIM AT BAY COST ME MY HAND. IT HAS COST HIM NOTHING!

I'VE GOTTEN FAT AND CARELESS.'

MY ENEMIES ARE CIRCLING IN FOR THE KILL, LIKE JACKALS, THINKING I'M EASY PREY.

SUPERMAN, THAT CIRCUS FOOL BRAINIAC, AND NOW EVEN MORGAN EDGE!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN TWO--! BLAST!'

I CAN'T TRUST ANYTHING OR ANYONE, ESPECIALLY NOW WITH BRAINIAC ENTWINED IN MY AFFAIRS!

LEX, LEX, LEX, WHO PUT ALL THIS PARANOIA IN YOUR HEAD?

HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

WHY, LEX, DEAR CHAP, I'M ALWAYS IN YOUR THOUGHTS...

HAHAHA

NOW I CAN'T EVEN TRUST MY OWN MIND.

YES? WHO IS IT?

LOIS? IT'S ME, JOSE. CAN I COME UP?

JOSE?! UM, SURE! COME ON.

YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR WHEELCHA--!

AREN'T YOU GOING TO INVITE ME IN?

BUT-- BUT... OH! SURE. BUT...

YOU'D BETTER GET THESE FLOWERS INTO SOME WATER

I THINK I NEED SOME WATER, TOO. THINGS ARE MOVING A BIT TOO FAST RIGHT NOW.

OKAY. I'M SURPRISED, YOU'RE WALKING. NO WIRES.

ENOUGH SUSPENSE. START TALKING.

THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE RIGHT NOW IS PRICELESS, MS. REPORTER!

BUT HERE'S THE SCOOP ANYWAY-- DR. HAPPERSEN AT ADVANCE RESEARCH LAB TOLD ME I WAS A GOOD CANDIDATE FOR THEIR MICROCHIP SURGICAL IMPLANT.

THE WAY HE EXPLAINED IT, IT'S BASICALLY A MINI VERSION OF THAT NERVE STIMULATOR HARNESS I WORE WHEN YOU SAW ME WALKING BEFORE.

I HAD THE SURGERY LAST WEEK AT METROPOLIS MEMORIAL, AND WAS RELEASED AS AN OUT-PATIENT TWO DAYS AGO.

I'M STILL REQUIRED TO WORK WITH A.R.L. IN THE LAB, UNTIL THE COMPUTER SEQUENCER IS FULLY ADJUSTED TO MY RYTHYMS

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED MY WALK RESEMBLES THAT OF THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!

SORRY TO RAMBLE ON LIKE THAT. BUT I AM STILL PRETTY EXCITED BY ALL OF THIS!

YOU LET THESE PEOPLE IMPLANT A MINIATURE COMPUTER INTO YOUR BODY, JUST LIKE THAT?! WHY DIDN'T YOU TALK TO SOMEBODY FIRST?

YOU COULD'VE COME TO ME! HOW CAN YOU BE SO TRUSTING, JOSE?

YOU STILL DON'T TRUST THEM, DO YOU? CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING FOR ME?

I CAN WALK AGAIN!

JOSE, AFTER THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, AT ARL, I DID SOME CHECKING...

THEY ARE A WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF LEXCORP!

GO IS HALF OF THE FREE WORLD!

WE BOTH KNOW THAT LUTHOR WAS BEHIND COMBATTOR, THAT SUPER-VILLAIN WHO CRIPPLED YOU!

THEN IT KIND OF BALANCES OUT, DOESN'T IT?

HE TOOK MY LEGS FROM ME, AND NOW HE'S GIVEN THEM BACK!

JOSE... LUTHOR'S "GIFTS" ALWAYS HAVE STRINGS ATTACHED!

LOOK, I CAME HERE TO CELEBRATE, NOT ARGUE! HAVE YOU EATEN YET?

RINNNG

LET IT RING!

PERRY! I WAS JUST READY TO GO TO DINNER. WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS JUMPER?

WHAT'S THAT? HE ADMITTED TO MAX CARTER'S MURDER?

OKAY I'M ON MY WAY.

SORRY JOSE, I'VE GOT TO COVER A STORY DOWNTOWN.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TAG ALONG.

IT'S ALWAYS GOING TO BE LIKE THIS, ISN'T IT?

YOU RUNNING AFTER A STORY, AT THE DROP OF A HAT?

"COME ON, JOSE, WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO SPEND TOGETHER..."

"AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT LIKE THE WORLD IS GOING TO END TOMORROW!"

"WITH ALL THE PROBLEMS FACING THIS PLANET, LOIS, HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE?"

"IT'S BETTER TO LIVE EACH DAY AS IF IT WERE YOUR LAST!"

< AN ADVANCE SCOUT SHIP SHALL BE DISPATCHED IMMEDIATELY, SIR. >

"I'M BORED STIFF. THE COP ISN'T GETTING THROUGH TO THE JUMPER. TIME TO MAKE MY MOVE!"

C'MON, HARGREAVES, YOU'VE BEEN OUT THERE FOR THREE HOURS NOW!

MY WIFE'LL KILL ME IF I'M NOT HOME FOR SUPPER!

BOO!

AHHHH! I'M FALLING!

I THOUGHT THAT WAS YOUR GENERAL IDEA, CREEP!

DON'T WORRY, I WON'T MAKE IT THAT EASY!

AH- WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO TO ME? I CAME UP HERE TO END MY LIFE! I'M A TORTURED MAN—A TERMINAL PATIENT! LEAVE ME ALONE-

QUIT YOUR WHINING! I'VE GOT NO SYMPATHY FOR YOU. YOU'RE A HIT MAN! EVERY JOB YOU'VE DONE HAS BROUGHT YOU CLOSER TO THIS LEDGE!

YOU MADE CHOICES! NOW TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEM!

YOU ACCEPTED THE HIT ON MAX CARTER, AND IN THE PROCESS OF EXTERMINATING HIM, TOOK A DOSE OF DEATH YOURSELF!

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE" IS WHAT THAT'S CALLED!

SO, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO JUMP...

"...THEN LET'S DO IT!

"OH, NO!

HE...

...JUMPED?

I DON'T...

...BELIEVE IT!

ISN'T THIS FUN?!

I HOPE YOU'RE GETTING ALL THIS, GUS!

IN ALL ITS PANORAMIC SPLENDOR, LOIS!

THAT GANGBUSTER IS A REAL DAREDEVIL, ALL RIGHT!

BACK TO THE LEDGE!

YOU'RE NOT DISAPPOINTED, ARE YOU?

I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE THE LIFE OR DEATH DECISION FOR YOU!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE TWO OF YOU!

BOTH OF YOU COME IN RIGHT NOW.

I WANT TO GO IN!

PLEASE TAKE ME IN NOW.

PLEASE?

NOT SO FAST, I'M NOT THROUGH, YET.

I WANT TO LEAVE YOU WITH THIS THOUGHT...

I HOPE AFTER ALL THIS, YOU DO DECIDE TO JUMP.

JUST DO IT FOR THE RIGHT REASONS.

DO IT FOR ALL OF YOUR VICTIMS, ALL OF THE LIVES YOU'VE DESTROYED IN THIS PATHETIC EXISTENCE OF YOURS!

BUT DO NOT JUMP BECAUSE YOU THINK FATE DEALT YOU A LOUSY HAND!

HURRY, GET ME DOWN.

PLEASE, BEFORE HE COMES BACK.

CALM DOWN AND GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

EASY DOES IT.

KEEP THAT DAMN LUNATIC AWAY FROM ME! I'VE GOT RIGHTS!

LOOKS LIKE GANGBUSTER'S METHODS WORKED, INSPECTOR.

THAT THEY DID, CARL. AWFUL RECKLESS, THOUGH.

HATE TO SEE THIS TYPE OF VIGILANTE BEHAVIOR TAKE HOLD IN METROPOLIS!

THIS ISN'T GOTHAM CITY!

YEAH, BUT HE SUCCEEDED WHERE SUPERMAN FAILED!

"I DON'T LIKE HEARING THAT TYPE OF TALK FROM A POLICEMAN, CARL."

WHAT HAPPENED? DID I MISS MUCH?

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? THAT WAS AN AWFULLY LONG BREAK, MATT!

THAT'S NOT WHAT I PAY YOU FOR!

I'M REALLY SORRY, UH, MS. MCCOY IT WON'T HAPPEN NO MORE.

ANY MORE. LOOK, I'M SORRY I SNAPPED AT YOU.

IT'S JUST THAT WE'VE BEEN LOGGING A LOT OF LONG HOURS WATCHING SUPERMAN AND CLARK KENT, AND I WONDER IF...

NO... I AM RIGHT... AND I JUST NEED TO PROVE THAT TO MYSELF.

HEY I THINK I SEE HIM DOWN THERE IN THE CROWD

"WHO?"

JOHN'S

CLARK! CLARK KENT! HAVE YOU GONE DEAF?

JOHN'S

LIH, LOIS? OH, PARDON ME— EXCUSE ME...

CLARK! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR GLASSES?

LOIS? WHAT?

ONE WAY

OH! THEY GOT KNOCKED OFF IN ALL THE COMMOTION, SO I PUT THEM IN MY POCKET.

BETTER?

HMMM

HEY! YOU'RE JOSE DELGADO RIGHT?

CLARK KENT, NICE TO MEET YOU.

LOIS HAS TOLD ME A LOT ABOUT YOU...UM...

WELL... HMMM...

SAY, CHECK IT OUT. DOES IT LOOK LIKE RAIN TO YOU?

I CAN SEE YOU TWO HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT, AND I'VE GOT A STORY TO WRITE, SO...

BYE, CLARK. JOSE, MEET ME BACK AT THE PLANET AROUND NINE-ISH FOR DINNER, OKAY?

SURE, SURE THING, LOIS.

SOUNDS LIKE SHE LIKES ME... UMM?

SORRY. I FEEL KIND OF WEIRD...

I KNOW YOU AND LOIS...

WE WERE FRIENDS...

SHE STILL CARES FOR YOU, CLARK.

THE WAY I SAW IT, LOIS WAS ALWAYS MORE INTERESTED IN SUPERMAN.

SHE NEVER FORGAVE EITHER OF US FOR--WELL, IT'S NOT IMPORTANT NOW...

I WISH HER NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS WITH WHOEVER-

UH, THANKS.

SO, WHAT'S NEW? LOIS TELLS ME YOU'RE WORKING ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT..

INTERGANG? THAT'S ONE I'VE NEVER HEARD OF.

ELECTRON

THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE I'VE INTERVIEWED HAS TOLD ME AS WELL!

SAY... LAST I HEARD, YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE PARALYZED.

MIRACLE OF MODERN MEDICINE

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO ASK NEXT--NO, I'M NOT GANGBUSTER, AND NO, I DON'T KNOW WHO IS!

I WASN'T GOING TO ASK

LOIS REALLY SHOULDN'T BE TELLING ANYONE... GUESS YOU'RE NOT JUST ANYONE TO HER ANYWAY...

I'M WORKING ON A FEATURE CONCERNING AN INTERNATIONAL CRIME CARTEL KNOWN AS INTERGANG...

SMALLVILLE:

IF YOU DON'T ASK, HONEY, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

WHAT-- IS--A DOG--?

MAYBE IT'S TIME TO TAKE HER OUTSIDE, MARTHA. THE PETERSON'S HAVE A DOG!

NONSENSE, LANA SHE'S NOT READY FOR THE WORLD YET POOR THING.

SHE'S STILL NOT FULLY RECOVERED FROM THE TRAUMA SHE SUFFERED WHILE ON THAT OTHER WORLD CLARK TOLD US ABOUT.

TREE--?

T

Tree

WE'VE GOT TO LOOK AFTER HER, AS WE WOULD A CHILD. SHE NEEDS LOVE...

SPEAKING OF CLARK, HAVE YOU HEARD FROM HIM?

I CALLED HIM A WEEK AGO, BUT HE WAS ON HIS WAY OUT SOMEWHERE...

I'M AFRAID TO THINK ABOUT WHAT MIGHT BE BOTHERING CLARK SO MUCH, THAT HE CAN'T TALK TO US ABOUT--

AW! WHAT IN SAM HILL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT DOC FRYE SAID ABOUT EXERTING YOURSELF!

LEAVE IT! CLARK'LL BE HAPPY TO DO THAT NEXT TIME HE VISITS!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MA. CAN'T GET THIS DURNED CHAINSAW RUNNING ANYHOW.

RRRRRR--SPUTT

SURE COULD USE A COLD GLASS OF LEMONADE

SAY, WHERE'S YOUR "PUPIL"?

METROPOLIS

OH, NO... WHERE [redacted] SHE HAVE GOTTEN TO?

KRSHUN

WHAT WAS THAT?

THE FRONT DOOR!

UH--

--OH.

TREE!

MA-TRIX-WILL-HELP-YOU-AGAIN

AWW, MARTHA, SHE'S GOT YOUR SMILE!

"SMILE OR NO SMILE, PA... IT'S GOING TO TAKE A WHOLE LOT OF WORK TO MOLD HER INTO A PERSON AS PERFECT AS OUR CLARK."

...NEXT UP ON A.M. METROPOLIS, CATHERINE GRANT FILLS IN FOR BLAIR STEVENS, WITH OUR LIFESTYLES SEGMENT...

AM METROPOLIS

GOOD MORNING, METROPOLIS... CAT GRANT HERE WITH A PIECE CALLED WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S NOT...

...THE FORMERLY MOLTEN MAN OF STEEL, IS SUDDENLY COLD, COLD, COLD!

WHAT'S HOT WHAT'S NOT

...THIS WEEK, TONGUES HAVE BEEN WAGGING 'ROUND TOWN. WHY?

...THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF THE HERO CALLED BANGBUSTER, THAT'S ALL... AND HE'S BEEN DISPENSING HIS OWN BRAND OF JUSTICE TO METROPOLIS'S CRIMINALS.

...NOBODY, I MEAN NOBODY GIVES THIS GUY A RAW DEAL...

...ON HOLLYWOOD TONIGHT AT SIX!--

CLICK

WHAT'S GOING ON WITH ME? HAVE I LOST MY EDGE? OR ARE THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY REALLY SO FICKLE?

HAVE I REALLY BEEN SCREWING UP THAT BADLY?

I THINK THE POPULACE'S PERCEPTIONS OF WHAT A SUPERHERO IS, HAS CHANGED SINCE I ARRIVED HERE.

I CAN'T... WON'T BE THE TYPE OF HERO THE BATMAN IS OR GANGBUSTER FOR THAT MATTER.

IT'S AGAINST EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR TO ME--NOTIONS ABOUT TRUTH, JUSTICE!

THERE HAS BEEN LESS STREET CRIME LATELY!

THANKS TO GANGBUSTER?

NO MATTER. IT'S STILL WRONG!

WE SHOULD TEACH BY EXAMPLE...

...NOT RULE BY FEAR!

WHAT'S THAT?

BACK ENTRANCE TO THIS JEWELRY STORE HAS BEEN BROKEN INTO!

ALARM SYSTEM'S BEEN BYPASSED.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY BEAT ME TO THE PUNCH!

WHAT'S THE STORY HERE, BOYS?

WAIT. LET ME GUESS-- GANGBUSTER? RIGHT?

IT WAS HORRIBLE, SUPERMAN! WE'RE JUST THIEVES! WE DON'T HURT PEOPLE!

HE WAS LIKE AN ANIMAL!

POW!

I'VE GOT A DEPOSIT FOR YOU, OFFICER!

SUPERMAN! YER UP EARLY!

...OR DON'T YOU SLEEP?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? OF COURSE I SLEEP.. WE'RE NOT SO DIFFERENT, YOU AND I!

NO, I MEAN... I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY THAT. IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE SUPERMAN!

TOUCHY! MUST NOT HAVE HAD HIS COFFEE, YET.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE SNAPPED LIKE THAT.

I AM DIFFERENT. TO SOME I'LL ALWAYS BE A STRANGE VISITOR FROM ANOTHER PLANET...

"I'M STILL AN ALIEN TO THEM."

DNA PROJE
MOTOR POOL SECTION

"ALERT DUBBILEX! WE'RE TRACKING A THANAGARIAN SHIP ENTERING EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE."

YES? HAVE THEY FINALLY MADE A MOVE?

DUBBILEX! I LOST THEM! THEY WERE THERE, AND THEN NOTHING!

IT WAS AN ADVANCE SCOUT SHIP. MUST HAVE USED A CLOAKING DEVICE!

THEIR FLEET IS IMMOBILE, BUT AN INVASION IS IMMINENT!

WE CAN STAND BACK AND WAIT NO LONGER! NOTIFY AGENT HARPER AND THE OTHERS

THE SAFETY OF THE ENTIRE PLANET IS IN JEOPARDY!

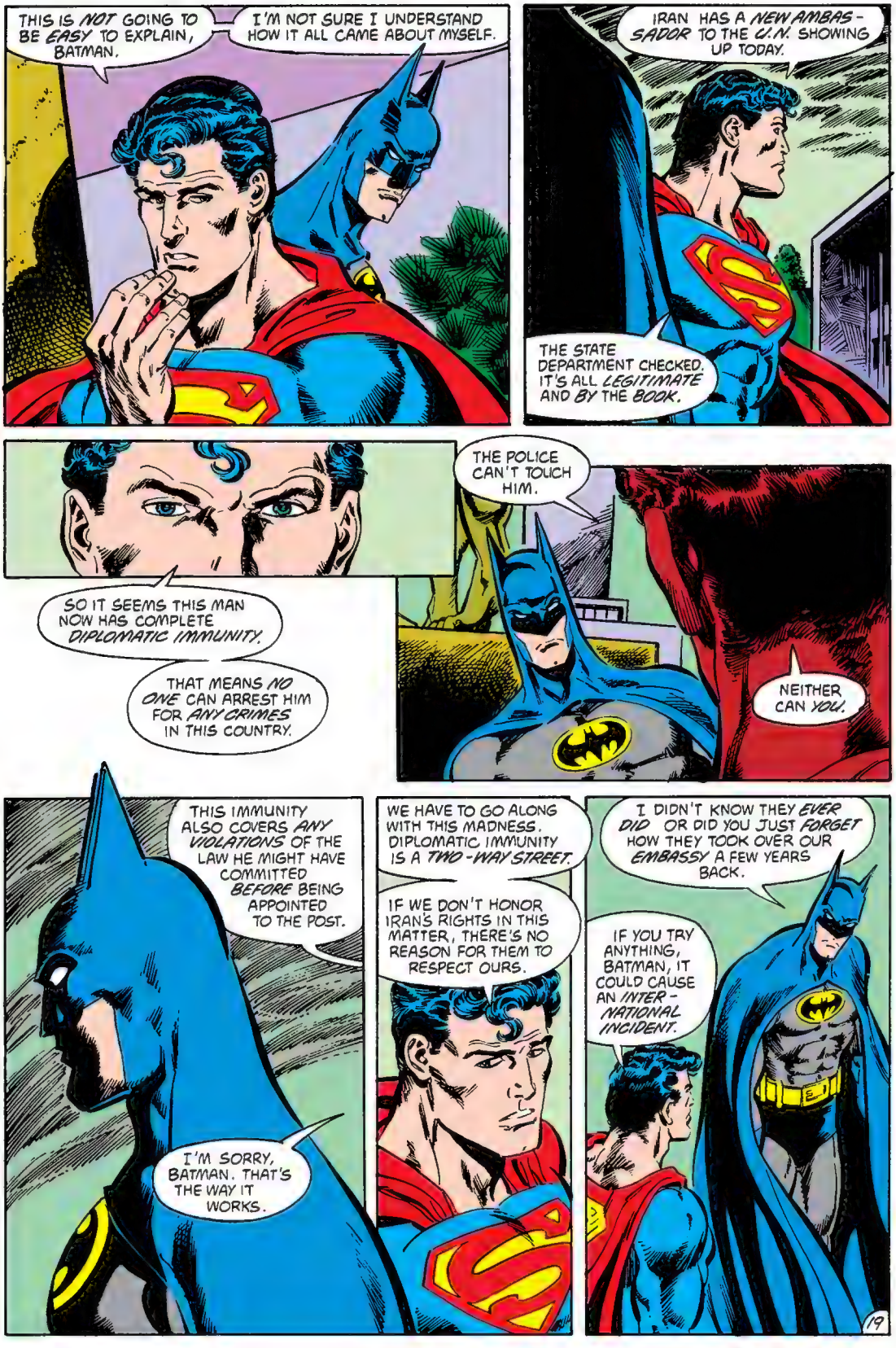
Next Month: THE DC INVASION BEGINS!

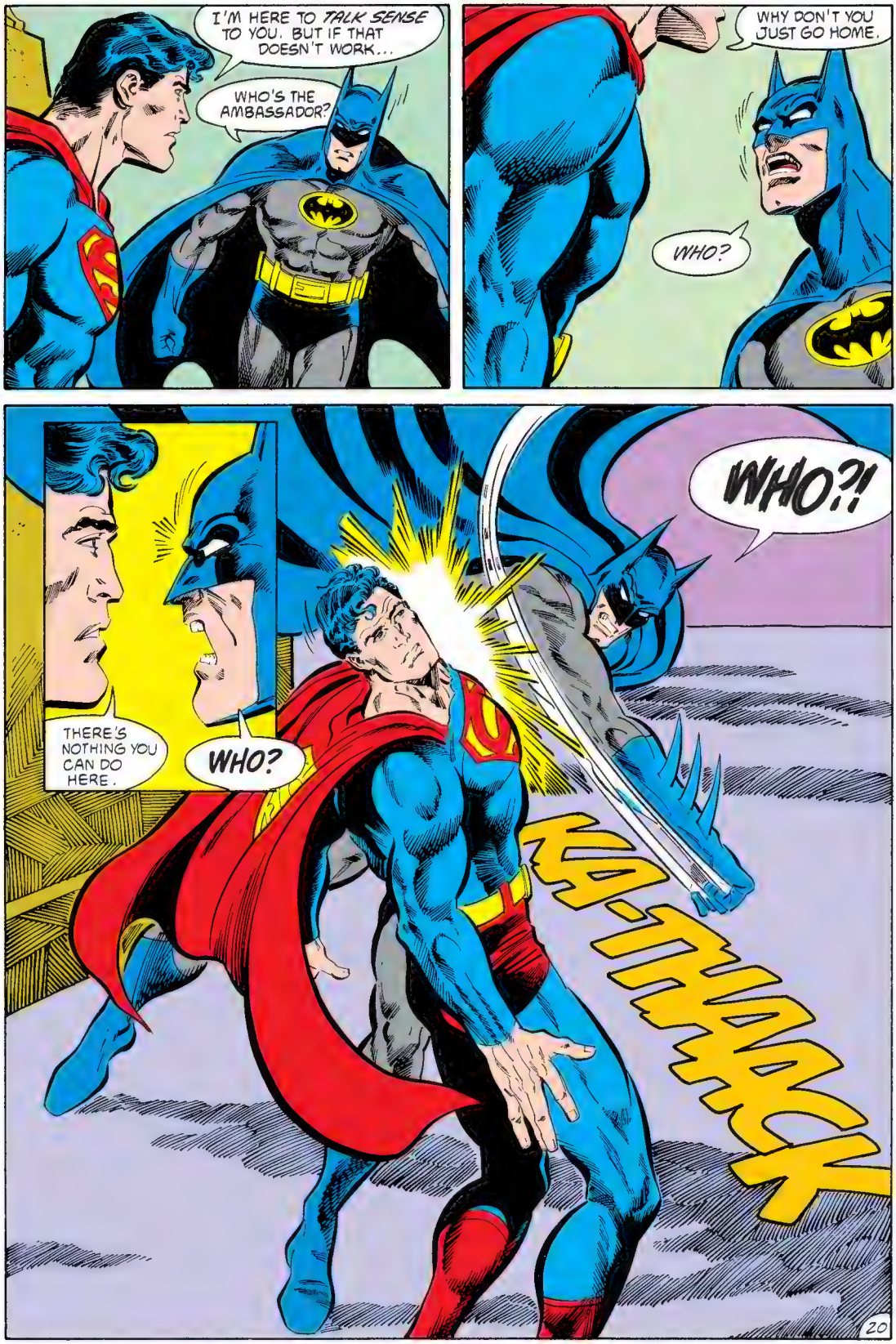
NEXT ISSUE: THE GUARDIAN! THE NEWSBOY LEGION!

BUT JOHN ROGER STERN AND KERRY GAMMILL FIRST IN SUPERMAN ★ 26 FOR "IT'S JUST A SHOT AWAY..."

THE UNITED NATIONS PLAZA.
THIS HAS GOT TO BE IT!
THE JOKER WANTED ME TO KNOW HE WAS COMING TO THE U.N.
BUT WHY?
WHAT IS HE PLANNING?
I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO TELL ME WHAT THAT MADMAN'S UP TO.
THEN, JOKER, IT'LL BE JUST YOU AND ME.
I'VE EXCUSED THE EVIL YOU'VE DONE IN THE PAST BECAUSE OF YOUR INSANITY.
I'LL NOT MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN.
BATMAN!

SUPERMAN?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
THE STATE DEPARTMENT ASKED ME TO STOP BY.
WHY?
BECAUSE THEY GUESSED YOU'D BE HERE.
HOW DID THEY KNOW THAT?
THE IRANIAN GOVERNMENT INFORMED THEM THAT YOU MIGHT SHOW UP TO CAUSE TROUBLE.
SUPERMAN, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?


THIS IS NOT GOING TO BE EASY TO EXPLAIN, BATMAN.
I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT MYSELF.
IRAN HAS A NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE U.N. SHOWING UP TODAY.
THE STATE DEPARTMENT CHECKED. IT'S ALL LEGITIMATE AND BY THE BOOK.
SO IT SEEMS THIS MAN NOW HAS COMPLETE DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY.
THAT MEANS NO ONE CAN ARREST HIM FOR ANY CRIMES IN THIS COUNTRY.
THE POLICE CAN'T TOUCH HIM.
NEITHER CAN YOU.
THIS IMMUNITY ALSO COVERS ANY VIOLATIONS OF THE LAW HE MIGHT HAVE COMMITTED BEFORE BEING APPOINTED TO THE POST.
I'M SORRY, BATMAN. THAT'S THE WAY IT WORKS.
WE HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH THIS MADNESS. DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY IS A TWO-WAY STREET.
IF WE DON'T HONOR IRAN'S RIGHTS IN THIS MATTER, THERE'S NO REASON FOR THEM TO RESPECT OURS.
I DIDN'T KNOW THEY EVER DID OR DID YOU JUST FORGET HOW THEY TOOK OVER OUR EMBASSY A FEW YEARS BACK.
IF YOU TRY ANYTHING, BATMAN, IT COULD CAUSE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.

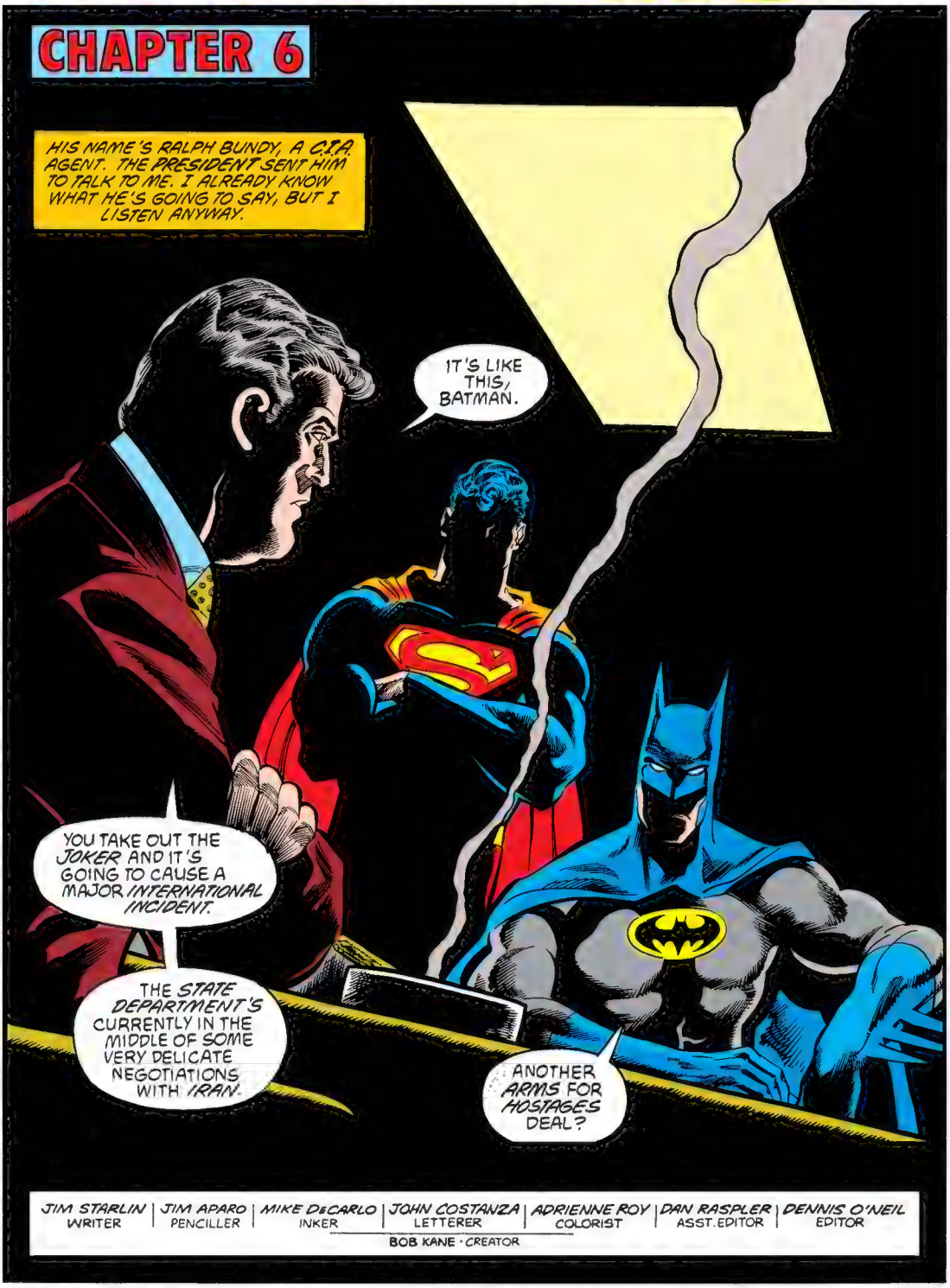

I'M HERE TO TALK SENSE TO YOU. BUT IF THAT DOESN'T WORK...
WHO'S THE AMBASSADOR?
WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO HOME.
WHO?
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO HERE.
WHO?
WHO?!
KA-THACK
20

FEEL BETTER NOW?
THINK I BROKE A COUPLE OF KNUCKLES...
NO, BUT THEY'RE BADLY BRUISED.
YOU'RE LUCKY I ROLLED WITH THAT PUNCH. YOU COULD HAVE CRIPPLED YOURSELF.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY DID THAT, BATMAN. WHAT'S EATING YOU?
WHEN DOES THIS NEW AMBASSADOR ARRIVE?
THAT'S HIM PULLING UP TO THE CURB NOW.
BATMAN, DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID!
NO!
NO!
NO!
21

NOW ISN'T THIS TOUCHING!
MY OLD PALS, SUPERHAM AND BATPEST, HAVE COME TO CONGRATULATE ME!
IT'S TRUE, GUYS. I'M THE NEW IRANIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE U.N.!
EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT.

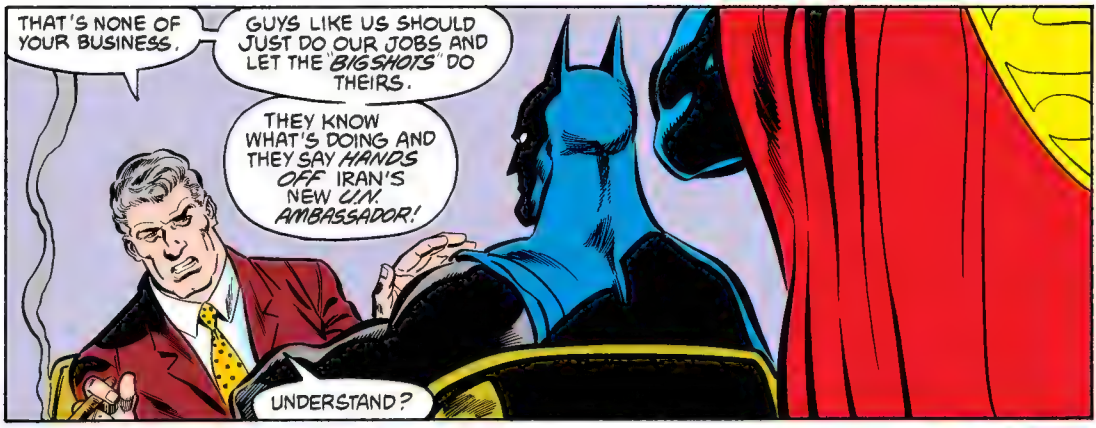
A DEATH in the FAMILY

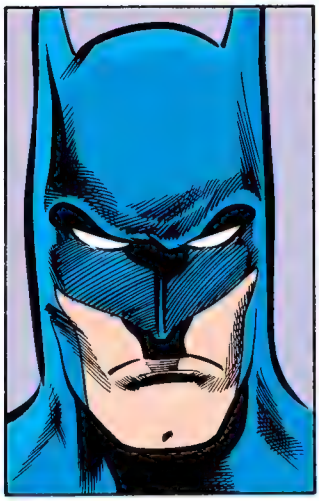
CHAPTER 6


HIS NAME'S RALPH BUNDY, A C.I.A. AGENT. THE PRESIDENT SENT HIM TO TALK TO ME. I ALREADY KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING TO SAY, BUT I LISTEN ANYWAY.
IT'S LIKE THIS, BATMAN.
YOU TAKE OUT THE JOKER AND IT'S GOING TO CAUSE A MAJOR INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.
THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S CURRENTLY IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME VERY DELICATE NEGOTIATIONS WITH IRAN.
ANOTHER ARMS FOR HOSTAGES DEAL?

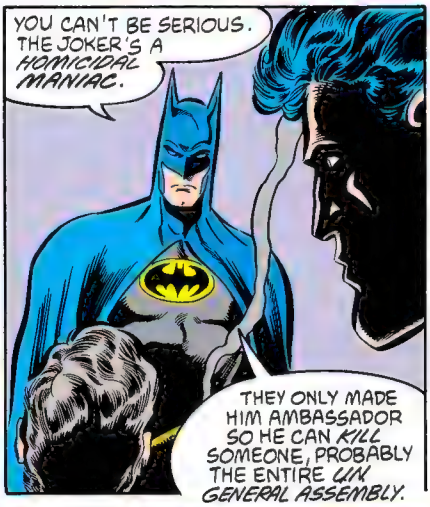
JIM STARLIN — WRITER | JIM APARO — PENCILLER | MIKE DeCARLO — INKER | JOHN COSTANZA — LETTERER | ADRIENNE ROY — COLORIST | DAN RASPLER — ASST. EDITOR | DENNIS O'NEIL — EDITOR

BOB KANE · CREATOR

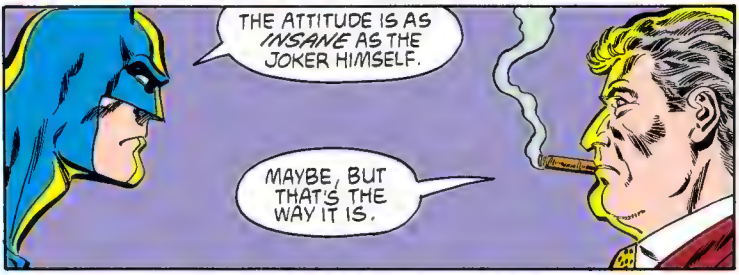

THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.
GUYS LIKE US SHOULD JUST DO OUR JOBS AND LET THE "BIGSHOTS" DO THEIRS.
THEY KNOW WHAT'S DOING AND THEY SAY HANDS OFF IRAN'S NEW U.N. AMBASSADOR!
UNDERSTAND?



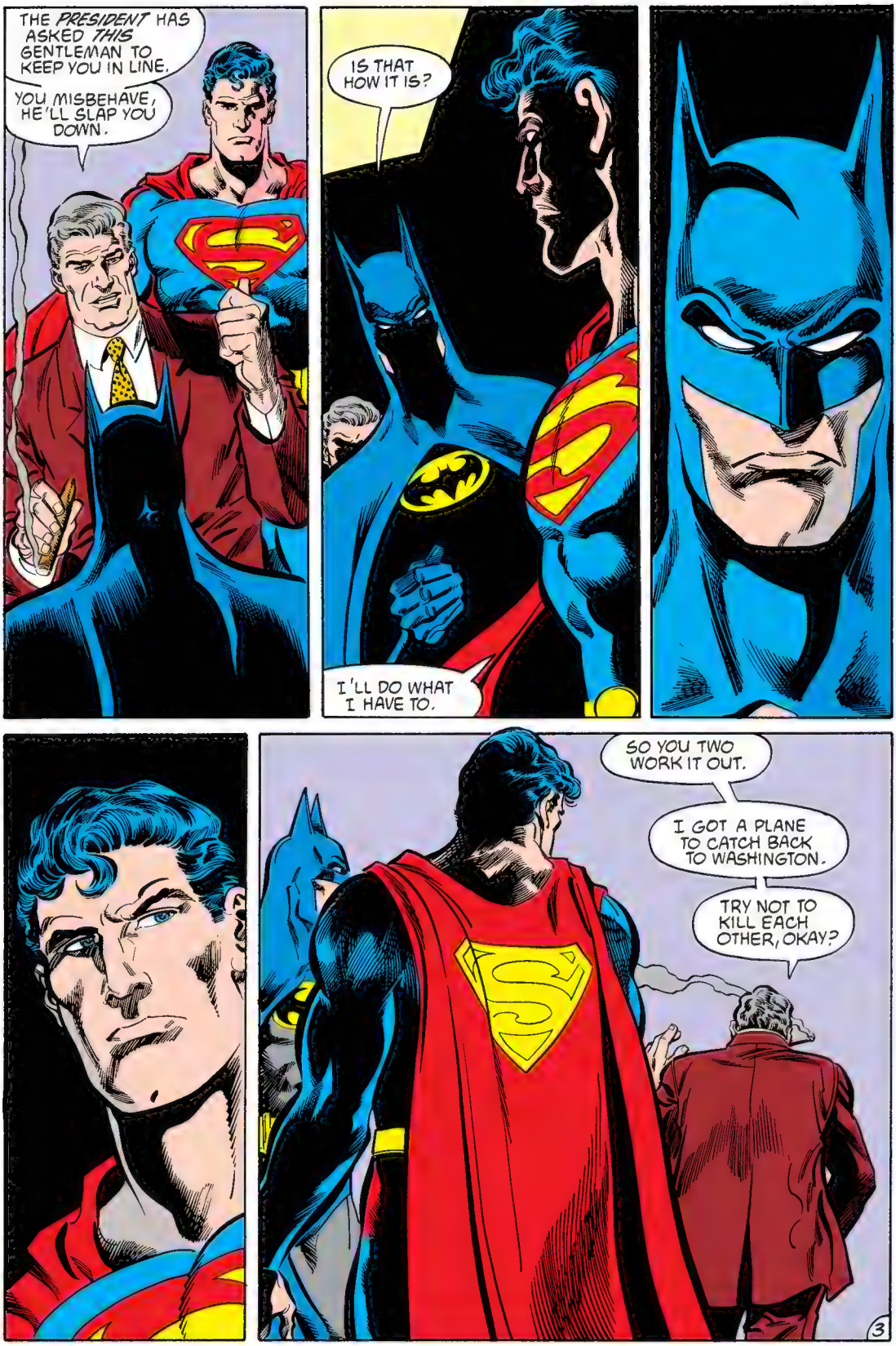
THE JOKER'S GOT DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY. STATE DOESN'T WANT ANYONE MESSING WITH HIM.
ESPECIALLY YOU!

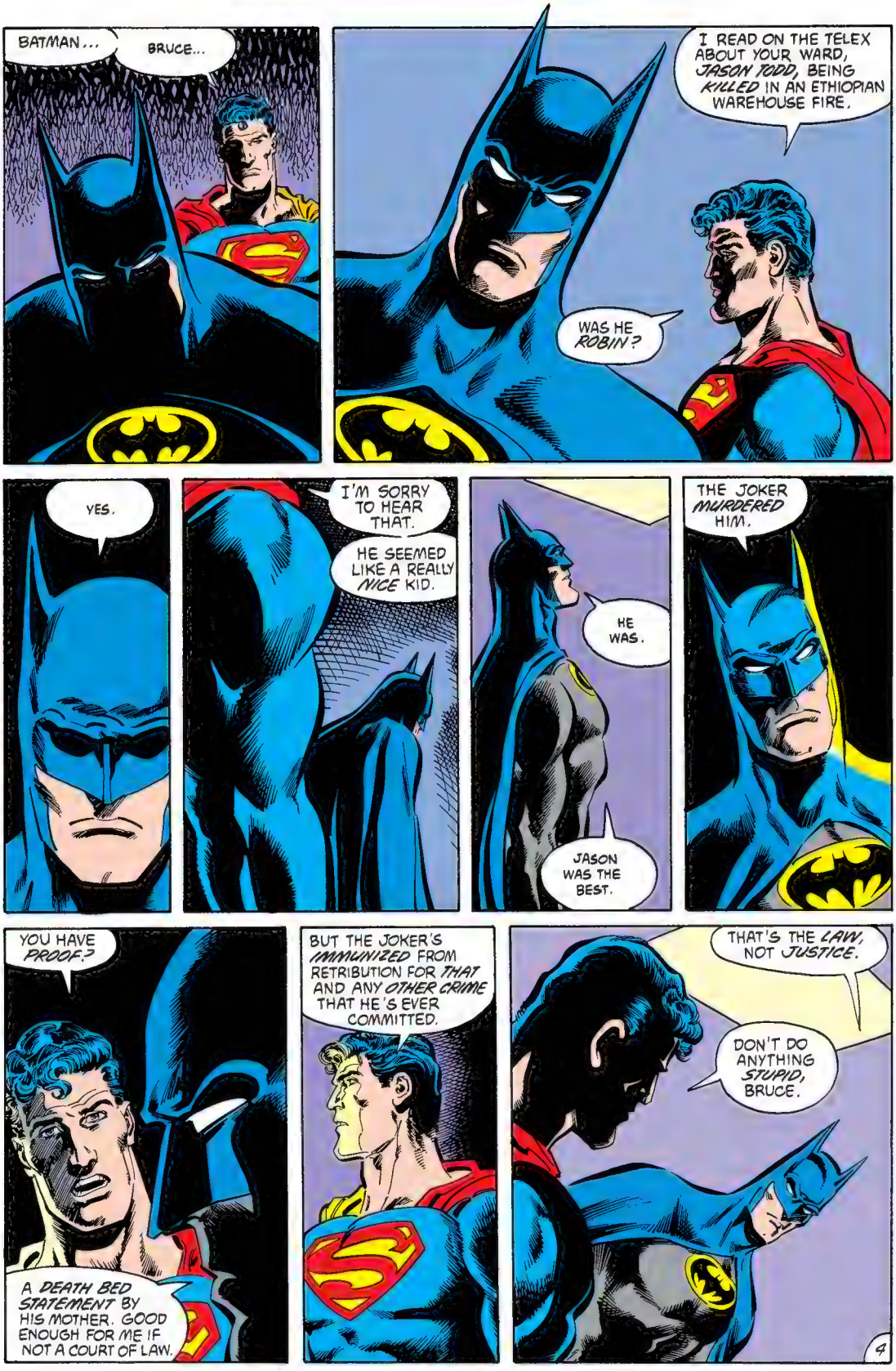

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. THE JOKER'S A HOMICIDAL MANIAC.
THEY ONLY MADE HIM AMBASSADOR SO HE CAN KILL SOMEONE, PROBABLY THE ENTIRE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

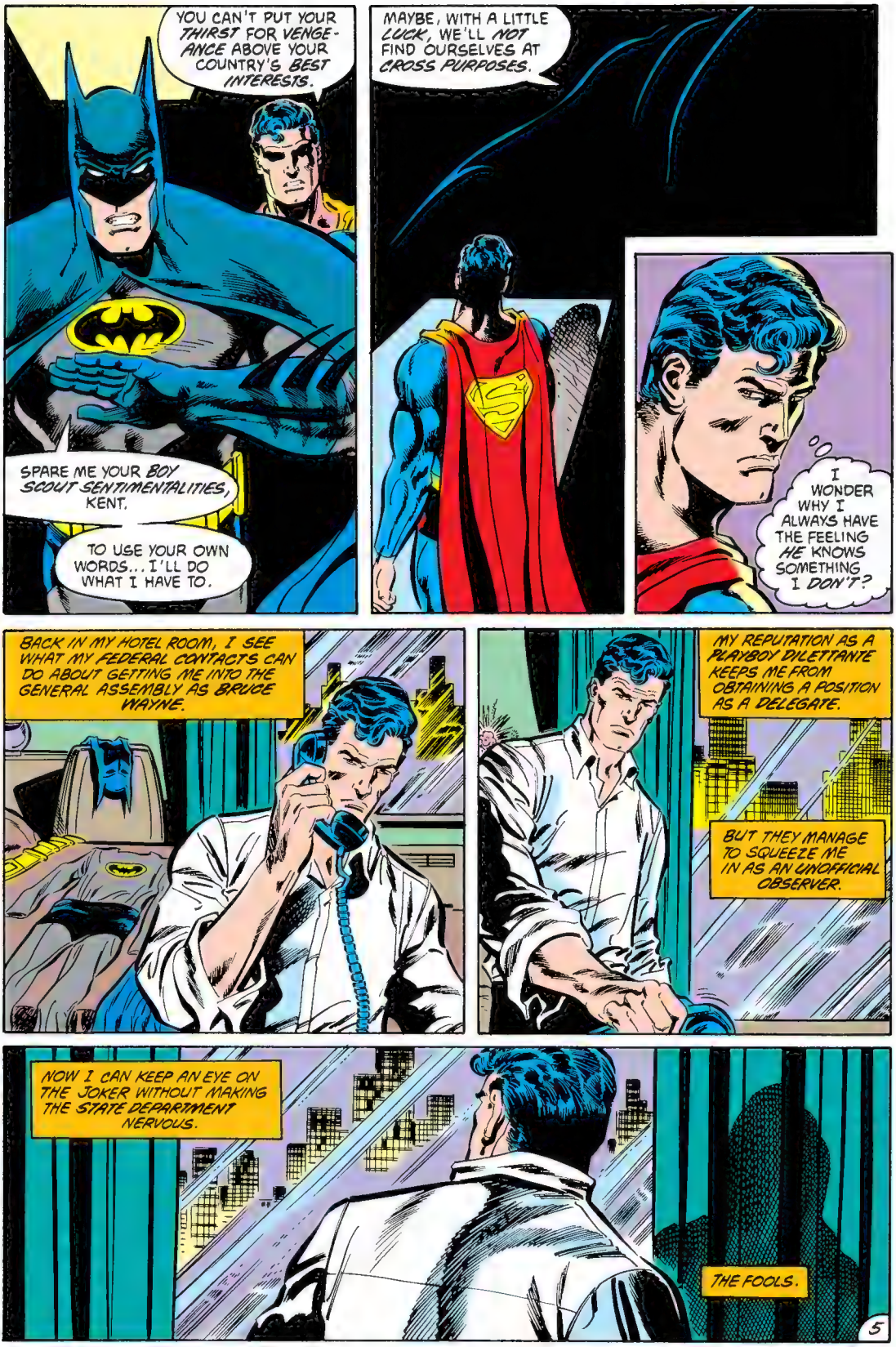
WE'VE GOT NO HARD EVIDENCE TO PROVE THAT.
UNTIL WE DO, THE JOKER HAS TO BE TREATED LIKE ANY OTHER DELEGATE.

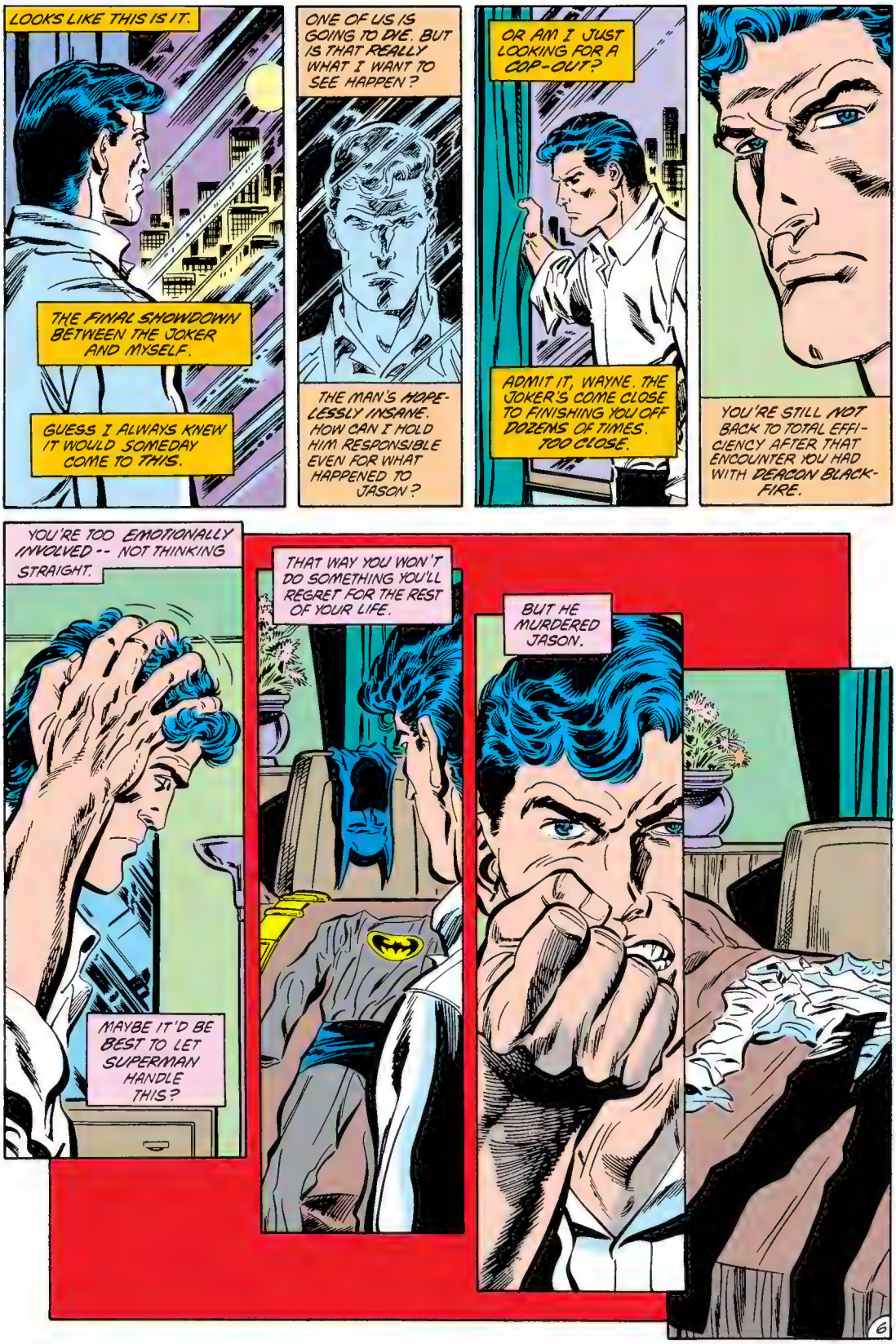

THE ATTITUDE IS AS INSANE AS THE JOKER HIMSELF.
MAYBE, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS.

NOT FOR ME, IT ISN'T.
AFRAID SO, PAL.


THE PRESIDENT HAS ASKED THIS GENTLEMAN TO KEEP YOU IN LINE.
YOU MISBEHAVE, HE'LL SLAP YOU DOWN.
IS THAT HOW IT IS?
I'LL DO WHAT I HAVE TO.
SO YOU TWO WORK IT OUT.
I GOT A PLANE TO CATCH BACK TO WASHINGTON.
TRY NOT TO KILL EACH OTHER, OKAY?
3

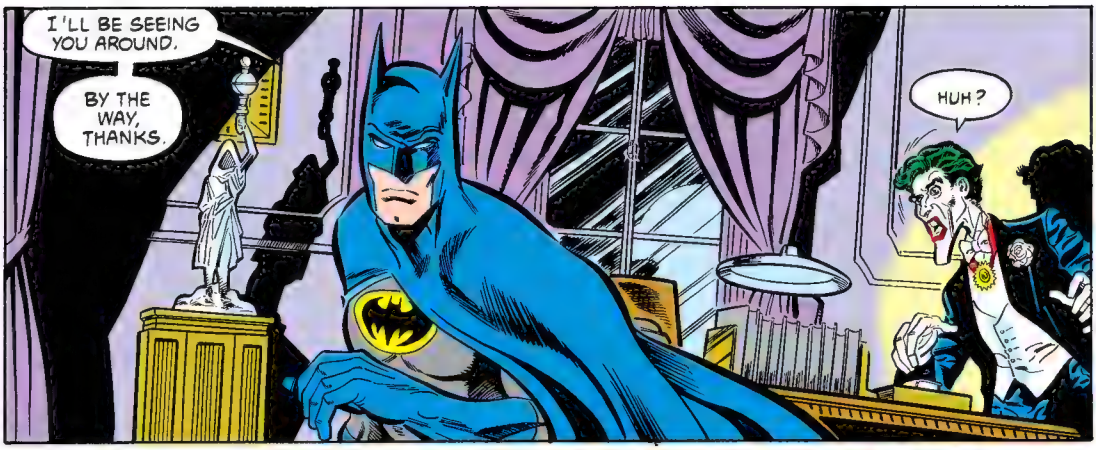

BATMAN...
BRUCE...
I READ ON THE TELEX ABOUT YOUR WARD, JASON TODD, BEING KILLED IN AN ETHIOPIAN WAREHOUSE FIRE.
WAS HE ROBIN?
YES.
I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT.
HE SEEMED LIKE A REALLY NICE KID.
HE WAS.
JASON WAS THE BEST.
THE JOKER MURDERED HIM.
YOU HAVE PROOF?
A DEATH BED STATEMENT BY HIS MOTHER. GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME IF NOT A COURT OF LAW.
BUT THE JOKER'S IMMUNIZED FROM RETRIBUTION FOR THAT AND ANY OTHER CRIME THAT HE'S EVER COMMITTED.
THAT'S THE LAW, NOT JUSTICE.
DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID, BRUCE.
4


YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR THIRST FOR VENGEANCE ABOVE YOUR COUNTRY'S BEST INTERESTS.
SPARE ME YOUR BOY SCOUT SENTIMENTALITIES, KENT.
TO USE YOUR OWN WORDS... I'LL DO WHAT I HAVE TO.
MAYBE, WITH A LITTLE LUCK, WE'LL NOT FIND OURSELVES AT CROSS PURPOSES.
I WONDER WHY I ALWAYS HAVE THE FEELING HE KNOWS SOMETHING I DON'T?
BACK IN MY HOTEL ROOM, I SEE WHAT MY FEDERAL CONTACTS CAN DO ABOUT GETTING ME INTO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AS BRUCE WAYNE.
MY REPUTATION AS A PLAYBOY DILETTANTE KEEPS ME FROM OBTAINING A POSITION AS A DELEGATE.
BUT THEY MANAGE TO SQUEEZE ME IN AS AN UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER.
NOW I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON THE JOKER WITHOUT MAKING THE STATE DEPARTMENT NERVOUS.
THE FOOLS.
5

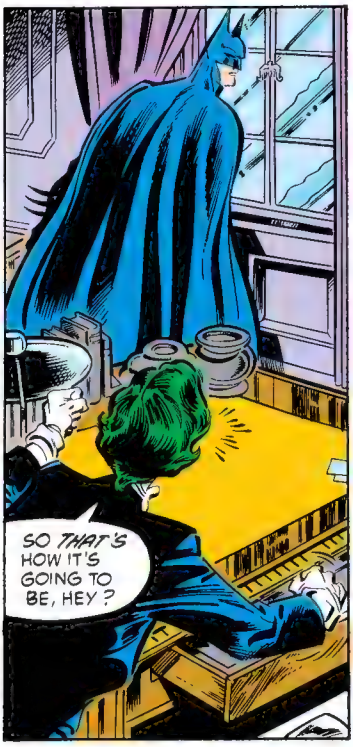

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS IT.
THE FINAL SHOWDOWN BETWEEN THE JOKER AND MYSELF.
GUESS I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD SOMEDAY COME TO THIS.
ONE OF US IS GOING TO DIE. BUT IS THAT REALLY WHAT I WANT TO SEE HAPPEN?
THE MAN'S HOPELESSLY INSANE. HOW CAN I HOLD HIM RESPONSIBLE EVEN FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO JASON?
OR AM I JUST LOOKING FOR A COP-OUT?
ADMIT IT, WAYNE. THE JOKER'S COME CLOSE TO FINISHING YOU OFF DOZENS OF TIMES. TOO CLOSE.
YOU'RE STILL NOT BACK TO TOTAL EFFICIENCY AFTER THAT ENCOUNTER YOU HAD WITH DEACON BLACKFIRE.
YOU'RE TOO EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED -- NOT THINKING STRAIGHT.
MAYBE IT'D BE BEST TO LET SUPERMAN HANDLE THIS?
THAT WAY YOU WON'T DO SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.
BUT HE MURDERED JASON.
6

THE LIGHTS ARE STILL BURNING IN THE WINDOWS OF THE IRANIAN MISSION TO THE U.N.
I'M SURE THE AMBASSADOR IS UP. HE'S RUMORED TO BE AN INSOMNIAC.
EVERYTHING IS ARRANGED FOR YOU TO SPEAK BEFORE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY TOMORROW NIGHT, SIR. WE'RE READY ALSO.
TOMORROW NIGHT?
U.N. SECURITY INSISTED IT BE SO.
THEY FEAR YOU AND ARE LIMITING ACCESS TO YOUR SPEECH. NO ONE WILL BE ALLOWED IN THE GALLERY.
SMART MOVE ON THEIR PART-- NOT THAT IT'LL DO THEM MUCH GOOD.
TOO BAD ABOUT THERE BEING NO AUDIENCE, THOUGH.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN DELICIOUS TO HAVE A LARGE CROWD OF SPECTATORS.
I JUST LOVE LARGE DEAD CROWDS.
THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TONIGHT. SWEET DREAMS, ABDUL.
YASSAR, SIR.
WHATEVER.
YES... LARGE DEAD CROWDS...
DON'T DO IT, JOKER!
7

I'M GIVING YOU ONE LAST CHANCE.
RETURN TO ARKHAM ASYLUM AND TURN YOURSELF IN.
AND IF I DON'T?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT...
LET YOUR ASSISTANT HANDLE IT!?
I'D HAVE LOVED TO HAVE SEEN YOUR FACE WHEN YOU FOUND WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE BRAT!
SET YOU OFF THE DEEP END, DID IT?
YOU SEE, EVEN A MADMAN CAN ADD 2 PLUS 2...
AND COME UP WITH 5.
OR MAYBE YOU'RE GLAD TO BE RID OF THE LITTLE DARLING?
YOU ALWAYS KNOW EXACTLY THE WRONG THING TO SAY, DON'T YOU?
THAT'S WHAT MAKES ME SO SPECIAL.
VERY WELL.
HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
8

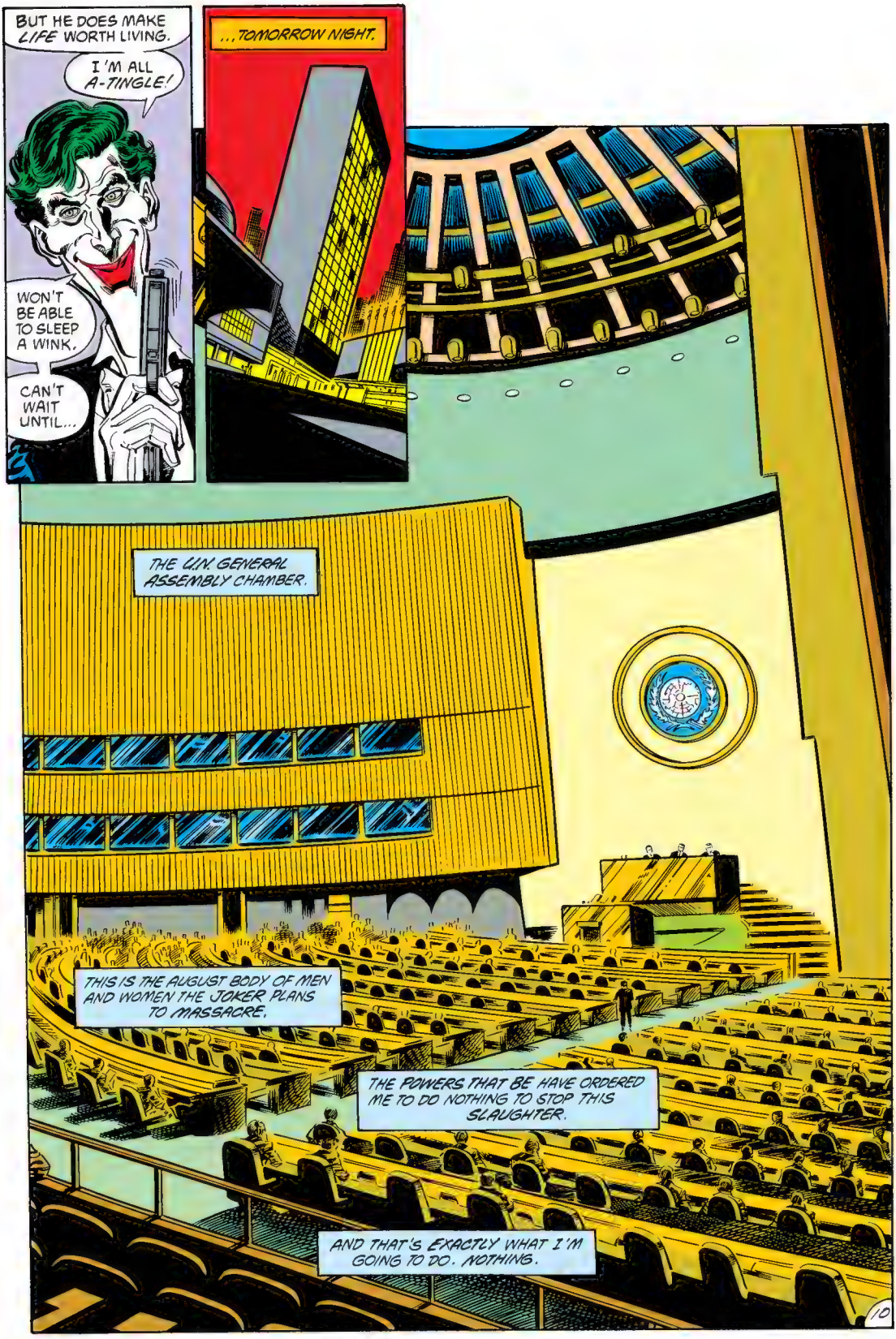

I'LL BE SEEING YOU AROUND.
BY THE WAY, THANKS.
HUH?

THANKS?!
THANKS FOR WHAT?
UP UNTIL NOW I WASN'T *ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN* THAT *YOU* WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO JASON.
YOUR *CONFIRMING IT* MAKES WHAT I HAVE TO DO A LOT *EASIER*.


SO *THAT'S* HOW IT'S GOING TO BE, HEY?

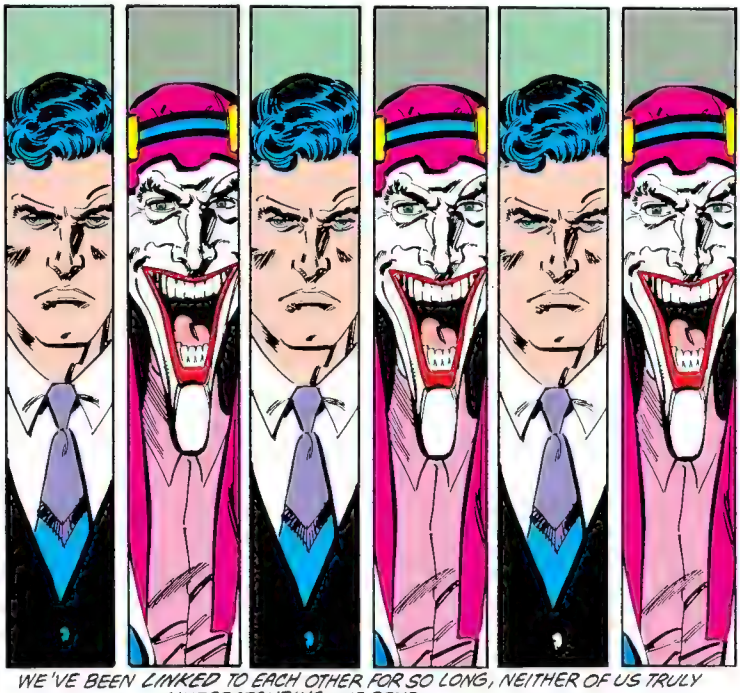
WANT TO PLAY *TOUGH*, DO WE?
OKAY, LET'S MAMBO!!

GONE!
I HATE IT WHEN HE DOES THAT.

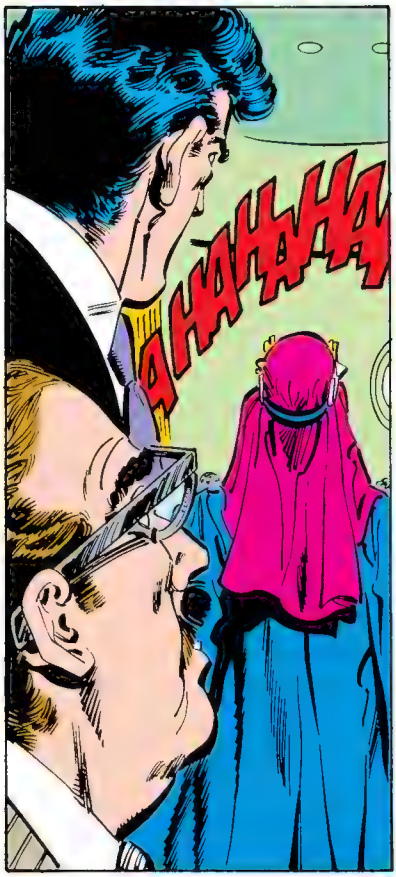

BUT HE DOES MAKE LIFE WORTH LIVING.
I'M ALL A-TINGLE!
WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP A WINK.
CAN'T WAIT UNTIL...
...TOMORROW NIGHT.
THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY CHAMBER.
THIS IS THE AUGUST BODY OF MEN AND WOMEN THE JOKER PLANS TO MASSACRE.
THE POWERS THAT BE HAVE ORDERED ME TO DO NOTHING TO STOP THIS SLAUGHTER.
AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO. NOTHING.

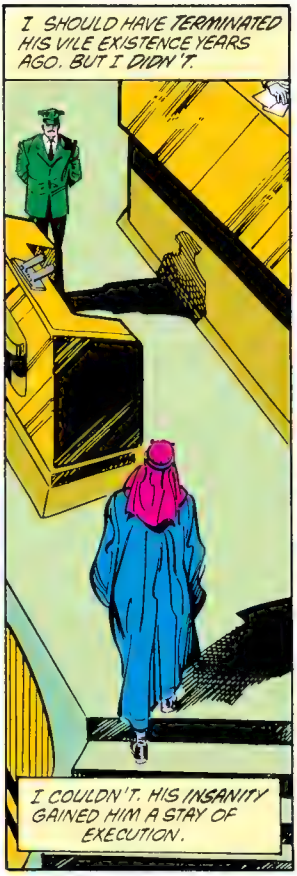
BUT AFTERWARDS... THE JOKER IS MINE!
YOU PICKED A GREAT DAY TO START AS AN OBSERVER, BRUCE.
THE JOKER'S SPEAKING TONIGHT. FAR-OUT, HEY?
VERY.
HEY! HERE HE COMES NOW!
WILL YOU LOOK AT HIM!
WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT FOR THE WORLD.
EVERY EYE IN THE AUDITORIUM IS LOCKED ON HIM. HE TRULY IS MAGNIFICENT. FASCINATING.
ALL KNOW THAT HE IS DEATH PERSONI-FIED.
I'VE LOST TRACK OF HOW MANY HE'S MURDERED OVER THE YEARS.
BUT IT ALL ENDS TONIGHT. NO MORE KILLINGS. NO MORE JOKER.
11

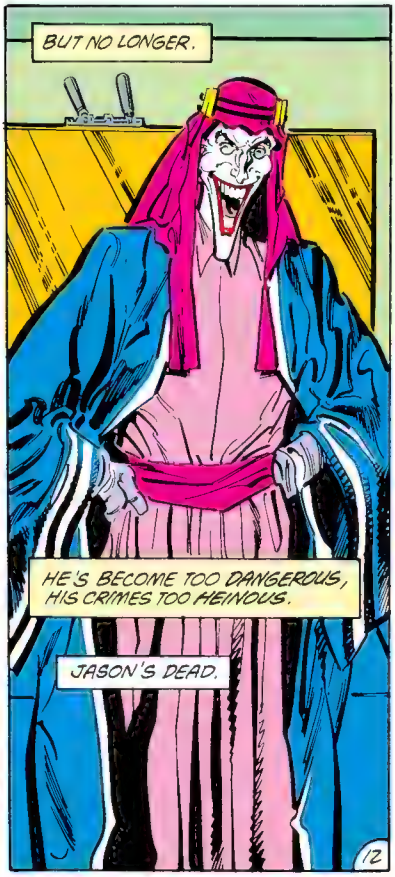
I MAY NEVER KNOW. I'M FEELING A TERRIBLE SENSE OF FINALITY...



WE'VE BEEN LINKED TO EACH OTHER FOR SO LONG, NEITHER OF US TRULY UNDERSTANDING THE BOND.





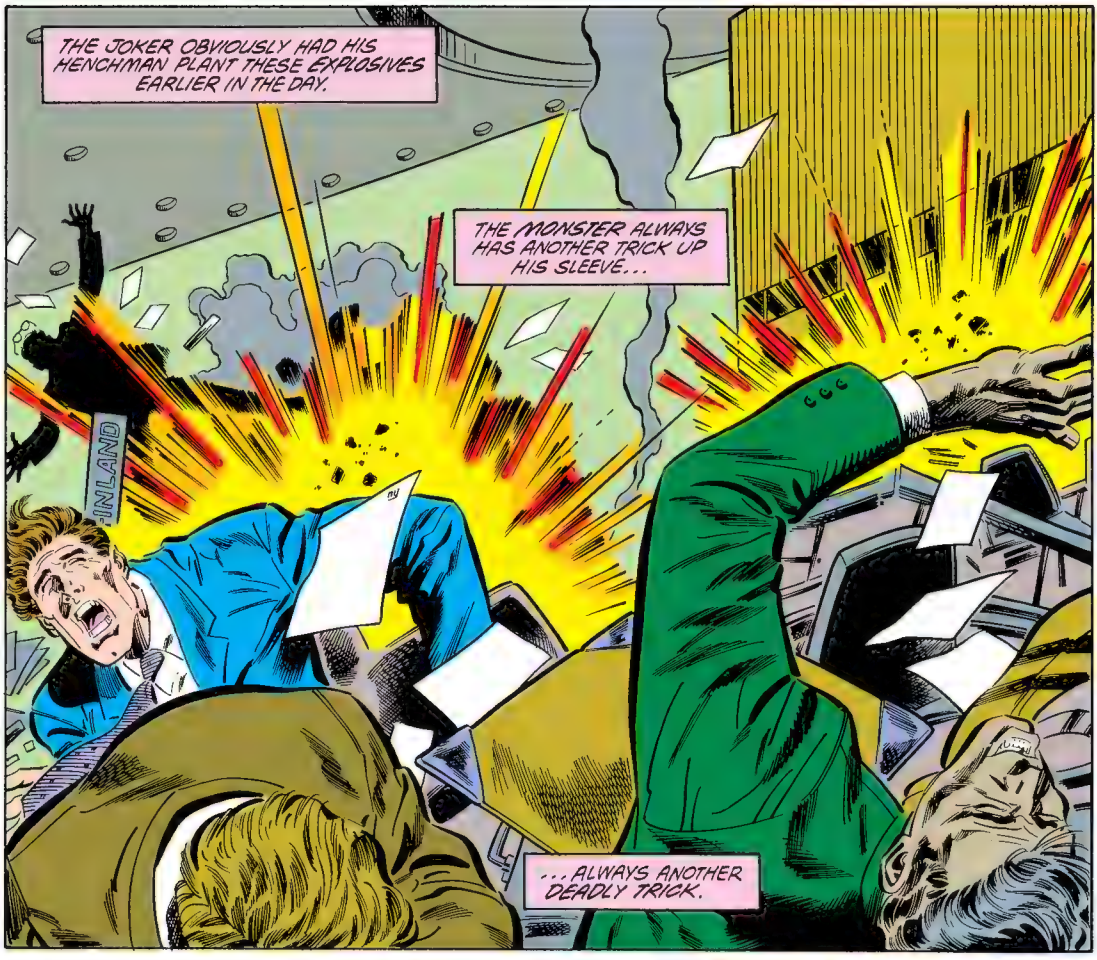


IT IS A GREAT HONOR FOR ME TO BE HERE TONIGHT.
I AM PROUD TO SPEAK FOR THE GREAT ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN.
THAT COUNTRY'S CURRENT LEADERS AND I HAVE A LOT IN COMMON.
INSANITY AND A GREAT LOVE OF FISH.
BUT UNFORTUNATELY, WE ALSO SHARE A MUTUAL PROBLEM.
WE GET NO RESPECT.
EVERYONE THINKS OF IRAN AS THE HOME OF THE TERRORIST ZEALOT!
THEY SAY EVEN WORSE THINGS ABOUT ME, WOULD YOU BELIEVE?
WE'VE BOTH SUFFERED UNKIND ABUSE AND BELITTLEMENT!
WELL, WE AREN'T GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE!!
YOU'LL NO LONGER BE ALLOWED TO KICK US AROUND!
IN FACT, YOU AREN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO KICK ANYONE AROUND EVER AGAIN!

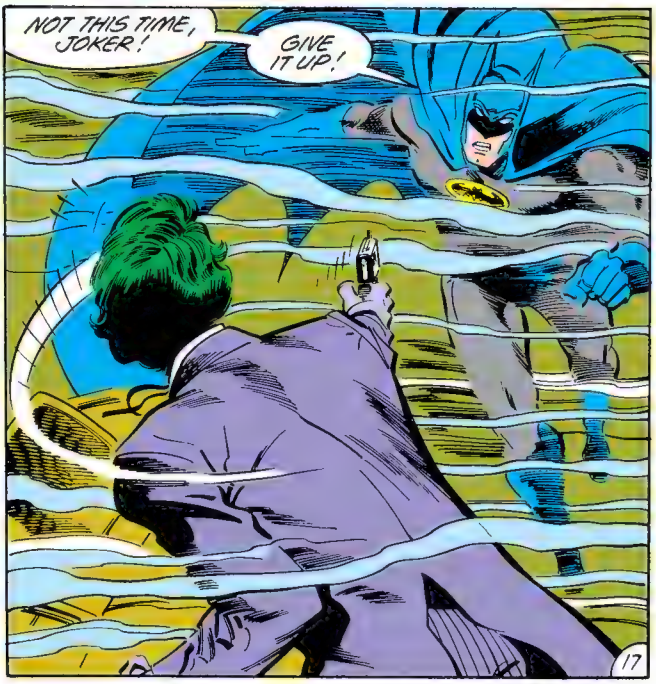
SAY GOOD -- NIGHT, GRACIE!
THE SHEEP FINALLY REALIZE THEY'VE BEEN LED TO SLAUGHTER.
HAHAHAHAHA
GAS!!
THE JOKER'S LETHAL LAUGHING GAS!

JUST AS I FIGURED. I DON'T HAVE TO LIFT A FINGER TO SAVE THE DAY.
WHAT!?
I KNEW THE BOY SCOUT WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN.
YOU'RE TOO LATE!
MY GAS WILL STILL TAKE OUT THESE POMPOUS FOOLS!
DON'T BET ON IT.
IT'S A SPECTACULAR SIGHT, HIM INHALING ALL THAT GAS, TAKING IT ALL INTO HIS BODY.
EVEN I'M IMPRESSED.

SUPERHAM!
NO FAIR! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS!
UNFAIR!
UNFAIR!
UNFAIR!
BATMAN, HE'S ALL YOURS.
I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME SAFE PLACE TO GET RID OF THIS GAS.
FOUL!
I CALL A FOUL!
EVERYONE MUST BE PENALIZED FOR THIS CHEATING!
YOU'LL SEE THE JOKER IS NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS LYING DOWN!
NOT WHEN I HAVE PLAN-B TO FALL BACK ON!
KER-THOOM


THE JOKER OBVIOUSLY HAD HIS HENCHMAN PLANT THESE EXPLOSIVES EARLIER IN THE DAY.
THE MONSTER ALWAYS HAS ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE...
INLAND
...ALWAYS ANOTHER DEADLY TRICK.

NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE DEATH, DESTRUCTION AND SMOKE TO MAKE AN EXIT ON!


NOT THIS TIME, JOKER!
GIVE IT UP!

I CAN'T!
I CAN'T!
I CAN'T!
HAVE A LITTLE GOING AWAY PRESENT, BATSY, OL' BOY!
I MANAGE TO AVOID THE DEADLY FUSILLADE.
THE DELEGATE BEHIND ME IS NOT SO LUCKY.
ANOTHER INNOCENT SACRIFICE TO THE JOKER'S MANIA.
WHEREVER HE GOES... DEATH...
ANOTHER HAPLESS VICTIM TO HAUNT MY SLEEP.
LET THERE BE AN END TO IT!
NO MORE!
RUNNING WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, JOKER!
18

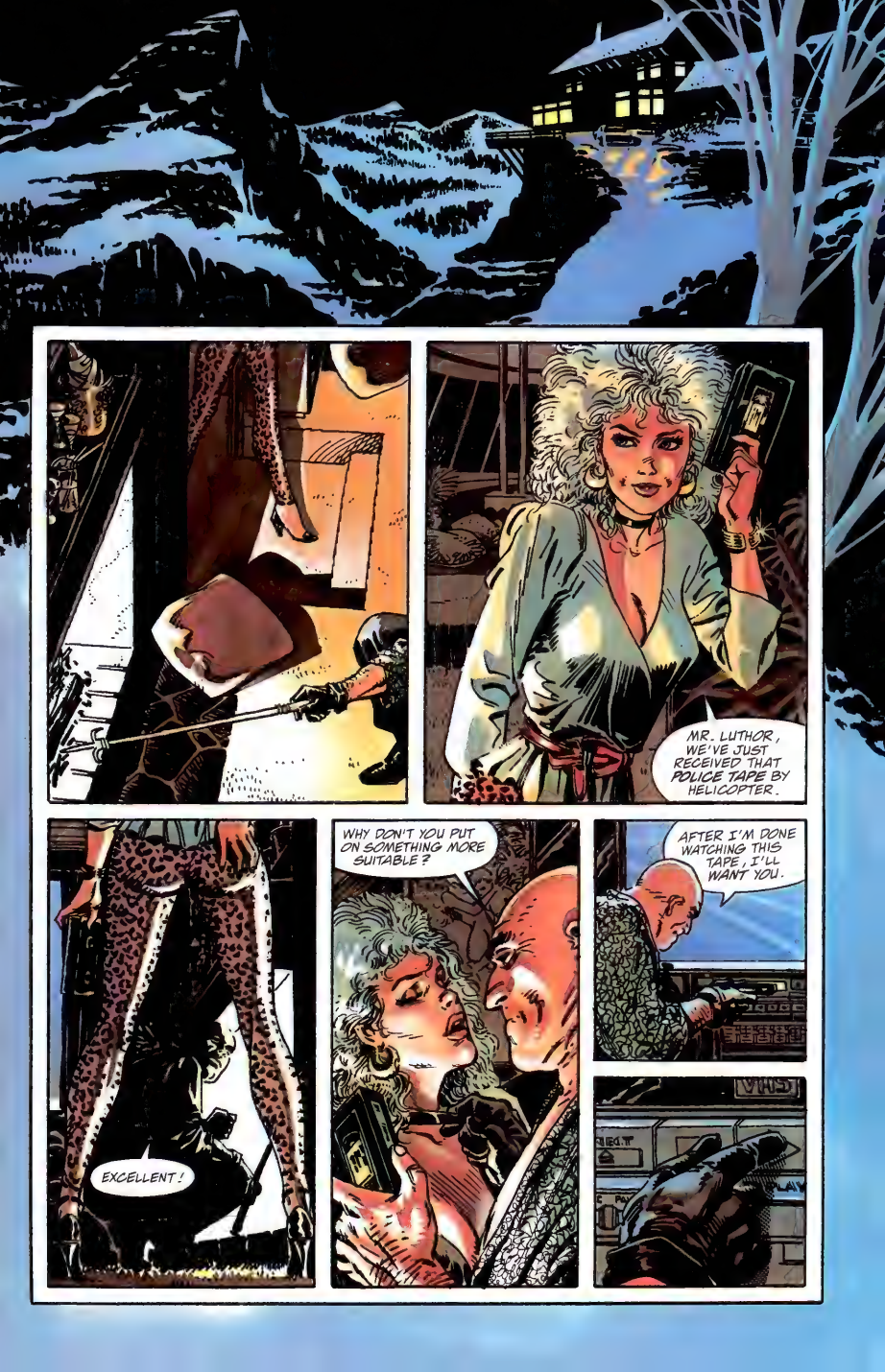
NO MATTER WHERE YOU FLEE...
...I WILL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
MOVE IT!
GET US OUT OF HERE!
NO ESCAPE!!
YOU KILLED JASON...
JASON...
JASON...

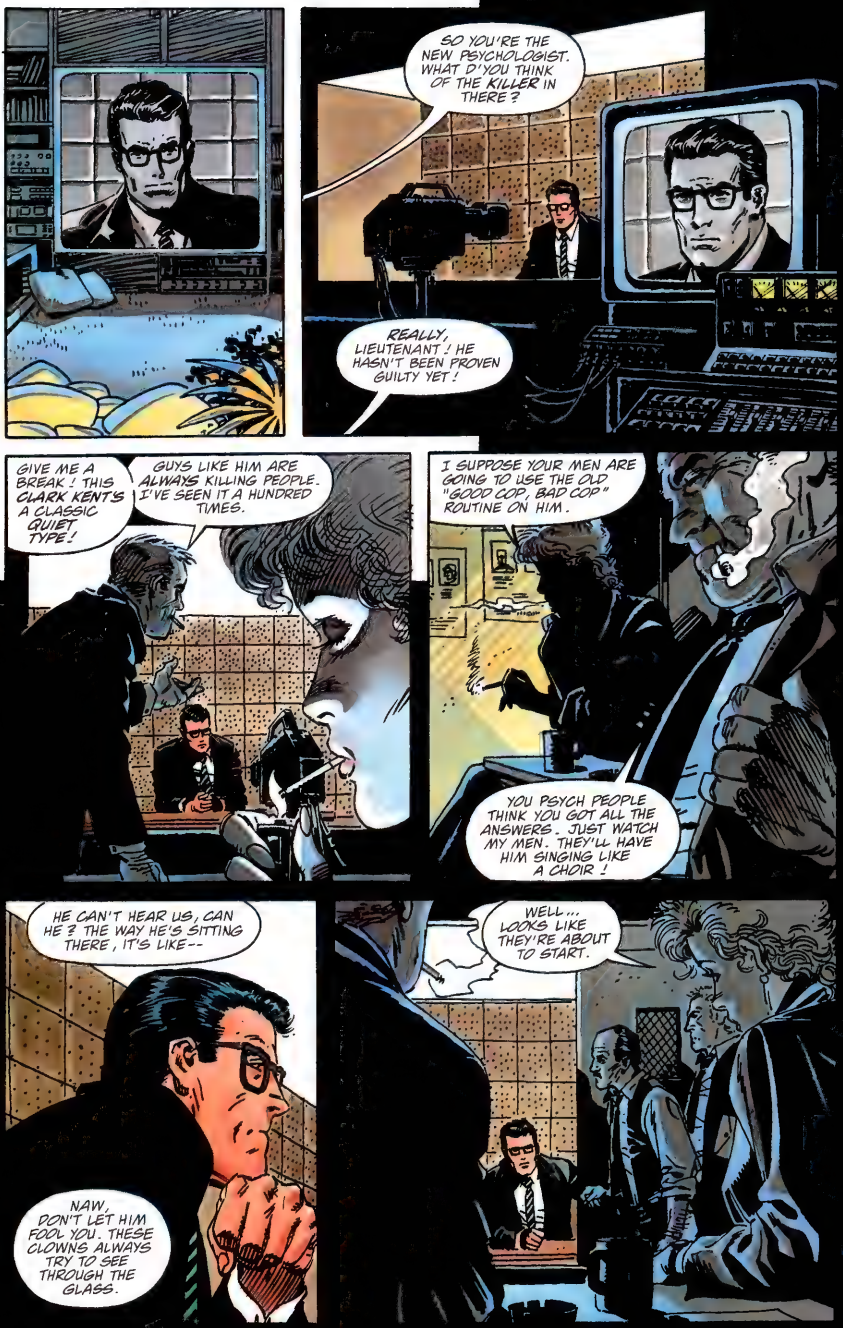
NO!!
3BBRRRR II
IT
T

THE PANICKED ARAB'S GUNFIRE IS INDISCRIMINATE, NOT CARING WHO IT STRIKES.
ONE SLUG TAKES OFF THE BACK OF THE PILOT'S HEAD.
THE GUNMAN IMMEDIATELY REALIZES HIS MISTAKE.
NOT QUITE THE WAY I IMAGINED THE SCENARIO ENDING.
I'LL BE LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH MY LIFE.
FAREWELL, OLD FOE.
HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH...
21

KER-THAAMM
KAR-TOOOOOMM
FIND HIS BODY!
FIND HIS BODY!!
BUT I KNOW THEY WON'T.
THAT'S THE WAY THINGS ALWAYS END WITH THE JOKER AND ME.
UNRESOLVED.
END

HULK
EMPIRE
McFARLANE

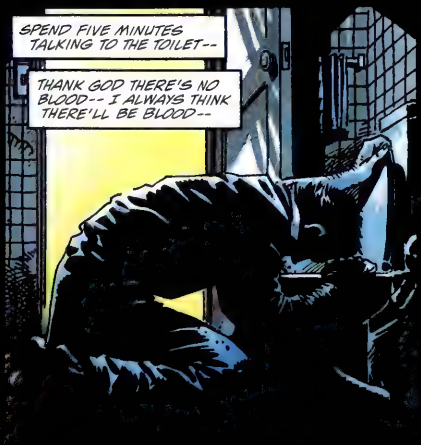

MR. LUTHOR, WE'VE JUST RECEIVED THAT POLICE TAPE BY HELICOPTER.
EXCELLENT!
WHY DON'T YOU PUT ON SOMETHING MORE SUITABLE?
AFTER I'M DONE WATCHING THIS TAPE, I'LL WANT YOU.


SO YOU'RE THE NEW PSYCHOLOGIST. WHAT D'YOU THINK OF THE KILLER IN THERE?
REALLY, LIEUTENANT! HE HASN'T BEEN PROVEN GUILTY YET!
GIVE ME A BREAK! THIS CLARK KENT'S A CLASSIC QUIET TYPE!
GUYS LIKE HIM ARE ALWAYS KILLING PEOPLE. I'VE SEEN IT A HUNDRED TIMES.
I SUPPOSE YOUR MEN ARE GOING TO USE THE OLD "GOOD COP, BAD COP" ROUTINE ON HIM.
YOU PSYCH PEOPLE THINK YOU GOT ALL THE ANSWERS. JUST WATCH MY MEN. THEY'LL HAVE HIM SINGING LIKE A CHOIR!
HE CAN'T HEAR US, CAN HE? THE WAY HE'S SITTING THERE, IT'S LIKE--
NAW, DON'T LET HIM FOOL YOU. THESE CLOWNS ALWAYS TRY TO SEE THROUGH THE GLASS.
WELL... LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ABOUT TO START.

MR. KENT, I'M DETECTIVE HECTOR ORTIZ. THIS IS MY PARTNER, DETECTIVE ED HARRIS.
I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE WAIVED YOUR RIGHT TO COUNSEL.
YES, SIR. I DON'T NEED A LAWYER TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE.
I'M SURE THIS INTERVIEW WILL CONVINCE YOU OF THAT.
IS THAT A FACT?
WELL, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO EXPLAIN THESE?!
ANSWER ME THAT ONE, SPORT!
PIGS!
PIGLO WAS HERE
FREE THE PEOPL
YOU WERE THE LAST ONE TO SEE HIM ALIVE. PEOPLE NEXT DOOR SAID THEY HEARD SHOUTING AND BREAKING GLASS!
SAID THEIR EARS WERE REALLY RINGING.

RINGING --
THE PHONE --
GEEZ! FEELS LIKE I WET THE BED--
NO-- JUST WINE--
BOTTLE'S MY ONLY BED PARTNER THESE DAYS--
HUH-- HELLO...?
PETER SANDS! THIS IS SALLY'S ATTORNEY, JOHN QUINN!
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN MAKING THOSE ALIMONY PAYMENTS, PETER. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SEND THE SHERIFF OVER UNLESS YOU--
AHM SORRY, PARDNER. AH THINK Y'ALL GOT THE WRONG NUMBER!
SANDS! YOU AREN'T FOOLING ANYONE WITH THAT!

A 747'S CRASHING OVER AND OVER IN MY HEAD--EYES ARE FULL OF GRIT--MOUTH TASTES LIKE OLD SOCKS--
MIGHT AS WELL START MY DAILY ROUTINE--


SPEND FIVE MINUTES TALKING TO THE TOILET--
THANK GOD THERE'S NO BLOOD--I ALWAYS THINK THERE'LL BE BLOOD--

FOUR TYLENOLS AND A HOT SHOWER GETS MY BRAIN CELLS IN GEAR--
WELCOME TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING.
NOW MY PROBLEMS START SCREAMING FOR ATTENTION--

I'M HURTING BAD--THERE'S NO MONEY IN MY ACCOUNT--
THE FINAL NOTICE ON MY ELECTRIC BILL CAME IN YESTERDAY AND MY RENT IS PAST DUE.

THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMEONE WHO'LL ADVANCE ME SOME MONEY.

AFTER ALL, I'M A GOOD REPORTER. I'VE BROKEN LOTS OF STORIES.
SHOULD BE NO PROBLEM AT ALL.

I'LL CALL SOME OF THE PUBLICATIONS I'VE WORKED FOR.
START AT THE TOP AND WORK MY WAY DOWN. SHOULD ONLY TAKE ONE CALL.
EXPOSE
EDITOR
ADVANCE?! YOU HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO THINK I'D EVER ADVANCE YOU MONEY AGAIN, PETER!
YOU SHOW UP DRUNK FOR INTERVIEWS! LAST TIME, YOU PUKED ALL OVER DON JOHNSON! WE SPENT WEEKS DODGING HIS PEOPLE!
THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL DOESN'T GIVE ADVANCES TO UNPROFESSIONAL LOSERS, SANDS.
WHY DON'T YOU CHECK INTO A DETOX CLINIC? MAYBE YOU'LL FIND A STORY IN THERE WHILE THEY DRY YOU OUT.
YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, PETER, BUT HOT BABES HAS A LOT OF OVERHEAD. I GOT BILLS! I GOT MODELS TO PAY!
BE TALKING TO YOU, KID. KISS KISS.
SHEL BLITZSTEIN · PUBLISHER ·
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FREAKIN' MIND!? GET OUTTA HERE, SANDS, BEFORE I SEND SOMEONE OVER TO RIP YOUR LUNGS OUT!

PHONE AGAIN.
WHO'S AFTER ME NOW?
SHOULD I OR SHOULDN'T I?
AH, WHAT THE HELL... WON'T KILL ME TO ANSWER...
HELLO?
PETER? THIS IS ELLEN FISHER AT TINSEL TOWN PRESS.
OUR PUBLISHER IS LOOKING FOR MORE PRODUCT. HE CITED YOUR BOOK THE MARILYN MONROE MURDER AS WHAT HE'S INTERESTED IN SEEING.
WE'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE ANY OTHER BOOKS IN THE WORKS? ESPECIALLY SOMETHING LIKE A NICE JUICY BIO.
UH... YEAH. I'M DOING ONE RIGHT NOW.
FANTASTIC! WHO'S IT ABOUT?
UH...
TIME
NEWSWEEK
METRO
LUTHOR DONAT
ORPHANAGE
BY CLARK
LEX LUTHOR... IT'S... UH... AN UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY.

THAT SOUNDS GREAT! COULD DO BETTER THAN TRUMP'S BOOK
IS IT... DIRTY? IS IT FULL OF STEAMY SEX AND SHADY DEALS?

WELL, YEAH... BUT I'M HAVING A LITTLE PROBLEM WITH EXPENSES.
THERE'S A LOT OF GOOD MATERIAL HERE, BUT I NEED SOME CASH TO FOLLOW UP ON MY LEADS.

WELL... I'M SURE WE CAN SEND SOMETHING TO HELP YOU OUT.
IS THREE THOUSAND ENOUGH FOR STARTERS?

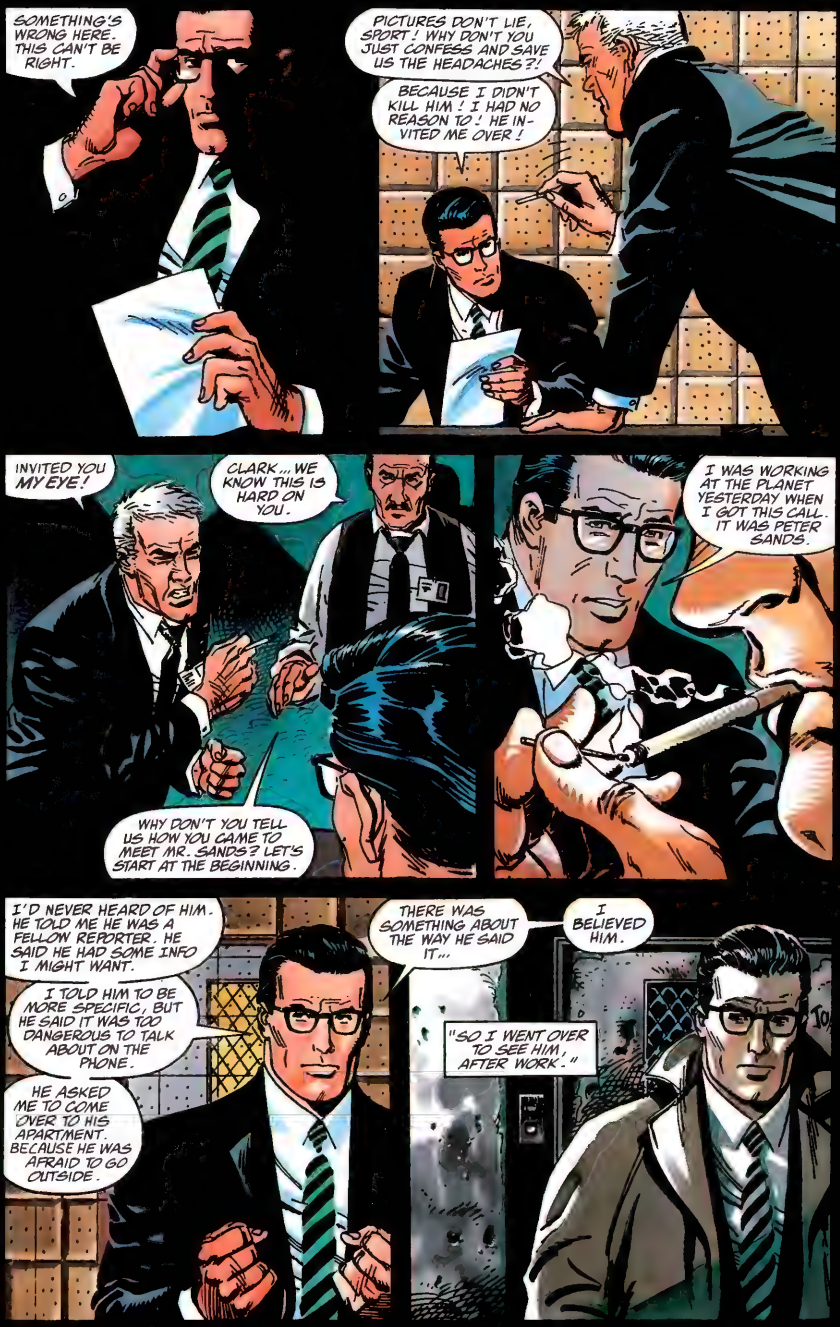
YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER, ELLEN.
UH... DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FED EX THAT CHECK TO ME A.S.A.P.?

SURE THING. YOU'LL HAVE IT IN THE MORNING.
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!
YOU'RE WELCOME. 'BYE NOW.

A LITTLE SPEECHLESS KENT?
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE I KILLED HIM?
I ONLY MET HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME LAST NIGHT. WHAT POSSIBLE MOTIVE COULD I HAVE?
NOW, CLARK...BE REASONABLE.
PETER SANDS WAS A REPORTER, LIKE YOU. HE WAS WORKING ON SOMETHING YOU MUST'VE WANTED. THERE'S INDICATION THAT SOME NOTES WERE STOLEN.
AND THEN THERE'S THIS LITTLE PIECE OF DAMNING EVIDENCE.
PETER SANDS WROTE THE NAME OF HIS KILLER ON THE FLOOR.
WITH HIS OWN BLOOD.
CLARK KENT

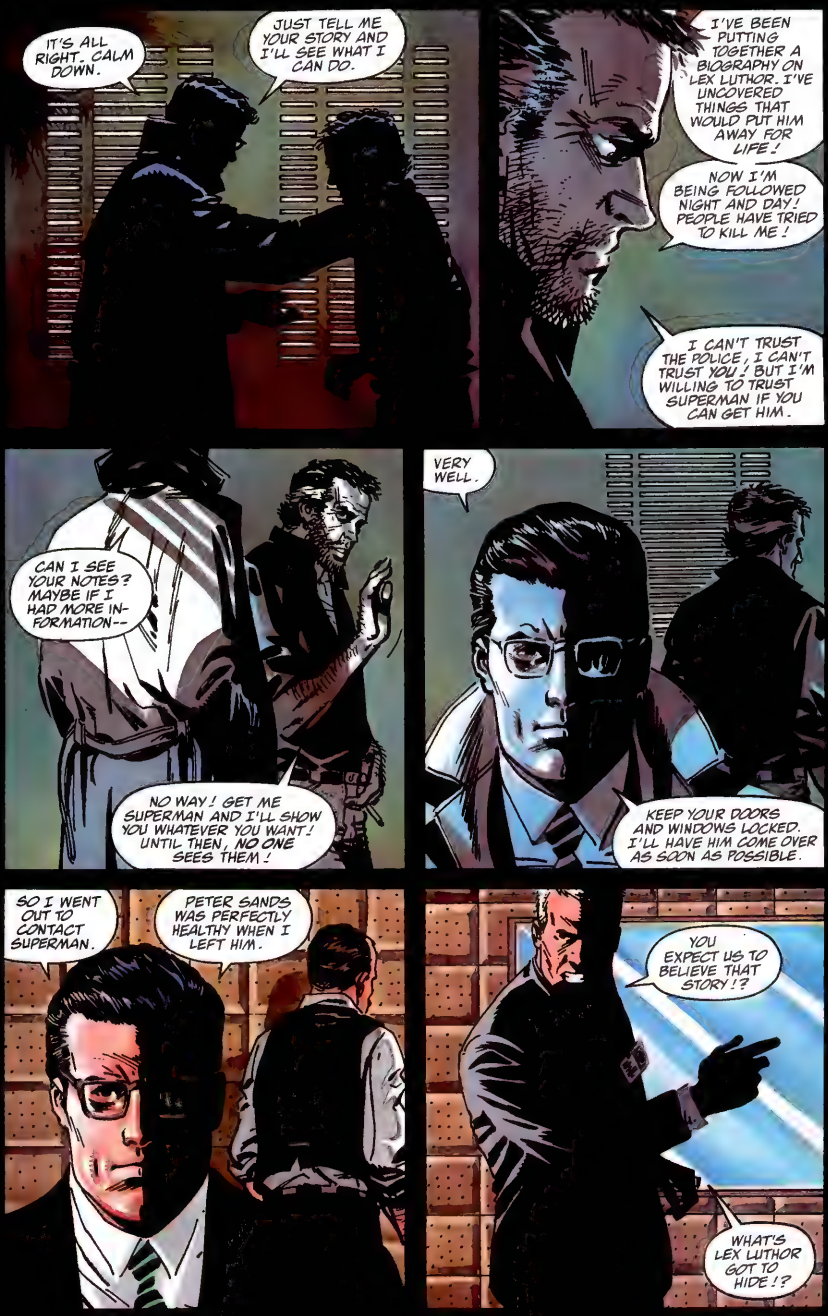
I START AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, LOOKING FOR BACKGROUND MATERIAL.
LUTHOR WROTE AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, YEARS AGO.
LUCKILY, THEY HAVE ONE IN STOCK.
SIMPLY BRILLIANT, HUH? MODEST MOTHER.
Simply Brilliant
LEX LUTHOR
HMPH... THIS WAS WAY BACK WHEN HE HAD HAIR.
THE MICROFICHE LIBRARY PROVIDES ME WITH YEARS OF NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.
LEX HAS BEEN A BUSY BOY...
HE'S BEEN PLAYING PHILANTHROPIST LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BILLIONAIRE.
OVER THE YEARS, HIS CORPORATE TAKEOVERS HAVE BEEN ALMOST NAPOLEONIC IN SCOPE.
SELF MADE BILLIONAIRES DON'T GET TO THE TOP WITHOUT A FEW SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET.
THERE'S BOUND TO BE DIRTY LAUNDRY SOMEWHERE. THE TRICK IS TO FIND IT.
I'M MAKING COPIES OF EVERY SINGLE ARTICLE. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE LINES ARE THE CLUES I'M GOING TO NEED.

BACK HOME, I READ LUTHOR'S BOOK.
IT'S WHAT I EXPECTED. SANITIZED AND EGOTISTICAL AS HELL.
BUT THERE ARE HOLES IN HIS NARRATION.
YOU CAN FEEL A DARKNESS SEEPING BETWEEN THE LINES. HE'S TRYING TO GLOSS OVER SOMETHING. MAYBE MANY THINGS.
HE SAYS HE SUPPORTED HIMSELF AFTER THAT. NO DETAILS ARE GIVEN.
HIS FAMILY IS MENTIONED IN PASSING. THEY DIED IN A CAR CRASH WHEN HE WAS THIRTEEN.
THIS BOOK IS DISTURBING ME. EVERY PARAGRAPH, EVERY PAGE... FILLS ME WITH COLD CHILLS.
THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING. IT HAUNTS THE FRINGES OF MY THOUGHTS.
I TRY TO FOCUS IN, I TRY TO LISTEN. BUT ALL I HEAR IS BACK-GROUND NOISE. ALL I SEE IS LIES AND SMOKE.
LIES, NOISE, SMOKE. PUT IT ALL TOGETHER AND YOU REALIZE THAT...


SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE. THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT.
PICTURES DON'T LIE, SPORT! WHY DON'T YOU JUST CONFESS AND SAVE US THE HEADACHES?!
BECAUSE I DIDN'T KILL HIM! I HAD NO REASON TO! HE INVITED ME OVER!
INVITED YOU MY EYE!
CLARK... WE KNOW THIS IS HARD ON YOU.
WHY DON'T YOU TELL US HOW YOU CAME TO MEET MR. SANDS? LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING.
I WAS WORKING AT THE PLANET YESTERDAY WHEN I GOT THIS CALL. IT WAS PETER SANDS.
I'D NEVER HEARD OF HIM. HE TOLD ME HE WAS A FELLOW REPORTER. HE SAID HE HAD SOME INFO I MIGHT WANT.
I TOLD HIM TO BE MORE SPECIFIC, BUT HE SAID IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS TO TALK ABOUT ON THE PHONE.
HE ASKED ME TO COME OVER TO HIS APARTMENT. BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID TO GO OUTSIDE.
THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY HE SAID IT...
I BELIEVED HIM.
"SO I WENT OVER TO SEE HIM, AFTER WORK."

YOU SLUT! I KNOW YOU'RE SEEING HIM!
GIVE ME A BREAK, FRANK! THOSE WEREN'T MY HAIRPINS I FOUND UNDER THE PILLOW LAST NIGHT!
GO TO HELL! I'M NOT WATCHING THAT STUPID SHOW!
YOU PIG! DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT MY FEELINGS!?
WHERE'S MY DAMN BEER? BRING ME MY BEER!
WHO'S THERE!?
CLARK KENT.
GET IN! QUICK!
"BEER-SMELL BLASTED FROM HIM IN WAVES. HIS EYES WERE RED. THEY DANCED LIKE GYPSIES."
"HE WAS DRUNK, PARANOID. HIS PLACE WAS A MESS. I WANTED TO LEAVE."
GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT. YOU SHOULD'VE GOT HERE SOONER.

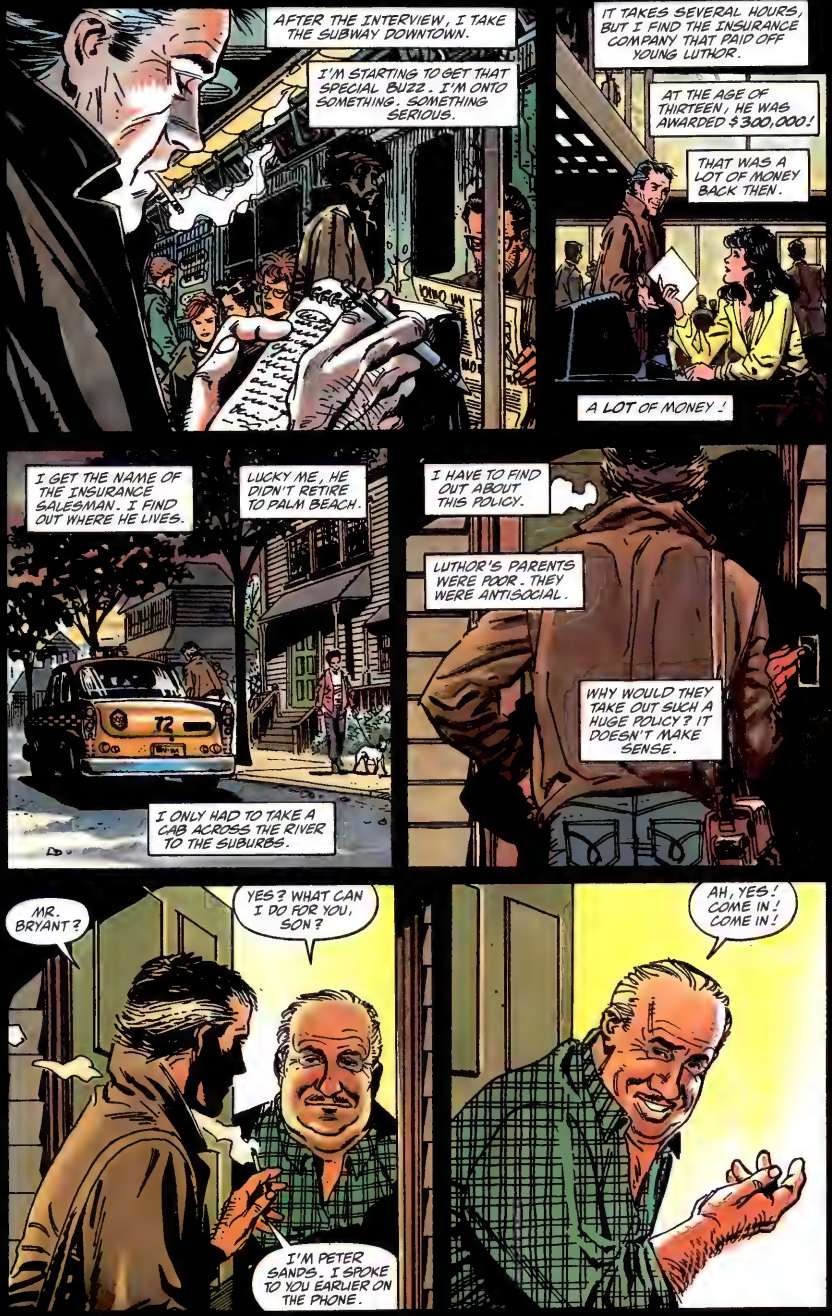
WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TELL ME?
DID ANYONE FOLLOW YOU?
UH... NO- I DON'T THINK SO.
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA HOW SERIOUS THIS IS! I KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT HIM! HIS MEN ARE AFTER ME!
WHOSE MEN? WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU HAVE TO GET SUPERMAN! HE'S THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST!
NOW, HOLD ON A SECOND!
I KNOW I'VE BEEN CONNECTED TO SUPERMAN A COUPLE OF TIMES--
--BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE HIS PHONE NUMBER!
DAMMIT! HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING!?
THEY WANT TO KILL ME!!
EVERYTHING I'VE LEARNED ABOUT LUTHOR WILL BE ERASED...


IT'S ALL RIGHT. CALM DOWN.
JUST TELL ME YOUR STORY AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
I'VE BEEN PUTTING TOGETHER A BIOGRAPHY ON LEX LUTHOR. I'VE UNCOVERED THINGS THAT WOULD PUT HIM AWAY FOR LIFE!
NOW I'M BEING FOLLOWED NIGHT AND DAY! PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO KILL ME!
I CAN'T TRUST THE POLICE, I CAN'T TRUST YOU! BUT I'M WILLING TO TRUST SUPERMAN IF YOU CAN GET HIM.
CAN I SEE YOUR NOTES? MAYBE IF I HAD MORE INFORMATION--
NO WAY! GET ME SUPERMAN AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHATEVER YOU WANT! UNTIL THEN, NO ONE SEES THEM!
VERY WELL.
KEEP YOUR DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCKED. I'LL HAVE HIM COME OVER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
SO I WENT OUT TO CONTACT SUPERMAN.
PETER SANDS WAS PERFECTLY HEALTHY WHEN I LEFT HIM.
YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT STORY!?
WHAT'S LEX LUTHOR GOT TO HIDE!?

SPENT THE NIGHT FINISHING LUTHOR'S BOOK. DIDN'T EVEN GET DRUNK.
I FELT SO GOOD THIS MORNING, I EVEN CLEANED UP MY APARTMENT. GUESS I'M ON THE WAGON AGAIN.
AFTERWARDS, I TAKE THE SUBWAY TO THE EAST SIDE. TO SUICIDE SLUM.
METRO
E STREET
THIS IS WHERE LUTHOR GOT HIS HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.
I'M WEARING MY STREET FACE NOW. YOU NEED A STREET FACE IN URBAN HELL.
IT KEEPS THE LOCALS OFF YOUR BACK.
LOOKING INTO LUTHOR'S ORIGINS PRESENTS SOME PROBLEMS.
HE HAS NO LIVING RELATIVES. THERE ARE NO SCHOOL RECORDS PAST THE SEVENTH GRADE.
I CHECKED.
BUT HIS LAST RECORDED TEACHER'S STILL ALIVE. SHE LIVES HERE, IN RETIREMENT.
THIS IS WHAT SOCIAL SECURITY GETS YOU THESE DAYS.
WHO'S THERE?
5A
MRS. ANDERSON?
MY NAME IS PETER SANDS. I'M A REPORTER.

REPORTER? WHAT DOES A REPORTER WANT WITH ME?
I'M WRITING A BOOK ON LEX LUTHOR. I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE HIS TEACHER ONCE. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT--
I CAN'T HELP YOU! GO AWAY!
I SPEND FIVE MINUTES TALKING TO HER DOOR. I TELL HER SHE'LL BE AN ANONYMOUS SOURCE IF SHE LIKES.
SHE KEEPS SAYING THE PAST IS BEHIND HER, BUT I CAN TELL SHE'S WAVERING.
MY CHARM WINS OUT.
HER ANSWERS COME SLOWLY AT FIRST. SHE SEEMS A LITTLE AFRAID OF THE SUBJECT.
BUT AFTER AWHILE, IT STARTS POURING FORTH, IN LUSCIOUS VERBAL STREAMS.
IT'S BEEN THIRTY YEARS SINCE I TAUGHT THAT BOY, BUT I CAN NEVER FORGET HIM.
HIS IMAGE IS ETCHED INTO MY MIND...EVEN THOUGH I'VE TRIED TO FORGET HIM.

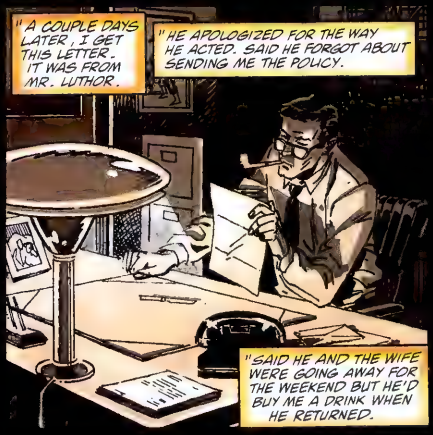
"HE WAS A GENIUS, FAR BEYOND THE OTHER STUDENTS IN HIS CLASS.
"BUT HE WAS ALSO CRUEL, ESPECIALLY TOWARD GIRLS.
"HIS ONLY FRIEND WAS A BOY NAMED PERRY WHITE.
"PERRY WAS A GOOD KID, BUT LEX SEEMED TO BE A BAD INFLUENCE.
"LEX ALSO HAD ENEMIES. THERE WERE THESE TWO BOYS WHO WERE ALWAYS PICKING ON HIM.
"THEIR NAMES WERE EDWARD KELLY AND RICHARD McGUIRE.
"ONE DAY, THEY CAME TO SCHOOL LOOKING AS IF THEY'D BEEN IN A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.
"THERE WAS A RUMOR GOING AROUND THAT LEX PAID SOME GROWN MEN TO BEAT THEM UP.
"I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT UNTIL I NOTICED THAT THESE BOYS NEVER BOTHERED LEX AGAIN."
IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE LEX'S PARENTS DIED AND HE MOVED AWAY.
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? WHERE DID HE GO?
HE GOT AN INSURANCE SETTLEMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HIS PARENTS.
THE LITTLE STINKER WAS RICH.


AFTER THE INTERVIEW, I TAKE THE SUBWAY DOWNTOWN.
I'M STARTING TO GET THAT SPECIAL BUZZ. I'M ONTO SOMETHING. SOMETHING SERIOUS.
IT TAKES SEVERAL HOURS, BUT I FIND THE INSURANCE COMPANY THAT PAID OFF YOUNG LUTHOR.
AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN, HE WAS AWARDED $300,000!
THAT WAS A LOT OF MONEY BACK THEN.
A LOT OF MONEY!
I GET THE NAME OF THE INSURANCE SALESMAN. I FIND OUT WHERE HE LIVES.
LUCKY ME, HE DIDN'T RETIRE TO PALM BEACH.
I ONLY HAD TO TAKE A CAB ACROSS THE RIVER TO THE SUBURBS.
I HAVE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS POLICY.
LUTHOR'S PARENTS WERE POOR. THEY WERE ANTISOCIAL.
WHY WOULD THEY TAKE OUT SUCH A HUGE POLICY? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
MR. BRYANT?
YES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SON?
I'M PETER SANDS. I SPOKE TO YOU EARLIER ON THE PHONE.
AH, YES! COME IN! COME IN!

BRYANT WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO TALK. HE STARTED TO RATTLE ON AS SOON AS WE WERE SEATED.
YES, SIR... I REMEMBER THAT POLICY WELL! DAMNEDEST POLICY I EVER SOLD!
HOW'S THAT?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, THE SIZE OF IT. ALSO, IT CAME IN THE MAIL. BACK THEN, I HAD TO GO DOOR TO DOOR.

"SO I MADE A HOUSE CALL ON THE LUTHORS, TO LET THEM KNOW THEY'D BEEN APPROVED...
"...ONLY TO HAVE MR. LUTHOR CALL ME EVERY NAME IN THE BOOK!

"HE SAID HE NEVER ORDERED ANY INSURANCE!
"SAID IF I EVER CAME 'ROUND THERE AGAIN, HE'D KILL ME!


"A COUPLE DAYS LATER, I GET THIS LETTER. IT WAS FROM MR. LUTHOR.
"HE APOLOGIZED FOR THE WAY HE ACTED. SAID HE FORGOT ABOUT SENDING ME THE POLICY.
"SAID HE AND THE WIFE WERE GOING AWAY FOR THE WEEKEND BUT HE'D BUY ME A DRINK WHEN HE RETURNED.

THE NEXT DAY, THEY WERE DEAD. THEIR CAR SWERVED INTO ANOTHER LANE AND RAN SMACK DAB INTO A SEMI!
WAS THEIR CAR CHECKED FOR TAMPERING?

TAMPERING? WHY WOULD ANYONE TAMPER WITH THEIR CAR?
I JUST HAD A MECHANIC SEE IF THEY HAD A FAULTY STEERING COLUMN. HE SAID IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL.

YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO REMEMBER THE MECHANIC'S NAME, BY ANY CHANCE...?
AS A MATTER OF FACT--

I TRACK DOWN THE MECHANIC. TAKES ME A WHOLE DAY.
HE'S RICH NOW; OWNS A CHAIN OF AUTO PARTS STORES.
HE REFUSED TO TALK TO ME, SO I DID SOME DIGGING INTO HIS PAST.
THE MAN QUIT HIS JOB TWO DAYS AFTER LUTHOR'S SETTLEMENT CAME IN.
HE BOUGHT HIS FIRST AUTO PARTS STORE IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARD.
GEE, LET ME GUESS WHERE HE GOT THE MONEY... DAMN! THE PHONE.
HELLO?
MR. SANDS, WE DO NOT APPROVE OF YOUR RESEARCH. STOP NOW WHILE YOU STILL CAN!
CLICK

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SANDS HAD ON LUTHOR, BUT IT MUST'VE BEEN PRETTY SERIOUS. HE WAS REALLY SCARED.
HA HA HA-- THIS IS THE STUPIDEST STORY I'VE HEARD ALL WEEK! LEX LUTHOR IS THIS COUNTRY'S BIGGEST PHILANTHROPIST!
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO BETTER, SPORT.
I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!
LET'S GO BACK TO WHEN YOU LEFT SANDS' APARTMENT. YOU SAID YOU WENT OUT TO CONTACT SUPERMAN.
SANDS' BODY WAS DISCOVERED BY SUPERMAN. BUT IT WAS SIX HOURS AFTER YOU SAY YOU LEFT.
WHY DID YOU WAIT SIX HOURS BEFORE CONTACTING SUPERMAN?
I DIDN'T. I CONTACTED HIM RIGHT AFTER I LEFT.
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY IT TOOK HIM SO LONG TO SHOW UP. MAYBE IT WAS THE TOKYO QUAKE... I REALLY CAN'T SAY.
WHY DIDN'T YOU COME BACK AND WAIT? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO READ SANDS' NOTES?
UH... I WENT HOME. I WAS... READING A BOOK.
YEAH, SURE. AND I'LL BET THERE'S NO ONE WHO CAN CONFIRM THAT?
NO.
THERE'S NO ONE.

I COULDN'T SLEEP AT ALL LAST NIGHT. THAT PHONE CALL HAD ME TOSSING AND TURNING. JUST LIKE THE SONG.
WHEN DAY COMES, I HIT THE STREETS AGAIN, WONDERING IF I'VE LOST MY MIND.
THIS THING'S TAKEN HOLD OF ME. I'VE DECIDED TO KEEP GOING.
TINSEL TOWN'S GOING TO GET THEIR BOOK. I HAVE TO FINISH IT.
FLY TO THE SUN
IF I LOSE ANOTHER PUBLISHER, I'M DEAD.
FLY TO THE SUN
FLY TO THE SUN

SUTTON ST.
THERE'S NO DOUBT LUTHOR KILLED HIS PARENTS FOR THE INSURANCE MONEY.
HE MUST'VE BRIBED THE MECHANIC TO FALSIFY THE ACCIDENT REPORT. MOST LIKELY BY PROMISING HIM A CUT OF THE RETURN.
PROVING IT IS GOING TO BE IMPOSSIBLE.
BUT WHO NEEDS TO PROVE ANYTHING?
I'M A JOURNALIST, AFTER ALL.
I MOVE ON TO NEW TERRITORY.
IT'S TIME I CHECKED UP ON AN OLD DRINKING BUDDY OF MINE.
HE ONCE TOLD ME THAT HE WORKED FOR LUTHOR IN THE SIXTIES. MAYBE HE'S GOT SOME JUICY STORIES TO TELL.
HOTEL
PROBLEM IS, OLD HARRY'S FALLEN ON HARD TIMES. THE BOTTLE'S BEEN RUNNING HIS LIFE EVEN MORE THAN MINE.
LET'S HOPE HIS BRAIN CELLS ARE STILL WORKING.

HELLO, HARRY.
PETE!
MY MAN! HOW YOU DOING?
NOT BAD.. HOW ABOUT YOU?
I'M LIVING. YOU KNOW...
SO WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND FOR A LONG TIME!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M WRITING A BOOK. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? THE NAM? YOU WERE THERE, TOO.
NO. IT'S ABOUT LEX LUTHOR.
OH, MAN... I DON'T KNOW...
HEY, IT'S YOUR CHOICE. I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GO TO A BAR AND KNOCK BACK A FEW.
LUTHOR.
CHRIST, PETE... THAT'S...
UH... DID YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT DRINKS?
YEAH. THEY'RE ON ME.

WELL ... AS YOU KNOW, I USED TO WORK FOR THAT BALD BUTTHEAD.
I'VE SEEN SOME THINGS, MAN.
I'VE SEEN SOME THINGS...
I STARTED WORKING FOR THE MAN AFTER I GOT MY DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY. HE HAD THIS DISTRIBUTION COMPANY BACK THEN.
DISTRIBUTION?
LOOK, PETE ... THIS IS SOME HEAVY NEWS. IF I TELL YOU THIS STUFF, YOU'RE INVOLVED, TOO.
I'M NOT IN THIS FOR MY HEALTH. BESIDES, I WON'T USE YOUR NAME IN THE BOOK.
YEAH.
LUTHOR WAS LOOKING TO MAKE SOME QUICK MONEY.
HE HAD THIS DREAM ABOUT STARTING A HIGH-TECH COMPANY, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE THE START-UP CAPITAL.
THAT'S WHERE I COME IN. I USED TO BE INVOLVED WITH AIR AMERICA, BACK IN NAM.
AIR AMERICA?!
THAT WAS A FRONT COMPANY USED TO SMUGGLE HEROIN TO THE STATES DURING THE VIETNAM WAR!
YOU WEREN'T C.I.A., HARRY. I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN AVIONICS TECH.
THAT'S RIGHT. I HELPED FIX THEIR PLANES. THEY DIDN'T HIRE TOO MANY BROTHERS IN THOSE DAYS.
MAIN THING IS THAT IT LOOKED GOOD ON MY RESUMÉ WHEN I WENT TO SEE LUTHOR.
MAN HAD A NEED FOR PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T MIND GETTING THEIR HANDS DIRTY.

Y'SEE, LUTHOR'S A GENIUS. I'LL GIVE HIM THAT.
HE SAW THE GROWING DRUG PROBLEM IN AMERICA AND KNEW IT WAS THE ANSWER TO HIS MONEY PREDICAMENT.
'CEPT, LUTHOR DON'T LIKE TO GET PERSONALLY INVOLVED IN STUFF THAT MIGHT COME BACK AT HIM. HE WANTS OTHERS TO TAKE THE FALL.
THE WISE GUYS WERE HAVING PROBLEMS GETTING THEIR STUFF INTO THE STATES. THIS WAS BACK AROUND THE TIME OF THE FRENCH CONNECTION BUST.
LUTHOR FIGURED OUT A WAY TO ELIMINATE THEIR NEED TO IMPORT-- AND MAKE HIMSELF RICH AT THE SAME TIME.
"HE CREATED THE FIRST DESIGNER DRUGS AND SHOWED THE DONS HOW THE LABS COULD BE SET UP ALL OVER THE U.S.
"LUTHOR OFFERED TO SELL HIS FORMULAS AND DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM FOR A COOL, TWO MILLION DOLLARS.
"HE MUSTA USED A ALIAS OF SOME KIND... LIKE I SAID, HE LIKES TO KEEP CLEAN.
"ALL'S I KNOW IS THE DEAL WENT THROUGH AND SOMEHOW THAT SLIMEBAG. ENDED UP LOADED!
SAMPLE MERCHANDISE
"'COURSE THAT'S THE WAY I FIGURE IT WENT DOWN."
SOUNDS LIKE YOU HATE HIM. YOU SEEM BITTER.
WHAT D'YOU EXPECT?! THE WISE GUYS DON'T HIRE NO BLACKS. THEY DUMPED ME!
AS FOR LUTHOR, HE AIN'T EXACTLY A CRUSADER FOR RACIAL EQUALITY HIMSELF.
MAN'S BEEN USIN' HIS INFLUENCE TO KEEP ME OUT OF WORK ALL THESE YEARS. I CAN'T GET A DECENT JOB.
HE LIKES TO MAKE PEOPLE SUFFER. LIKES TO SHOW OFF HIS POWER.
I THINK THE MAN GETS OFF ON IT!

;URP!... MAN, OH, MAN! I HOPE THAT BOOK OF YOURS PUTS THAT SCUM-SUCKER AWAY FOR GOOD!
S BAR
SO DO I, PAL. SO DO I.
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO NOW? WHO YOU GONNA SEE?
THERE'S THIS WOMAN WHO USED TO WORK FOR LUTHOR BACK IN THE SEVENTIES. I FOUND OUT ABOUT HER IN AN OLD NEWSPAPER ARTICLE.
SHE USED TO DATE HIM, SO I BET SHE'S GOT SOMETHING TO SAY.
PUUL
JUST MAKE SURE YOU DUST LUTHOR, MAN. MAKE SURE YOU BLOW HIS BEHIND TO HELL!
NUDE
HARRY-- MOVE!!

HARRY!
HARRY, ARE YOU--
OH, GOD!
SOMEBODY... PLEASE! CALL AN AMBULANCE!
DUDE! CHECK OUT THE BLOOD!
HE'S DEAD! WOW!
WON'T ONE OF YOU CALL AN--
NO!
POLICE SIRENS SLASH THE AIR BEHIND ME--
I DON'T HEAR THE GUNMEN FOLLOW--
I'M HISTORY --I'M GONE--

GONE TO DO MY LAST INTERVIEW. I SHOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE. I SHOULD'VE GONE HOME.
WHAT FOR? I'M AS GOOD AS DEAD NO MATTER WHERE I GO NOW.
I NEED MORE AMMO BEFORE I TURN MY NOTES OVER FOR PROTECTION. I NEED SOMETHING JUICY.
MAYBE THIS MELISSA DUGAN CAN HELP ME. MAYBE SHE'S GOT SOME ANSWERS.
YES?
DUGAN
A. RAYMOND
TOTH
H.R. FOSTER
RUSS MANNING
MS. DUGAN? THIS IS PETER SANDS. I MADE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE YOU.
OH, YES. I'LL BUZZ THE DOOR FOR YOU.
SHE SOUNDED NERVOUS... A LITTLE AFRAID, MAYBE?
CHRIST, PETER-- GO HOME! DON'T INVOLVE ANOTHER PERSON IN THIS MESS!
HARRY DIED BECAUSE OF ME. I CAN'T DRAG SOMEONE ELSE DOWN.
BUT I'M STILL WALKING FORWARD. I HAVEN'T BACKED OUT.
MAYBE SHE'LL TELL ME TO GO AWAY. MAYBE SHE'LL SLAM THE DOOR IN MY FACE.
YEAH. SHE WON'T LET ME IN. SHE'LL MAKE ME LEAVE.
HELLO. WON'T YOU COME IN?
DAMN.

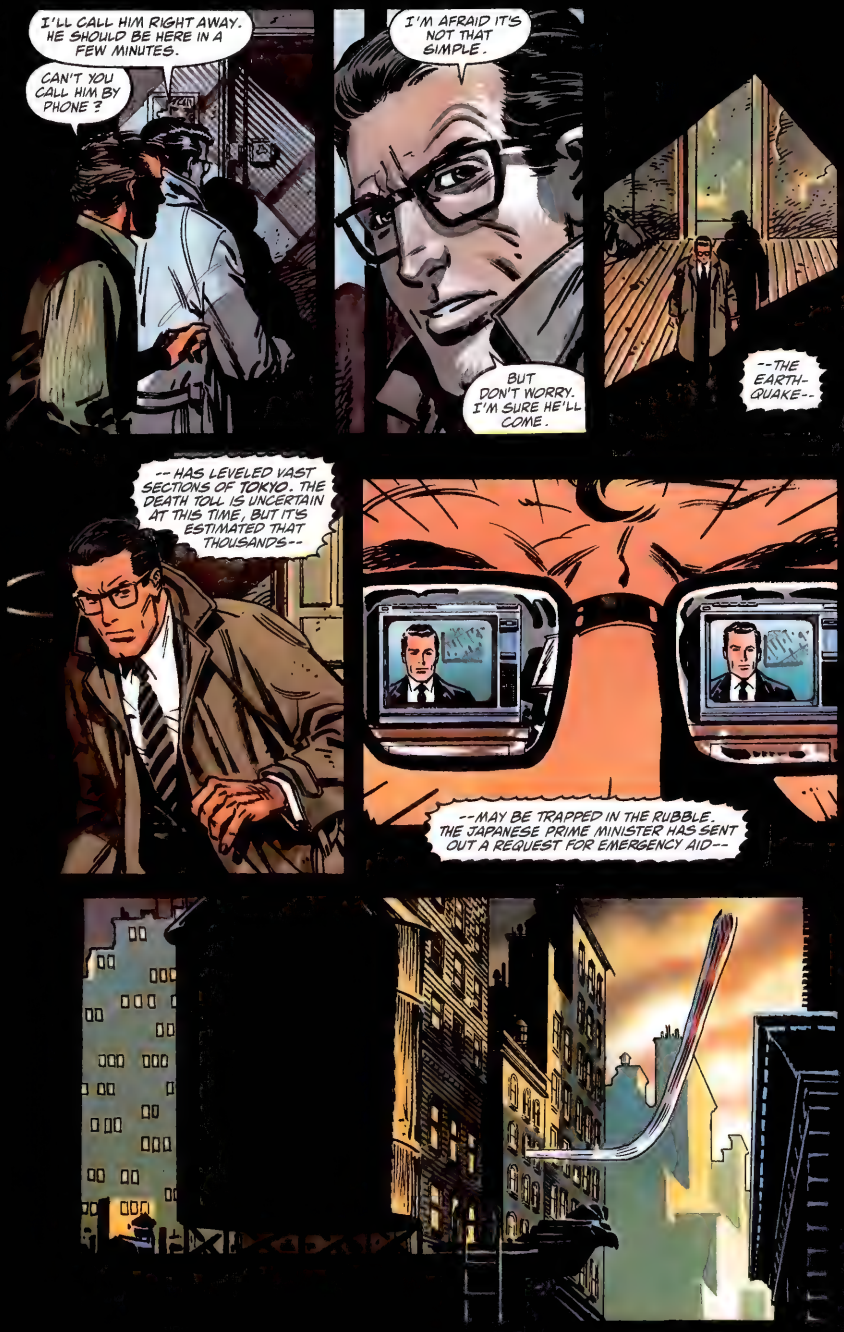
WE SIT DOWN. SHE DOESN'T GET CLOSE.
I CAN TELL SHE DOESN'T LIKE THE BEER-SMELL ON MY BREATH.
DAMN--SHOULD'VE SHAVED THIS MORNING! SHE'S A LOOKER.
WHEN SHE TALKS IT'S WITH A VOICE LIKE SILK, SLIDING ACROSS SMOOTH FLESH.
I WAS ONLY 23 WHEN I MET LEX. THIS WAS RIGHT AFTER I GOT OUT OF COLLEGE.
I'D EARNED A MASTERS IN ELECTRONICS AND WAS LOOKING FOR AN ENTRY-LEVEL POSITION WITH A DESIGN FIRM.
"I WAS READING THE PAPER ONE MORNING WHEN AN ARTICLE CAUGHT MY EYE. IT WAS ALL ABOUT LEX.
"IT TALKED ABOUT HIS COMPANY, LEXCORP, WHICH WAS DESIGNED TO REVOLUTIONIZE TECHNOLOGY AS WE KNOW IT.
"I WAS IMPRESSED BY THIS YOUNG ENTREPRENEUR. I DECIDED I WAS GOING TO WORK WITH HIM.
"THE FOLLOWING WEEK I WAS HIRED BY LEXCORP. HE WELCOMED ME ON MY FIRST DAY.
"HE STRUCK ME AS DYNAMIC... BURNING. HIS EYES WERE FILLED WITH LIGHT.
"I WANTED HIM. AND I COULD TELL HE WANTED ME.
"WE BECAME LOVERS.
"AND FOR A WHILE, WE WERE INSEPARABLE...
"UNTIL I BEGAN TO SEE HIM AS HE REALLY WAS.

"BACK THEN, LEX USED TO OWN THE DAILY PLANET.
"HE LOVED TO BOAST HOW HE USED IT TO MAKE HIMSELF RICHER.
"HE WOULD HIRE MEN TO DIG UP INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE AGAINST HIS COMPETITORS.
"THE DAILY PLANET WOULD RUN AN ARTICLE USING THIS INFORMATION BEFORE A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT WAS AWARDED.
"LEXCORP WOULD WIN THE CONTRACT AND HIS COMPETITORS WOULD FIND THEMSELVES IN A MORASS OF LAWSUITS.
"EVERYWHERE WE WENT, HIS MEN WOULD REPORT TO HIM.
"I WOULD HEAR WHISPERED ACCOUNTS OF EXECUTIVES DRIVEN TO SUICIDE; ABOUT CAREERS DESTROYED BY PHOTOS AND DOCUMENTS.
"LEX MADE SURE THERE WAS NO ONE TO CHALLENGE HIM. HE WAS UTTERLY RUTHLESS.
"I WANTED OUT OF THE RELATIONSHIP, BUT THAT ONLY MADE LEX DESIRE ME MORE.
"WE NO LONGER MADE LOVE. INSTEAD, HE... HURT ME. HE BECAME CRUEL..."
THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO SAY.
SO, I QUIT LEXCORP. I LEFT HIM.
HE NEVER FORGAVE ME FOR THAT. IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE I COULD GET ANOTHER JOB.
EVEN THEN, HE HAD THE POWER TO BLACKLIST PEOPLE.
BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M DOING PRETTY WELL THESE DAYS.
I MANAGED TO GET ANOTHER JOB WITH S.T.A.R. LABS, A COMPETITOR OF HIS. A COMPANY HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO HURT.
...SO FAR.
I JUST WISH THERE WAS A WAY I COULD HURT HIM!

PAIN -- MY HEAD'S THROBBING -- MOUTH'S DRY. I NEED A DRINK -- A BEER. TWENTY BEERS.
I FEEL WASTED. DEAD. AS DEAD AS HARRY JONES.
GOD! WHAT HAVE I GOT MYSELF INTO?
I'M SCREWED. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT, NOT COUNTING SUICIDE.
CAN'T TRUST THE POLICE. LUTHOR PROBABLY OWNS THEM.
FORGET THE GOVERNMENT. HE MUST HAVE SENATORS EATING OUT OF HIS HANDS.
I HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE STRONGER THAN LUTHOR. SOMEONE HE CAN'T TOUCH--
--SOMEONE HE DOESN'T CONTROL.
--SOMEONE WHO'S WILLING TO HELP.
--SOMEONE WHO BELIEVES IN TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND...
WHAT THE HELL?!
SOMEONE'S RANSACKED MY APARTMENT!

THE TAPES!
IF THEY GOT THEM, I'M LOST!
I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO TRANSCRIBE THEM ON MY COMPUTER. THEY'VE GOT TO BE HERE!
THANK GOD!
THESE TAPES ARE THE ONLY CHANCE I HAVE THAT HE'LL LISTEN TO ME...
THE ONE MAN WHO CAN PROTECT ME FROM LUTHOR.
EVERYONE WANTS A PIECE OF HIM. HE ISN'T EASY TO GET AHOLD OF. BUT WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.
A WAY TO CONTACT SUPERMAN!
HE HAS A FRIEND NAMED CLARK KENT. CLARK'S A REPORTER.
REPORTERS NEED STORIES, SO HOW CAN HE RESIST THIS ONE?

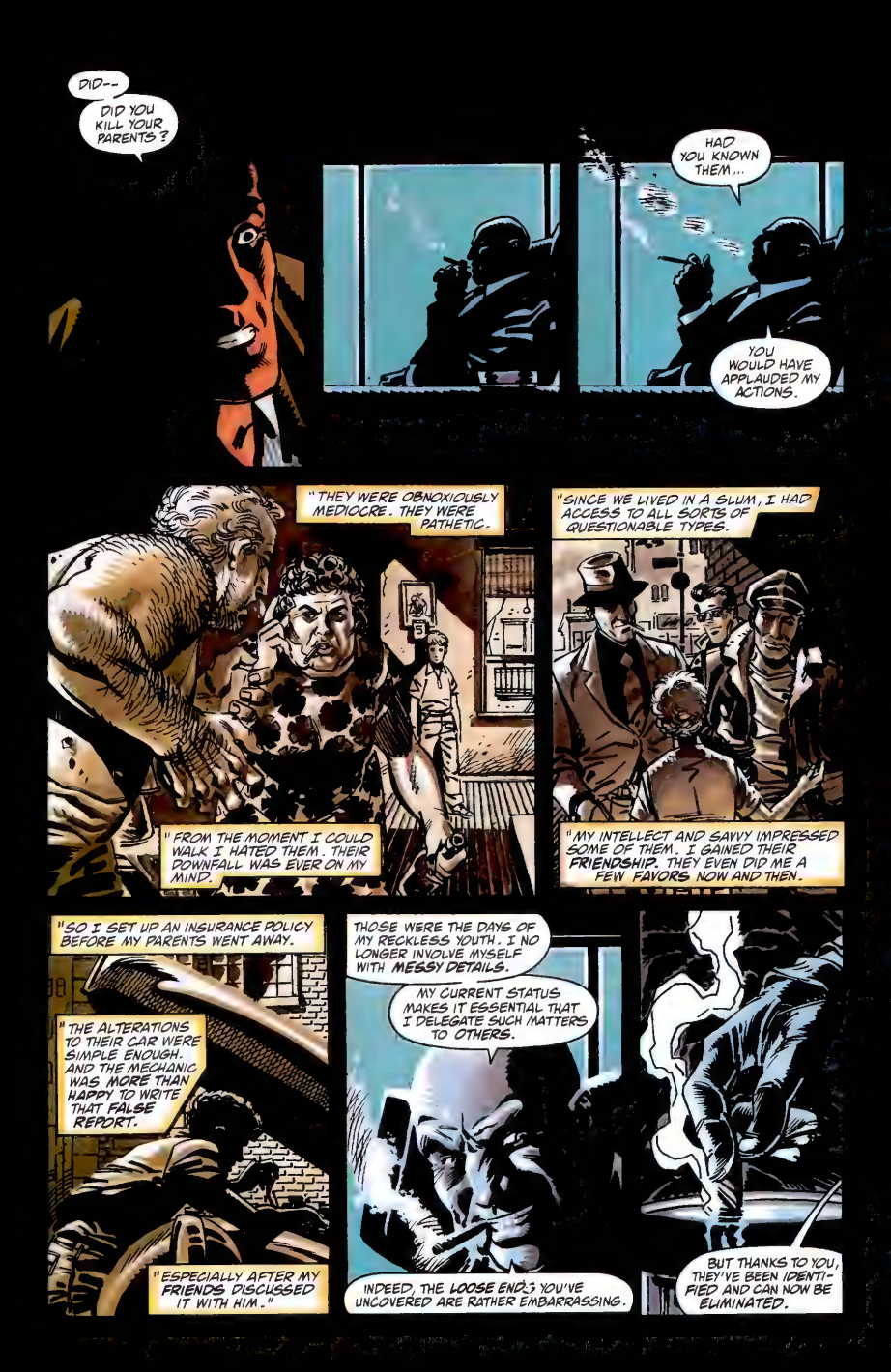
I'M SORRY, CLARK, BUT YOU'VE FAILED TO CONVINCE US OF ANYTHING. IT LOOKS BAD, MY FRIEND...
FACE UP TO IT, SPORT. YOU HAD THE MEANS, THE MOTIVE, AND THE OPPORTUNITY.
WE DON'T HAVE THE MURDER WEAPON YET. YOU PROBABLY DUMPED IT IN THE RIVER, BUT THAT'S OKAY.
WE GOT YOU!
YOU WERE THE LAST PERSON TO SEE PETER SANDS ALIVE! YOU WANTED HIS NOTES! YOU WANTED HIS STORY!
YOUR NEIGHBORS SAY THEY DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME HOME LAST NIGHT! YOU HAVE NO ALIBI!
THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE CONCLUSION, SPORT. YOU KILLED PETER SANDS!
ADMIT IT!
I DIDN'T DO IT! HE WAS ALIVE WHEN I LEFT HIM!
ALIVE!


I'LL CALL HIM RIGHT AWAY. HE SHOULD BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES.
CAN'T YOU CALL HIM BY PHONE?
I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.
BUT DON'T WORRY. I'M SURE HE'LL COME.
--THE EARTH-QUAKE--
-- HAS LEVELED VAST SECTIONS OF TOKYO. THE DEATH TOLL IS UNCERTAIN AT THIS TIME, BUT IT'S ESTIMATED THAT THOUSANDS--
--MAY BE TRAPPED IN THE RUBBLE. THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER HAS SENT OUT A REQUEST FOR EMERGENCY AID--

WHEN'S HE GOING TO GET HERE?!
IT'S BEEN OVER AN HOUR!
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D--
UH...

WAKEY, WAKEY!
KOFF KOFF --WHA--
OHH... WHAT THE HELL...?
GET UP!
WHERE ARE WE?! WHAT IS THIS?!
SHUT YOUR HOLE!
HAVE A SEAT, MR. SANDS.

I MUST SAY, I'M IMPRESSED BY THE AMOUNT OF INFORMATION YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO OBTAIN ON ME.
CONSIDERING YOUR LIMITED RESOURCES AND THE NUMBER OF DAYS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS, IT'S QUITE AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NOTHING I HAVEN'T ALREADY TAKEN.
YOUR TAPES HAVE BEEN ERASED. YOUR NOTES HAVE BEEN INCINERATED.
IT AMAZES ME THAT PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK A TOILET TANK IS AN ORIGINAL HIDING PLACE.
IT'S EVEN MORE AMAZING THAT YOU CHOSE TO WRITE MY BIOGRAPHY WITHOUT REQUESTING AN INTERVIEW.
WELL... UH, I WAS...
UH... TRYING TO GET SOME BACKGROUND MATERIAL FIRST.
OF COURSE YOU WERE, MR. SANDS. OF COURSE.
HOWEVER, I CANNOT ALLOW THIS BOOK TO BE PUBLISHED.
WH- WHAT ARE YOU... GOING TO DO?
YOU WILL BE PAID A KILL FEE. THIS PROJECT OF YOURS IS FINISHED.
BUT, SINCE YOU'VE GONE TO SO MUCH TROUBLE, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT AT LEAST LIKE TO KNOW THE ANSWERS TO SOME OF YOUR QUESTIONS.
GO AHEAD. ASK ME ANYTHING.


DID--
DID YOU KILL YOUR PARENTS?
HAD YOU KNOWN THEM...
YOU WOULD HAVE APPLAUDED MY ACTIONS.
"THEY WERE OBNOXIOUSLY MEDIOCRE. THEY WERE PATHETIC.
"FROM THE MOMENT I COULD WALK I HATED THEM. THEIR DOWNFALL WAS EVER ON MY MIND.
"SINCE WE LIVED IN A SLUM, I HAD ACCESS TO ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONABLE TYPES.
"MY INTELLECT AND SAVVY IMPRESSED SOME OF THEM. I GAINED THEIR FRIENDSHIP. THEY EVEN DID ME A FEW FAVORS NOW AND THEN.
"SO I SET UP AN INSURANCE POLICY BEFORE MY PARENTS WENT AWAY.
"THE ALTERATIONS TO THEIR CAR WERE SIMPLE ENOUGH. AND THE MECHANIC WAS MORE THAN HAPPY TO WRITE THAT FALSE REPORT.
"ESPECIALLY AFTER MY FRIENDS DISCUSSED IT WITH HIM."
THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF MY RECKLESS YOUTH. I NO LONGER INVOLVE MYSELF WITH MESSY DETAILS.
MY CURRENT STATUS MAKES IT ESSENTIAL THAT I DELEGATE SUCH MATTERS TO OTHERS.
INDEED, THE LOOSE ENDS YOU'VE UNCOVERED ARE RATHER EMBARRASSING.
BUT THANKS TO YOU, THEY'VE BEEN IDENTIFIED AND CAN NOW BE ELIMINATED.

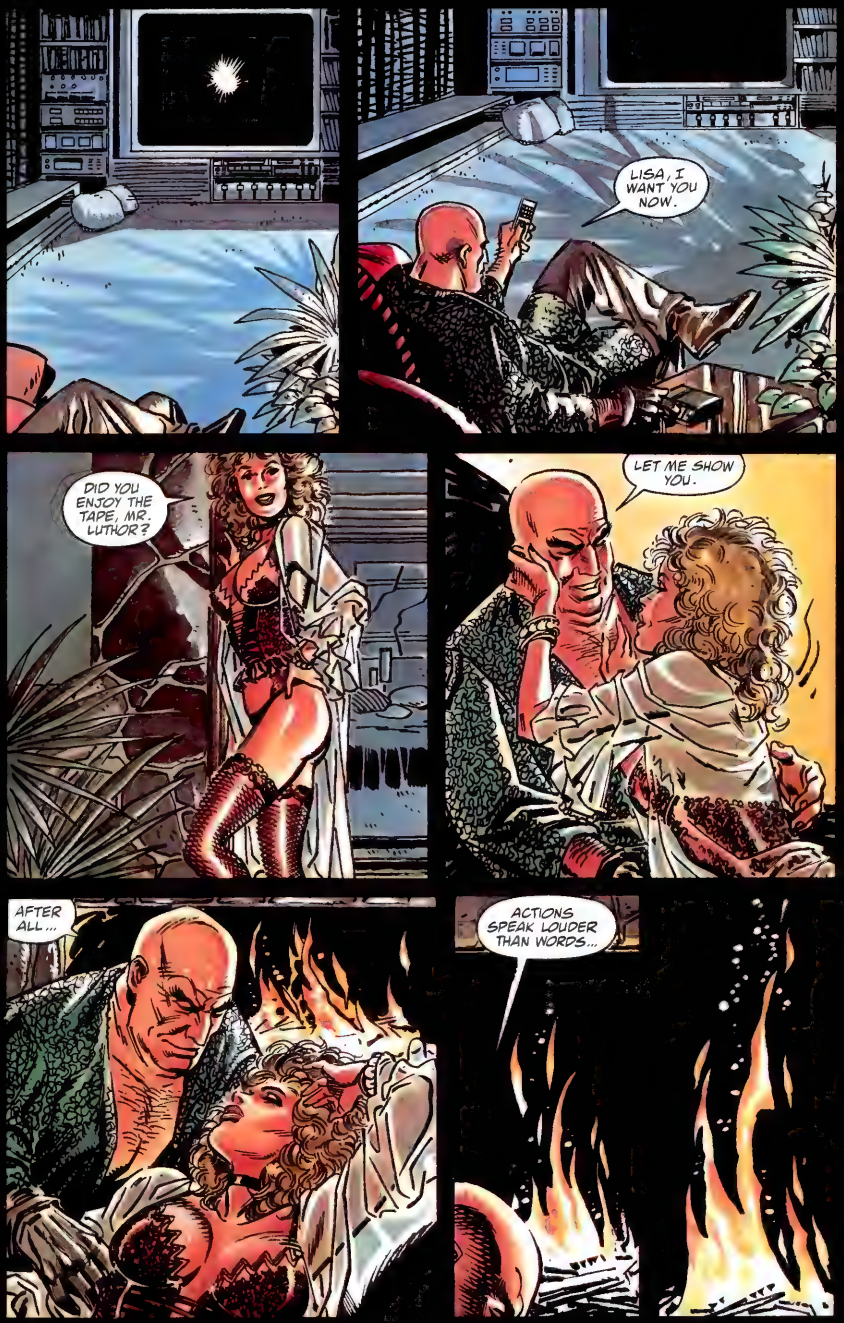
THOSE PEOPLE I INTERVIEWED... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO...
ALL PHYSICAL EVIDENCE, LIKE THE INSURANCE RECORDS, HAVE BEEN DESTROYED.
AS FOR THE PEOPLE, WELL... YOUR FRIEND HARRY JONES WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD COMPROMISE MY DENIABILITY.
THIS ISN'T TO SAY I'M TOTALLY UNFORGIVING. TAKE RICHARD, FOR EXAMPLE.
RICHARD AND HIS FRIEND ED KELLY USED TO PICK ON ME IN GRADE SCHOOL.
MY NEIGHBORHOOD ACQUAINTANCES PUT A STOP TO THAT WITH A LITTLE NON-VERBAL PERSUASION.
YEARS LATER, I DISCOVERED THAT RICH AND ED HAD GROWN UP TO BECOME FELONS. I OFFERED THEM A NEW LIFE, WORKING FOR ME.
HE SPAT IN MY FACE.
RICHARD WISELY ACCEPTED. BUT ED, FOOLISH EDWARD KELLY... STILL BORE A GRUDGE AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS.
AH... WILL YOU LOOK AT THE TIME.
I'M AFRAID I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW. I HAVE TO BE IN MY CHALET IN ASPEN TONIGHT.
JUST ONE LAST QUESTION.
WHY?
WHY DO YOU DO THESE THINGS?
HA HA HA HA--
WHY?!

LIFE IS SHORT.
I COULD HAVE BECOME LIKE MY PARENTS, HAD I CHOSE TO WALLOW IN CHEAP EMOTION AND SELF LOATHING, AS DID THEY.
INSTEAD, I CHOSE TO BECOME A GOD.
I CONTROL HUMAN LIVES, INSTEAD OF BEING CONTROLLED. I CAN DESTROY SOMEONE WITH A PHONE CALL.
WHICH IS WHY I CANNOT ABIDE SUPERMAN! THERE IS ONLY ROOM FOR ONE GOD ON THIS PLANET!
I'M DETERMINED TO BRING HIM DOWN AT ANY COST! AND I WILL-- USING HIS FRIENDS TO--
AHEM! MY ENEMIES WILL CONTINUE TO FALL BEFORE MY VAST CORPORATE EMPIRE.
FOR EXAMPLE, THERE WAS THIS COMPANY IN TOKYO THAT WAS BEGINNING TO GIVE ME SOME SERIOUS COMPETITION.
THEY HAD NO IDEA WHAT THEY WERE UP AGAINST, OR THE TECHNOLOGY I POSSESSED TO EFFECT THEIR DEMISE.
THEY KNOW NOW.
A GOD MUST BE SEVERE.
THIS WAS AN INTERESTING CHAT, MR. SANDS, BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR TIME IS OVER.
GOODBYE

...UNNN...
AHH--!
NGG--!
UHH--!
THE HALL'S EMPTY, RICH. LET'S GO!

YOUR BUDDY SUPERMAN FOUND SANDS' BODY JUST LIKE YOU SEE THERE. JUST LIKE YOU LEFT HIM!
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW HOW HONEST OL' SUPERMAN IS. HE COULD'VE WIPED OUT YOUR NAME.
FREE THE PEO
MAYBE HE DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR FRIENDSHIP, SPORT!
SUPERMAN KNOWS I'M INNOCENT!
THE TRUTH IS GOING TO SURFACE! YOU'LL SEE!
COMMISSIONER MACKLIN! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, SIR?
LET HIM GO. WE HAVE NEW EVIDENCE.
INDEED. THE MURDER WEAPON TURNED UP. IT HAS PRINTS BELONGING TO A CONVICTED FELON NAMED EDWARD KELLY.
KELLY HAS A HISTORY OF ASSAULT AND ROBBERY. THEY'VE PUT OUT AN A.P.B. ON HIM.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BLOOD MESSAGE?
THE POSITION OF SANDS' BODY IN RELATION TO THE LETTERS SHOWS THAT HE COULDN'T HAVE WRITTEN IT. THE LAB'S CONFIRMED THIS.
NO OFFENSE, MISS, BUT-- WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
I'M MR. KENT'S ATTORNEY.
I DON'T HAVE AN ATTORNEY!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?!
GENTLEMEN, LET'S LEAVE THE LADY ALONE WITH HER CLIENT.
YOUR WORK HERE IS DONE.
...YES, SIR.

COME ON. LET'S GO!
BUT, THE TAPE'S STILL RUNNING.
I KNOW. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!
I'VE BEEN HIRED BY MR. LEX LUTHOR TO INSURE YOU'RE FREE AND CLEAR OF ANY CHARGES AGAINST YOU.
MR. LUTHOR BECAME VERY CONCERNED WHEN HE HEARD YOU WERE IN TROUBLE.
I'LL BET HE WAS!
WHAT DOES HE WANT FROM ME?
HE WANTS YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU IN THE FUTURE, SHOULD THIS EVER HAPPEN AGAIN!
YOU'RE SUPERMAN'S CLOSEST FRIEND. YOU MUST KNOW A LOT OF THINGS ABOUT HIS PERSONAL LIFE... HIS PAST, WHO HE'S DATING, THINGS LIKE THAT.
MR. LUTHOR WILL BE GIVING YOU A CALL SOMEDAY. HE'S GOING TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS.
AS YOUR ATTORNEY, MR. KENT, I'D ADVISE YOU TO COOPERATE.
AFTER ALL... YOU WOULDN'T WANT SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO HAPPEN AGAIN.


LISA, I WANT YOU NOW.
DID YOU ENJOY THE TAPE, MR. LUTHOR?
LET ME SHOW YOU.
AFTER ALL...
ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS...

BIZARRO

PERSONAL DATA

Alter Ego: Clark Kent
Occupation: Would-be adventurer and reporter
Marital Status: Single
Known Relatives: None
Group Affiliation: None

Base of Operations: Metropolis
First Appearance: ACTION COMICS #254, (current version) MAN OF STEEL #5
Height: 6'3" *Weight:* 225 lbs.
Eyes: Blue *Hair:* Black

HISTORY

Billionaire Lex Luthor (see *Luthor*, revised) sought to create a duplicate of his archenemy Superman (see *Superman II*), who would possess all of Superman's powers and memories but would be subservient to Luthor himself. Luthor had engineered the escape of a scientist named Dr.Teng from the People's Republic of China. Teng worked for Luthor on "Project Changeling," in which Teng devised the "bio-matrix" mechanism, which could perfectly duplicate any known form of life.

While Superman confronted Luthor in the latter's Hong Kong office, Teng used sensor devices to scan Superman's entire cellular and molecular structure, and then fed the data into the bio-matrix. Soon, an android duplicate of Superman, created from inorganic matter (and hence not truly "alive"), emerged from the bio-matrix.

But Luthor and Teng had not realized until the sensors scanned Superman that Superman was an alien being, not native to Earth. As a result, the duplication process was faulty, and the android's body collapsed and began to crystallize. Disgusted by this failure, Luthor called the creature "bizarre" and ordered it destroyed. (Although the creature is called "Bizarro" in this entry, as far as is known, no one in the DC Universe itself ever gave it a name.)

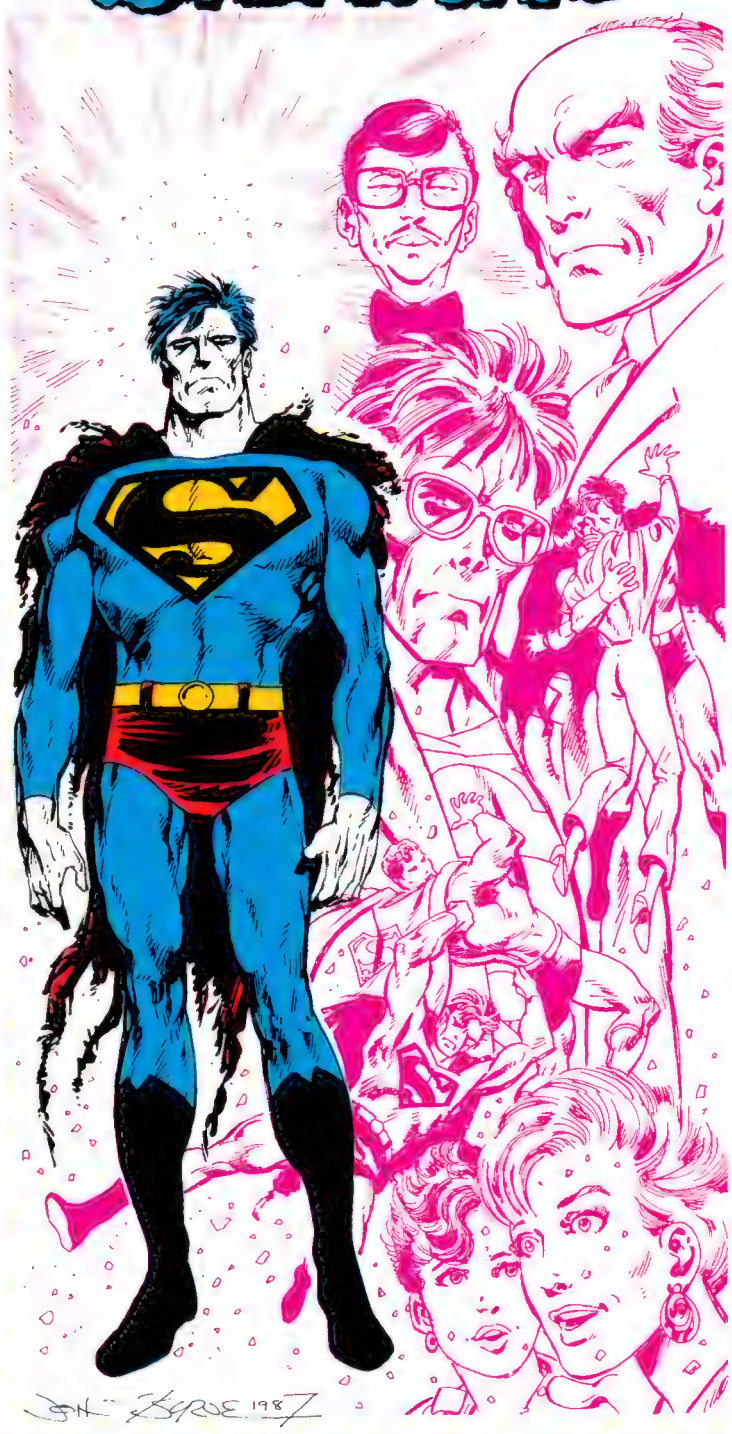
However, the creature escaped, and, believing itself to be Superman, made its way to Metropolis. But the creature's ability to think was also defective, and it was incapable of speech. Soon after arriving in the city, the creature saved Lucy Lane, the younger sister of Superman's friend Lois Lane, from committing suicide (see *Lois Lane*). Lucy had recently gone blind and had fallen into despair.

Almost immediately afterwards, Superman himself confronted and battled the creature. Bringing Lois with him, the creature returned to Lucy, whose sight had partially returned after she was exposed to "dust" that came off the creature's body. Finally, Superman and the creature flew at each other at extraordinary speed. The resulting collision destroyed the creature, creating a shower of "dust" that fully cured Lucy's blindness. Superman speculated that the creature had sacrificed its own life to cure her.

Whether Dr. Teng's bio-matrix will ever be used to create another such creature remains to be seen.

POWERS & WEAPONS

Dr. Teng's imperfect android duplicate of Superman possessed all of Superman's powers, including super-strength, near-invulnerability, super-speed, the ability to fly, superhumanly acute sight and hearing, the power to generate heat ("heat vision") and the ability to see through objects ("X-ray vision").



Art by John Byrne

Revised

LEX LUTHOR

Alter Ego: None
Occupation: President, chairman of the board, and principal stockholder of Lexcorp
Marital Status: Married many times, now divorced
Known Relatives: None
Group Affiliation: Lexcorp
Base of Operations: Metropolis
First Appearance: ACTION COMICS #23
Height: 5'10" *Weight:* 225 lbs.
Eyes: Green *Hair:* Red, now bald

Lex Luthor, the archenemy of Superman (see *Superman II*), is one of the world's two or three wealthiest men and is the head of one of its largest and most powerful corporations, Lexcorp. A genius as an industrialist, Luthor founded Lexcorp and guided its rise to its present size and power.

Lexcorp principally manufactures electronic devices of all sorts, but is also involved in many other areas of business and industry. Lexcorp has offices and operations throughout the non-Communist world, but its main offices are in Metropolis.

Due to his vast wealth and the great influence it gave him, Luthor was once known as the most powerful man in Metropolis. Lexcorp has part ownership of virtually every major business based in Metropolis. Although rumors persist that he engages in criminal activities, no wrongdoing on his part has ever been proved legally. Instead, Luthor is renowned as a philanthropist.

Luthor has long sought to add Lois Lane, a star reporter for Metropolis' newspaper *The Daily Planet,* to his list of romantic conquests, but she has steadfastly resisted (see *Daily Planet, Lois Lane* revised).

About a year and a half after Superman's public debut, Luthor held a party aboard his immense ship, the *Sea Queen.* During the party terrorists opposed to Lexcorp's South American activities attacked the ship. Warned in advance of a possible hijacking, Luthor had ordered his security force to hold back. Luthor hoped that Superman would intervene and that he could thus observe this new super-hero in action. Superman did indeed thwart the terrorists, but Metropolis' Mayor Frank Berkowitz, furious that Luthor had thus endangered innocent people, appointed Superman a special deputy on the spot and had him arrest Luthor. When Luthor objected that he himself was the most powerful man in Metropolis, Berkowitz replied, "No, you're not, Lex. Not anymore." In other words, Superman now was.

Luthor then suffered the humiliation of being jailed like an ordinary criminal. His lawyers saw to it he was not convicted, and Luthor vowed never to be arrested again. Determined to reassert himself as the most powerful man in Metropolis, Luthor confronted Superman and pledged to destroy him, but in such a way that although everyone would know Luthor was responsible, no one would be able to prove it.

Over the succeeding years Luthor has tried repeatedly to destroy Superman through various agents. So far Superman has survived but has been unable to prove Luthor's connection with the attacks.

Lex Luthor has no super-powers but is a genius at creating concepts for new inventions and products from Lexcorp. He leaves it to his employees to work out how to implement these ideas.

Luthor is a master at devising strategies for attacking Superman and has access to Lexcorp's advanced technology and weaponry. □

Revised

Art by John Byrne

PERSONAL DATA

Alter Ego: Margaret Pye
Occupation: Professional Criminal, former Museum Curator
Marital Status: Single
Known Relatives: None
Group Affiliation: None
Base of Operations: Gotham City Museum of Antiquities (derelict)
First Appearance: MAN OF STEEL #3
Height: 5'7" *Weight:* 120 lbs.
Eyes: Blue *Hair:* Black (as Margaret: Red)

HISTORY

As a little girl, Margaret Pye loved sparkly things and wanted them all for herself. Her friends ridiculed her for this obsession and gave her the nickname "Magpie."

This obsession just got stronger as Margaret grew up, so she became curator of the Gotham City Museum of Antiquities, where she could surround herself with the pretty things she loved. This love warped itself into jealousy, since she was constantly reminded of all the beautiful things she could never possess. Margaret's mind snapped, leading her to become Magpie.

As Magpie, she used the knowledge she'd gleaned from the museum to fashion deadly duplicates of the pretty things she wanted to own. She didn't see it as stealing; she was simply taking that which was rightfully hers and replacing it with a fatal reminder to the unlucky possessor that she was the true owner and they would have to be "punished" for keeping Magpie's shiny things from her. She surrounds herself with musclebound thugs who often pay the ultimate price for failure: they are "punished."

Magpie's first string of murders was stopped by Superman (see *Superman*) and Batman (see *Batman II* revised). After being released by a cagey lawyer, Magpie was stopped some time later by Batman and Robin (see *Robin III* revised). She is currently in custody.

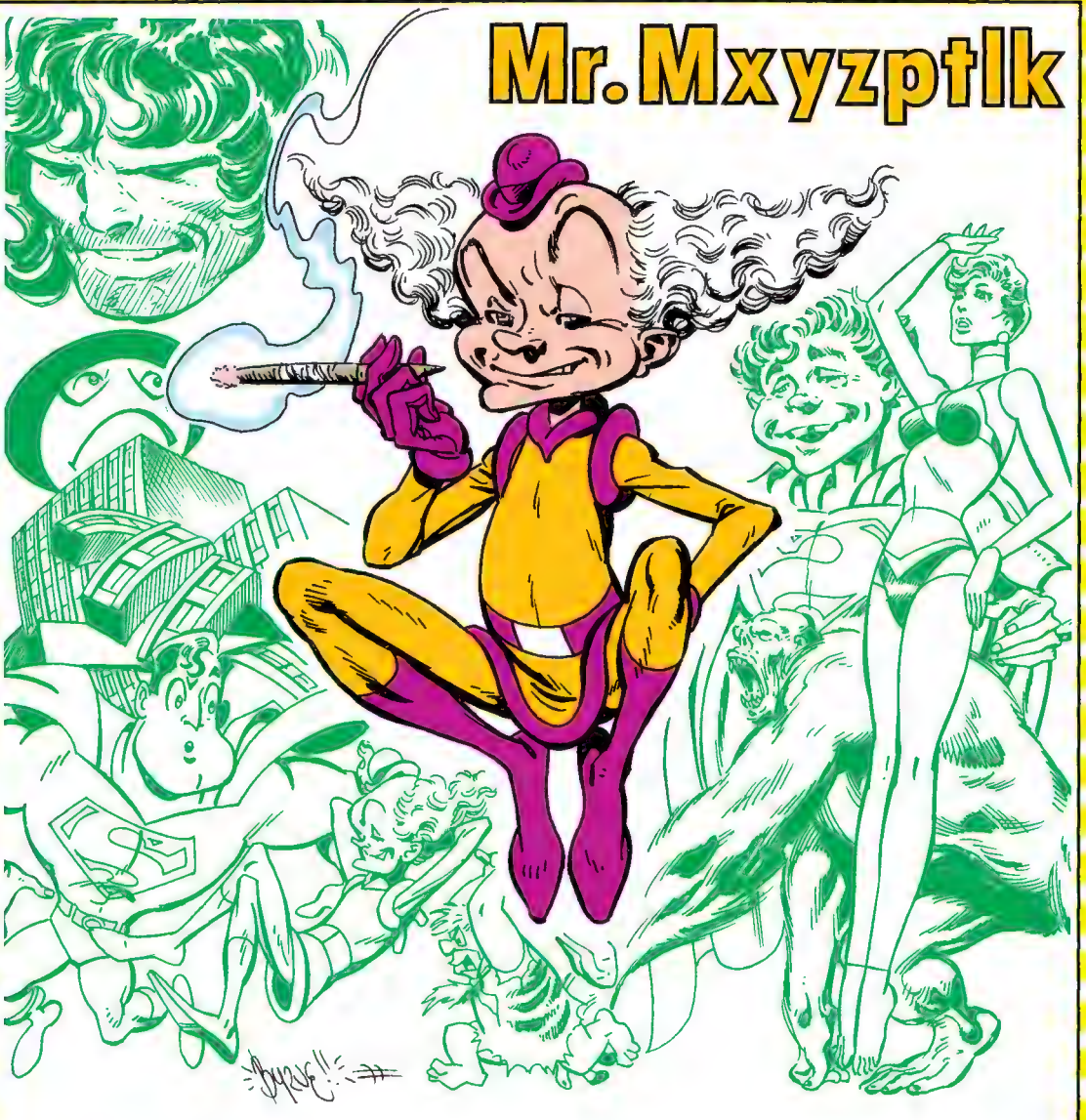
POWERS & WEAPONS

Magpie has no natural super-powers. Her weapons, carried in her hip-pouch, include an exploding dart gun, poisonous acid gas pellets, and a wide variety of explosives and blades she uses to create her deadly duplicate gems. Her gloves contain spring-loaded needles coated with a paralysis venom.

She has also set many deathtraps into her base at the Gotham City Museum of Antiquities, most of which have been dismantled by Batman.

Art by John Byrne

Mr. Mxyzptlk



PERSONAL DATA

Alter Ego: Untranslatable
Occupation: Unknown
Marital Status: Unknown
Known Relatives: None
Group Affiliation: None
Base of Operations: The fifth dimension
First Appearance: SUPERMAN (first series) #30
Height: Variable *Weight:* Variable
Eyes: Perceived as blue *Hair:* Perceived as white

HISTORY

Mister Mxyzptlk is a native of another dimension that he calls "the fifth dimension." No longer finding enough challenges to satisfy him there, Mxyzptlk traveled to Earth.

In order to lure Superman (see *Superman*), Earth's greatest hero, to him, Mxyzptlk assumed the form of an Earthman, calling himself Ben DeRoy, and used his powers to endanger the people of Superman's home city, Metropolis.

On being confronted by Superman, Mxyzptlk resumed his true form and challenged Superman to a "name game." Mxyzptlk would create chaos using his powers and leave only when Superman could induce him to speak, spell or write the name "Mxyzptlk," chosen at random with the keys of a giant typewriter, backward.

Superman then rigged the typewriter to work in reverse and dared Mxyzptlk to type his assumed name again. When Mxyzptlk did so, he instead typed "Kltpzyxm" and, infuriated, returned to his home dimension.

When Mxyzptlk returned to Earth, he changed the rules of his "game," telling Superman he would leave only if he could be induced to paint his own face blue. Once again, Superman succeeded in tricking Mxyzptlk.

POWERS & WEAPONS

The "magic" that Mister Mxyzptlk uses is not truly related to sorcery but is actually fifth-dimensional science, which is so far advanced beyond Earth's as to appear to be magic. It is unclear to what extent, if any, Mxyzptlk himself possesses actual super-human powers. Using his "magic," Mxyzptlk can do virtually anything, including affect Superman.

Mxyzptlk can travel to Earth roughly every 90 days, when a dimensional interface exists between his own dimension and Earth's.

What we see as Mxyzptlk's physical appearance is the closest we can come to perceiving what his actual fifth-dimensional form looks like. □

Art by John Byrne

Superman Post-Crisis Chronology
Volume 026 The Project

"Waiting for God (Oh!)", first appeared in Swamp Thing issue #79, released October, 1988
Rick Veitch (writer), Rick Veitch (penciller), Alfredo Alcala (inker)

"The Cadmus Project", first appeared in Superman Annual issue #2, released August, 1988
John Byrne (writer), Roger Stern (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Ron Frenz (penciller), Brett Breeding (inker), John Byrne (inker)

"Over The Edge", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #447, released October, 1988
Jerry Ordway (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

"Head Trips", first appeared in Superman issue #25, released October, 1988
Roger Stern (writer), Kerry Gammill (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker), John Beatty (inker)

"The Ledge", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #448, released October, 1988
Jerry Ordway (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

Excerpt from "A Death In the Family Part 3", first appeared in Batman issue #428, released October, 1988
Jim Starlin (writer), Jim Aparo (penciller), Mike Decarlo (inker)

"A Death In the Family Part 4", first appeared in Batman issue #429, released November, 1988
Jim Starlin (writer), Jim Aparo (penciller), Mike Mignola (penciller), Mike Decarlo (inker), Mike Mignola (inker)

"Lex Luthor: The Unauthorized Biography", first appeared in Lex Luthor: The Unauthorized Biography issue #1, released May 17, 1989
James D. Hudnall (writer), Eduardo Barreto (penciller), Eduardo Barreto (inker)

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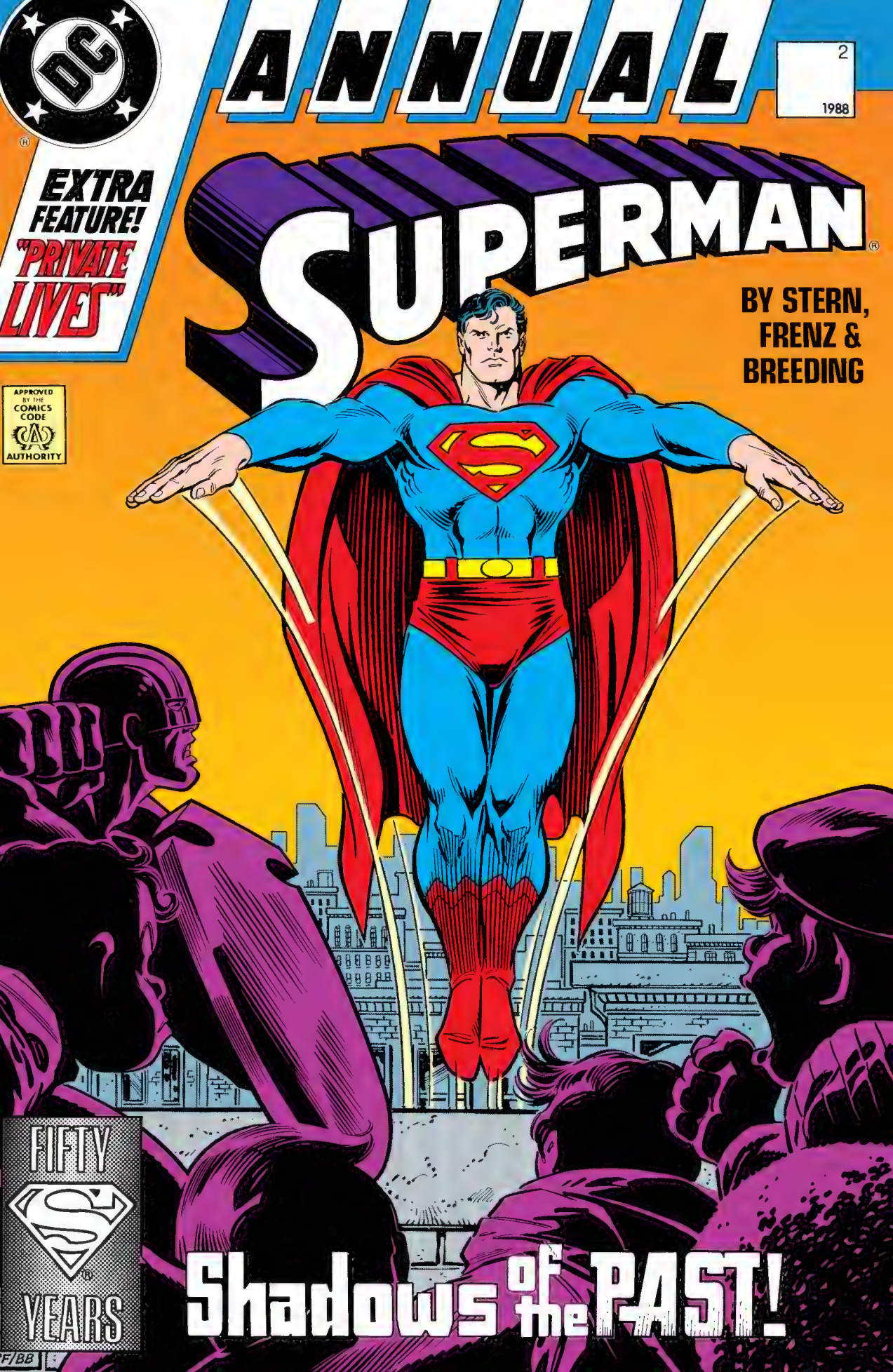
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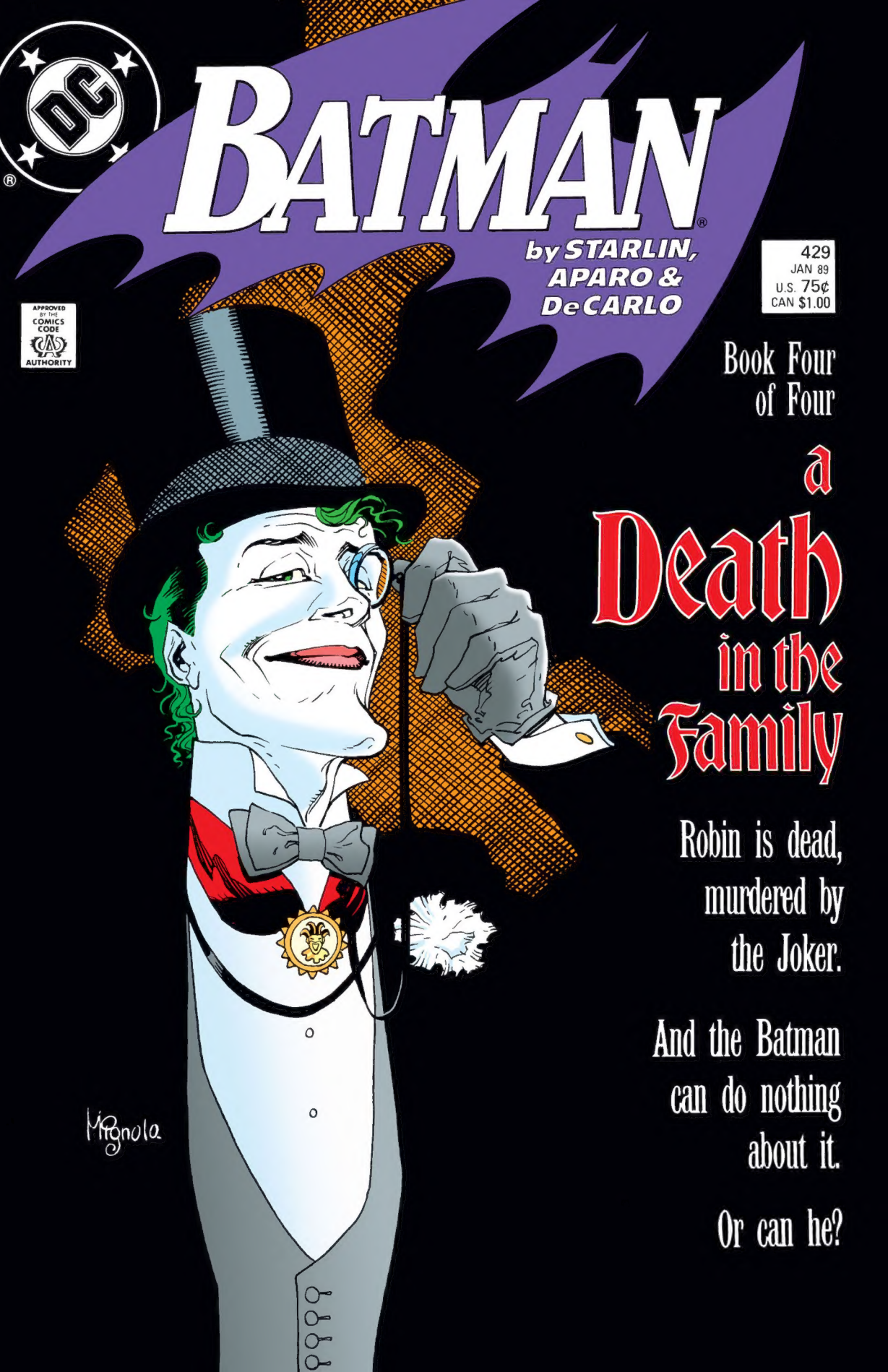
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